

Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois, queen of Navarre, written by her own hand. Newly translated in English with an introduction and notes by Violet Fane [pseud.] with eight portraits from contemporary engravings.

Marguerite, Queen, consort of Henry IV, King of France, 1553-1615.
London, J. C. Nimmo; 1892.

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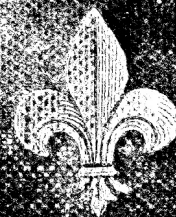
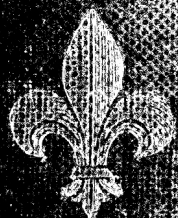
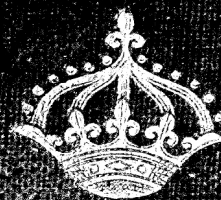
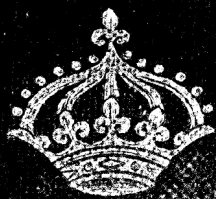
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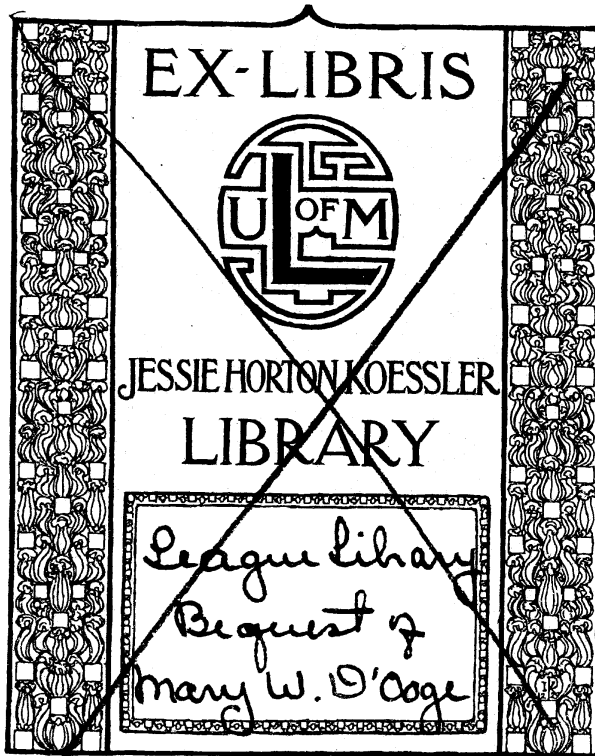
MEMOIRS
OF
MARGUERITE
DE VALOIS
QUEEN OF NAVARRE

Violet Fane



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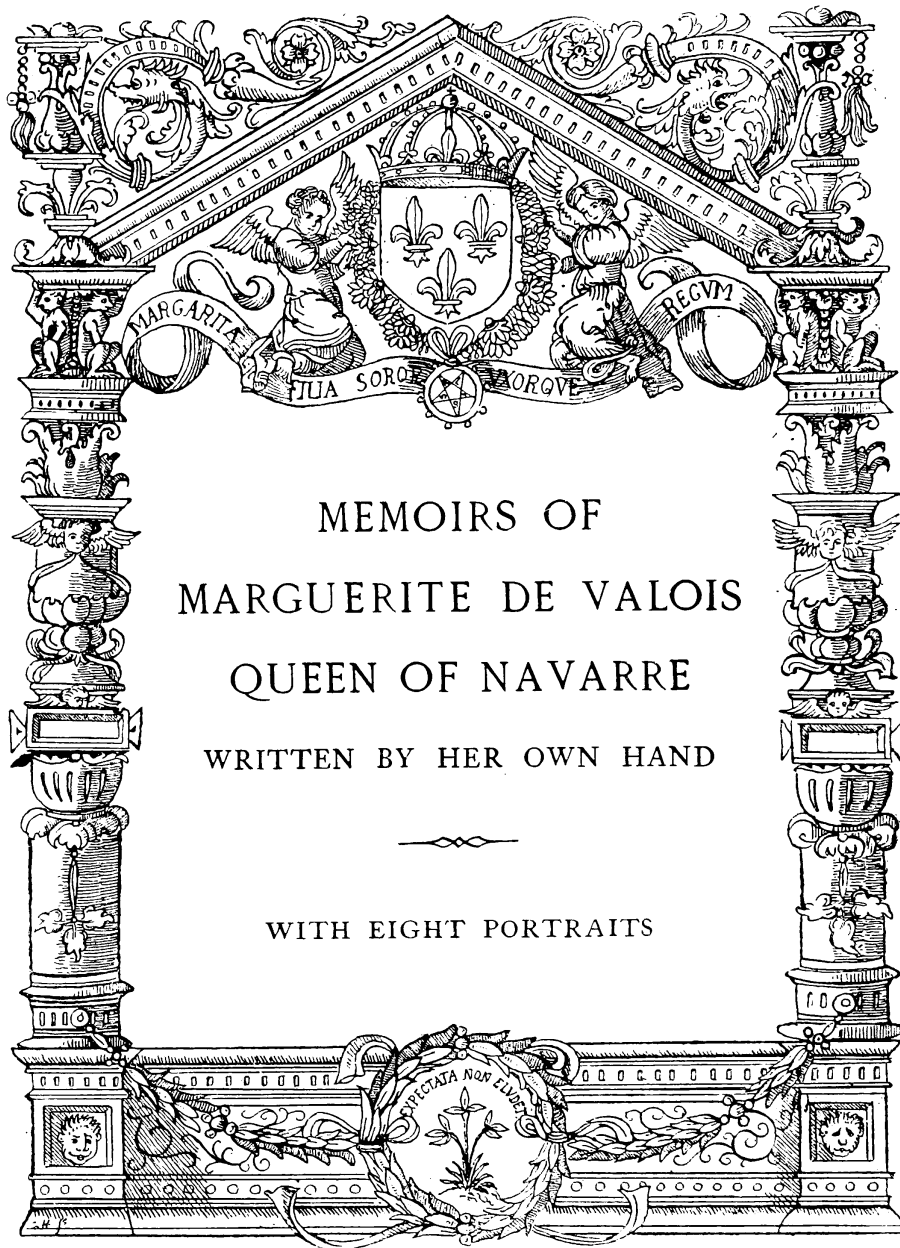


Mary W. D. Voge

Mary W. Hooge

A

MEMOIRS OF
MARGUERITE DE VALOIS
QUEEN OF NAVARRE



MEMOIRS OF
MARGUERITE DE VALOIS
QUEEN OF NAVARRE
WRITTEN BY HER OWN HAND

WITH EIGHT PORTRAITS

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MARGUERITE DE VALOIS
QUEEN OF NAVARRE

WRITTEN BY HER OWN HAND

NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, WITH
AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY VIOLET FANE

*WITH EIGHT PORTRAITS FROM CONTEMPORARY
ENGRAVINGS*

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUC D'AUMALE,
THE HONOURED DESCENDANT
OF
HENRY THE GREAT, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE,
THIS BOOK IS, BY PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



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INTRODUCTION.

IN following the chequered career of this princess—the last survivor of an illustrious house whose sons had occupied the throne of France for a period of two hundred and sixty-one years—some confusion is apt to arise from the fact that there lived, in the sixteenth century, no fewer than three Marguerites of Valois, all nearly related to one another, and that two of these, besides being “daughters of France,” were married to Kings of Navarre who each bore the name of “Henry.” Then, again, both these queens were learned ladies, encouragers of the arts and sciences, proficient in most of the polite accomplishments of their time, and both of them were authors. But it will be best to set down the three Marguerites in their chronological order.

1. First, then, we have Marguerite, sister of Francis I., who married, first, the Duke of Alençon, and, secondly, Henry d’Albret, King of Navarre. “To the learning, graces, and perfections of this queen,” remarks a contemporary author (Guillaume de Rовille, who dedicated his “*Promptuaire des Medalles*” to this princess), “several books, which were learnedly written by her, bear witness.” The same writer also

B

2 *Marguerite de Valois,*

alludes to her as “the paragon and phoenix of ladies, queens, and princesses.” She was the author or compiler of the “Heptameron”; a writer of verse (“Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses,” etc.), and was the mother of Jeanne d’Albret, who succeeded her father as Queen-regnant of Navarre, and who became, through her union with Anthony of Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, the mother of Henry IV. of France, and the third of Navarre. This lady is often confounded with the writer of the following memoirs, who was her great-niece. Even the learned Dibdin, in his “Library Companion” (p. 543), refers to the work of the younger princess as having been written by “Queen Margaret, sister of Francis I.” The two, in fact, are perpetually mistaken for each other, to the confusion of inexperienced readers. Queen Marguerite died in 1549.

2. The second Marguerite of Valois, likewise a prominent figure in history, and who contributes in some measure towards this confusion, was the second daughter of Francis I., the sister of Henry II., and the wife of Emanuel-Philibert X., Duke of Savoy. It was during the festivities in honour of the marriage of this princess and of that of her niece Elizabeth (eldest daughter of Henry II., married to Philip II. of Spain as his third wife), that the King of France was accidentally and fatally wounded at a tournament by Gabriel Montgomery, Count de Lorges, the Captain of his Scottish Guard. She was aunt of the Marguerite whose Memoirs are before us, and is referred to in them as “Madame de Savoye, my aunt,” and “Madame Marguerite.” She died at Turin in 1574.

3. Thirdly, we come to the Marguerite of these Memoirs; youngest daughter of Henry II. by his wife, Catherine de' Medici, sister of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., the last three Valois kings, and of the Duke of Alençon¹ (the deluded suitor of our Queen Elizabeth), and first wife of Henry IV., surnamed "the Great," King of France and Navarre.² She was born at Saint Germain-en-Laye, on May 14, 1553, and was only six years old when her father met with his fatal accident. She was brought up at her birth-place, where her education was conducted with so much care that, with the exception of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, she is said to have become the most learned princess of her time. The companions who shared in her studies at the Castle of Saint Germain-en-Laye were her two sisters, Elizabeth and Claude, and the young Queen of Scotland, who had become her sister-in-law through her marriage with the Dauphin (afterwards Francis II.) in 1558. Madame de Curton, who acted as governess to these young princesses, is frequently alluded to in Marguerite's memoirs. Mongez states that this estimable woman superintended the education of no fewer than seven queens.³ After passing the years following upon childhood (according to her own account), in absolute

¹ The Duke of Alençon assumed the title of the "Duke of Anjou" when his elder brother, Henry (afterwards Henry III. of France), who had previously borne it, was elected King of Poland.

² She is the "Reine Margot" of Dumas' fascinating romance, the name "Margot" being that by which her brother Charles IX. was accustomed to call her.

³ "Leur gouvernante fut Madame de Curton, qui occupa auprès de sept reines le poste honorable que sa vertu lui avoit assigné."—*Hist. de Marguerite de Valois*, par M. A. Mongez, p. 2.

subjection to the will of the queen her mother, and in strengthening and confirming herself in what she regarded as the "one true Faith," but according to other authorities in a far less exemplary manner, she was married when in her twentieth year (August, 1572) to her cousin, the young Huguenot King of Navarre, who was of the same age as herself. In her Memoirs will be found her own description of this ceremony, which it was fondly hoped would inaugurate a reign of peace and toleration, and reconcile for the future the chiefs of the Catholic and Huguenot parties.

Whether this hope was ever honestly shared by those who then held the reins of government, or whether the eight hundred Huguenot gentlemen "all dressed in black,"¹ who, with their retainers, had arrived in Paris to attend the nuptials of Henry of Navarre and "*Madame Marguerite de France*," were merely inveigled there upon this pretext by the Queen-Mother and her son King Charles, in order that they might be treacherously butchered upon the eve of "*la Saint Barthélemy*," can scarcely be justly determined at this distance of time.

It is probable that the Queen-Mother of France, in common with many another historical personage, at a time when party feeling, upon either side, was fierce and bitter, has been made responsible for crimes which she never committed.² The game she had

¹ They were in mourning for Queen Jeanne d'Albret, the King of Navarre's mother, who had died during the preliminaries of the marriage. Her death has been attributed to poison, but most unprejudiced historians are of opinion that she died of consumption, from which she had long suffered.

² "*La Roynne Mere, que le peuple avoit tant en horreur et mauvaise reputation, que tout ce qui arrivoit de malencontre*

engaged in was a difficult one. Her most implacable foes were all of the stronger sex, and she, no doubt, felt justified, whilst acting in self-defence, in availing herself of all her feminine powers of dissimulation. When, some eight-and-twenty years later, Henry of Navarre (who, in spite of the seventeen lives that were between him and the crown at the time of his birth, was then upon the throne of France) was contemplating his second marriage with the Florentine princess, President Grulard, to whom he was announcing the news, thinking to please the King whilst making a display of his own erudition, remarked, after some learned allusions to the spear of Achilles, that the House of Medici would now be the means of healing the wounds which, in the person of the Queen-Mother Catherine, it had inflicted upon France. "But what was a poor woman to do, I ask you," rejoined the good-natured Henry, generously defending the mother-in-law from whom he had suffered many things, "who had, through the death of her husband, five little children upon her hands, whilst two families in France—our own and that of Guise—were trying to possess themselves of the crown? Was she not obliged to play strange parts in order to hoodwink both the one and the other, and, at the same time, to preserve her children, as she did, who reigned in succession through her wise conduct? I am astonished that she did not do much worse!"¹

luy estoit imputé, et disoit-on qu'elle ne faisoit jamais bien que quand elle pensoit faire mal."—De L'Etoile, *Journal du Regne du Roy Henry III.*

¹ Catherine's two elder daughters were married at this time, so that the "little children" above alluded to were Marguerite and her four brothers.

6 *Marguerite de Valois,*

It is impossible to deny, however, that Catherine was both cruel and unscrupulous, and of one proof of this there is confirmation in her daughter's memoirs. In concert with her favourite son, the newly elected King of Poland (afterwards Henry III.), and the princes of the House of Lorraine, she had made up her mind, at the time of Marguerite's marriage, to rid herself of Admiral Coligny, although she denied that she had desired to compass the deaths of any others of "the religion"; her sole desire having been, she declared, "to remove this plague from the realm; the admiral alone."¹ The admiral had implored King Charles to emancipate himself from his mother's dominion; his words had been repeated to Catherine, and, added to the fact that he was a heretic, formed, probably, the "head and front of his offending."

The following is the story, briefly told, of the notorious massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

Whilst all the chiefs of the Huguenot party were assembled in Paris, participating in the festivities consequent upon the marriage of the young King of Navarre with the beautiful sister of the French King, Admiral Coligny was shot at from a window, and seriously wounded, by a young man named Maureval,² or Maurevert, at the instigation, as was generally

¹ "Que son dessein d'elle n'avait esté en cette affaire que d'oster cette peste de ce royaume, l'Admiral seul" (see *Memoirs*, first edition, p. 57).

² "Maurevert, jeune gentilhomme briois, cest insigne et tant renommé assassin, qui, en l'an 1569, avait à Niort, tué proditoirement d'un coup de pistolé le Seigneur de Moui, son maistre, et en l'an 1592, tiré le coup de harquebouze à l'Amiral de Chastillon, pour récompense desquels services il estoit pourveu de deux bonnes abbaies."—De L'Étoile, *Journal de Henry III.*, 1576, édn. Champollion. The date "1592" is obviously a misprint.

supposed, of the princes of the House of Lorraine. Henry of Guise, the handsome hero of so many a romance of love and war, was, even at this time, the idol of the Parisians, and, as such, was regarded with no small amount of jealousy by his cousin upon the throne. He believed, whether rightly or wrongly cannot now be determined—there is evidence in support of both views—that the admiral had caused his father, Francis Duke of Guise, to be assassinated by one Poltrot, and it was supposed that Maurevert's abortive attempt upon the admiral's life was Henry of Guise's revenge, an act which was regarded as justifiable in those days of violence and bloodshed. But King Charles declined to take this tolerant view of the situation. He was informed of the occurrence when playing at tennis, and heaped imprecations upon the head of the Duke of Guise for disturbing the peace of the realm at such a moment. He visited the wounded admiral in his chamber, expressed his sympathy and regret with every demonstration of affectionate solicitude, and ordered that, as a precaution against any other such act of violence on the part of the Guises, the principal Huguenot gentlemen should take up their quarters in the immediate vicinity of the Louvre.

Such was the position of affairs when the Queen-Mother brought her baneful influence to bear upon her son. She confessed to him that the Duke of Guise was not the only person who had desired to rid

“L'assassin de Mouy se nommait Louvier, et était Seigneur de Maurevert et non *Maureveil*, comme l'ont écrit quelques historiens, encore moins *Moureveil*. Maurevert est en Brie.”—Citizen La Chabeaussière, quoted by Monsieur Guessard, *Mémoires et Lettres de Marguerite de Valois*, note to p. 27.

France of Admiral Coligny ; that she herself, and her son the King of Poland (afterwards Henry III.), were implicated in the affair ; that the Huguenots were aware of this, and were secretly preparing to take a terrible revenge, and that it would be advisable for him, if he valued his own safety, to be beforehand with them. We read in the following Memoirs that “the Queen-Mother had never experienced so much difficulty as in persuading the said King Charles that this counsel had been given him for the good of his realm.” He yielded at last, however, and an indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants, with the exception of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, was arranged to take place upon that very night, or, rather, at two hours after midnight, at a given signal—the fact that the victims were nearly all lodged in close proximity to the Louvre, and that they were set upon when unarmed and totally unprepared, rendering them an easy prey to their butchers.¹

The massacre of Saint Bartholomew took place only five days after Marguerite’s marriage. She and her husband were occupying apartments in the Louvre, so that some of its horrors are described in the following pages by one who had the misfortune to be an eyewitness of them.

It has pleased historians to describe the union of Henry and Marguerite as exceptionally unhappy,²

¹ Similar massacres took place in all the more important provincial towns—at Orleans, Troyes, Bourges, Lyons, Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Rouen. Davila states that 10,000 persons were slain in Paris alone, whilst, according to De Thou, 30,000 were immolated in different parts of the kingdom.

² Pibrac says that marriages contracted by French princesses with Kings of Navarre have ever been fatal to happiness, and

but it is probable that Henry, at any rate, was far happier with his first wife than with his second. Marriages which were arranged from purely political motives could not have been expected to result in great personal attachment, but this one will bear favourable comparison with many of the royal unions of the day, and it was free, at any rate, from the darker elements of tragedy.

In her Memoirs the Queen of Navarre poses, it is true, as an injured woman, but in her most complaining mood she would probably scarcely have desired to exchange places with some of her nearest female relatives: with her eldest sister Elizabeth, for instance (or *Isabel*, as she was called in Spain), the wife of the implacable *Roi Catholique*, whom Charles IX. believed to have been poisoned by her husband's orders;¹ with Mary of Scotland; or with her other sisters-in-law, the neglected and insignificant queens of the two last monarchs of the House of Valois. The quarrels of Henry and Marguerite were more like the squabbles of wayward children, who remain comrades and playmates in spite of their

quotes several examples in support of this, beginning with the marriage of Louis le Hutin with Marguerite de Bourgogne, and ending with that of the King of Navarre with the Marguerite of the "Heptameron."

¹ It was partly to avenge his sister's death that Charles IX. desired to wrest from Philip II. Flanders and Artois. We read in Sully "que le Roy (Charles), ayant plusieurs causes de mescontentement contre le Roy d'Espagne, et entre les autres la mort qu'il sçavoit bien qu'il avoit procurée à sa femme Elizabeth de France, par jalousie de ce qu'elle estoit en bonne intelligence avec le Prince Charles (Don Carlos), son fils aîné, à cause de tous lesquels il estoit resolu de luy faire la guerre," etc.—Sully, t. i., p. 7, first edition. Saint Réal gives an interesting account of the death of this queen, who was in her twenty-fourth year.

occasional disputes. They helped one another in and out of all manner of scrapes, confided to one another their mutual love-affairs, and made common cause whenever they imagined that they were confronted by a common foe. Henry was, at this time, as he is made to say of himself by the anonymous author of "Le Divorce Satyrique,"¹ "a king without a kingdom." The young couple resided at the court of France, assisting at its pageants, and accompanying it in its progresses. The keen eye of Catherine de' Medici was for ever upon them. There were times when they were prisoners in all save the name, and others when they were prisoners indeed. No wonder that, when they escaped from this thralldom, they committed all kinds of follies and excesses, at a time when every sort of licence was countenanced and forgiven in the great.

During the reign of her brother Charles IX., "the magnanimous King Charles," as she terms him—a designation which will scarcely now be regarded as appropriate—the young Queen of Navarre could always count upon having a friend at court. For this brother, the "sole comfort and support" of her life (as she says in her Memoirs), a brother from whom she had experienced "nothing but good will," and for her

¹ "Le Divorce Satyrique, ou les Amours de la Reine Marguerite," a scurrilous publication purporting to have been written in the name of Henry IV. as a kind of manifesto, setting forth his real reasons for desiring to separate himself from this princess. The greater part of its contents is unfortunately confirmed by history. De L'Etoile, in his "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France," expresses his belief that it emanated from the celebrated D'Aubigné, who makes no concealment in his history of the extent to which he carried his hostility to Queen Marguerite.

youngest brother, the Duke of Alençon, she seems to have felt the sincerest affection. With her brother the Duke of Anjou, however (afterwards elected King of Poland, and who subsequently became Henry III. of France), she was altogether upon a different footing. According to her own account, he was already her bitter enemy when he ascended the throne, and from the very commencement of his reign she was subjected to nothing but insult and humiliation at his hands. Henry III. was Catherine de' Medici's favourite child. She has even been accused by her enemies of poisoning her son Charles in order to insure his succession to the throne.¹ Marguerite, therefore, being out of favour with her brother the king, soon became upon less affectionate terms with her mother.

Henry III., who is depicted by his sister in a most

¹ "Advenant la mort du Roy Charles, que chacun tenoit pour infaillible et fort prochaine: Aussi ayant voulu entreprendre de conduire son Frere le Roy de Pologne, jusque hors la France ou il ne le pouvait plus souffrir: Il fust contrainct de s'en retourner dès Vitry, où il tomba malade de la langueur qui le porta au tombeau: *non sans soupçon de quelque malefice de la part de ses plus proches.*"—Sully, *Œconomies d'estat*, première édition, t. i., p. 20. This view is scarcely consistent with the fact that Catherine, upon hearing the prediction of Nostradamus, to the effect that all her sons would be kings—a prediction implying that they would die young and without heirs—took the trouble to change the names of three of them, hoping thereby to cheat the Fates. Writing after the extinction of the race of Valois, Brantôme says: "Ily a quarante ou quarante-cinq Ans, que si quelque grand Devin eust prognostiqué cet Evenement, qu'on ne l'eust cru que comme un Fol, et l'eust-on lapidé; bien que Nostradamus predit à la Reyne qu'elle verroit tous ses Enfans Roys; ce qu'elle a fait, comme le Roy François II., le Roy Charles IX., le Roy Henry III., et Monsieur d'Alençon, qu'elle ne vit pourtant Roy, mais autant valoit, estant Seigneur des Pays-Bas absolu. . . . Voilà comme la Reyne a pu voir ses Enfans Roys, par la

contemptible light, was at this time dominated by perhaps the least unworthy of his ignoble favourites, one Du Guast, or Du Gua¹ (his name is variously spelt). Brantôme describes him as a man of some merit, and asserts that he exercised a beneficial influence over his royal master. "I have seen him," he says, "remonstrate with the king when he perceived that he was doing anything wrong, or when he heard it reported of him. The king took it in good part, and used to correct himself." De Thou, on the other hand, says that the favours which Du Gua had received from the king had turned his head, and rendered him arrogant and overbearing. "He dared to place himself upon an equality with the greatest personages," this historian continues, "even going to the length of treating them sometimes as if they had been beneath him. He did not spare the first ladies of the court, whose reputation he publicly assailed, often in the presence of his majesty, and he had even the impudence to turn his slanders in the direction of an illustrious princess" (Queen Marguerite).

Prophétie de Nostradamus, en cela très-veritable, qui n'avoit jamais veu Louys Duc d'Orléans, qui mourut fort jeune en 1550, dont ce fut grand Dommage, car c'estoit un très-beau petit Prince. . . . La Reyne changea à tous les autres trois leurs Noms. Le Roy Charles s'appelloit Maximilian, tenu du Roy de Boheme, depuis Empereur, duquel il épousa depuis la Fille. Le Roy Henry s'appelloit Alexandre-Edouard, Filleul du Roy Edouard d'Angleterre. François Duc d'Alençon s'appella Hercules, tenu, je croy, des Cantons de Suisse. La Reyne, par tels changemens de Noms, pensoit leur baptiser la Fortune meilleure, ou la Vie plus longue, et vous voyez ce qu'en a esté. . . . Toutesfois, le Roy François II. ne changea jamais. . . . Si ne fut-il pas plus heureux que les autres en Longueur de Vie."—Brantôme, *Charles IX., Roy de France*, Discours lxxxviii.

¹ Louis Béranger Du Guast, or Du Gua, assassinated 1575.

Marguerite seems to have imagined that this man was responsible for all the hostility manifested towards her by the king, and to have felt for him the most bitter aversion. Henry, dreading the consequences of a woman's resentment, was anxious to bring about a reconciliation between his sister and Du Guast, and entrusted Madame de Dampierre, aunt of "*le Sieur de Brantôme*," with the delicate mission of arranging their differences. This lady repaired, thereupon, to the queen's private chamber, where, finding her in a tolerably favourable mood,¹ she represented to her that it would be to her own advantage were she to endeavour to keep well with the favourite. Here is Brantôme's account of the interview:—

“The Queen of Navarre, after having listened to Madame de Dampierre very attentively, answered her somewhat coldly, but nevertheless with a little smile upon her face, according to her custom, and said: ‘Madame de Dampierre, what you advise would be all very well for you, who are in need of favours, advantages, and benefits, and were I in your place the words you say to me would be most proper and appropriate, and I should willingly listen to them and profit by them. But to me, who am the daughter of a king, the sister of kings of France, and the wife of a king, they cannot be of any service, since, with these great and splendid advantages, I cannot, in honour, become a suppliant for the favours, graces, and benefits of the king my brother, for I take him to be of so good a disposition, and so well acquainted with his duty, that he would never withhold them

¹ “En assez bonne trempe.”

from me because I had not sought the favour of De Gua.’”

In a word, the Queen of Navarre refused to cringe to the man she hated and despised. But then, as now, people strained at gnats and swallowed camels. It was not beneath the dignity of the daughter, the sister, and the wife of kings, to cause her enemy to be assassinated. Marguerite endured his persecutions, or fancied persecutions, until her patience was exhausted, and then took this sure method of putting an end to them for ever. She addressed herself to Guillaume du Prat, Baron of Viteaux, who, having previously murdered Antoine d’Alégre, and incurred thereby the king’s displeasure, was lying concealed in the Augustine Convent in Paris. Du Guast had been anxious that the king should bring this man to justice, so that Viteaux likewise regarded the favourite as his enemy.

“The princess,” says De Thou, “repaired thither” (to the convent) “at night, and finding a man accustomed to shed the blood of his enemies, and whose past achievements had familiarized him with these kinds of crimes, she easily persuaded him by her cajoleries to become her avenger, whilst revenging himself for his own wrongs.” Du Guast was stabbed to death by Viteaux in his apartment near the Louvre, on All Hallows Eve, 1575, as he was reading in bed, “according to his custom.”¹

¹ “Le lundi dernier Octobre (1575), veille de la Toussaints, sur les dix heures du soir, le capitaine Gast, gentilhomme dauphinois, favori du Roy, lequel il avoit suivi en Pologne, fust tué dans sa maison à Paris, rue Saint-Honoré, et avec lui son valet de chambre et un sien laquais, par certains hommes armés et masqués qui l’assassinèrent à coups d’espées et de dagues, sans

Anquetil says that he was assassinated "almost under the eyes of the king, who contents himself with lamenting him, and dares not avenge him."

The Duke of Alençon, who by that time had assumed his brother's title of Duke of Anjou, was said to have been implicated in this murder. The affair was afterwards hushed up, although the whole court was well aware by whom the deed had been planned.

As may be supposed, Henry and his sister were not upon any better terms after this catastrophe. The Queen of Navarre, alluding in her Memoirs to the murder of Du Guast, says that he was killed "by a judgment of God," without mentioning, however, that she was herself the instrument employed by Providence upon the occasion.

"Queen Marguerite," remarks Ste. Beuve, "so unscrupulous in morals, is better than her brothers. She possesses the good qualities, and many of the defects, of the expiring race of Valois, but she is not cruel."¹

She was not cruel, that is to say, for a princess of the sixteenth century, whose mother was an Italian of the House of Medici. Had she been, she would probably have had her enemy assassinated before!²

estre congneus ne retenus. Il dit mourant, que c'estoit le Baron de Viteaux, qui estoit à Monsieur (the Duke of Alençon) qui l'avoit tué: toutefois cela ne fust point averé, encores que la présumption en fust grande."—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*

¹ "Causeries du Lundi: La Reine Marguerite, ses mémoires et ses lettres," 3me édn., t. vi., p. 190.

² Brantôme does not admit that Marguerite was implicated in the murder of Du Guast. "Bien qu'il luy eut beaucoup nuy," he remarks, "elle ne luy rendit la pareille, ny vengeance. Il est vray que lors qu'on l'eut tué, et qu'on lui vint

Yet the heart of this same princess, who incited the bravo De Viteaux to dispose thus barbarously of a personal foe, could bleed at sight of the poor fugitive who rushed terror-stricken and wounded into her chamber, upon the fatal Eve of Saint Bartholomew, and clung to her for protection. Nor did her compassion take merely a sentimental form. She had him put to bed in her dressing-room, staunched his wounds, and attended to him until he recovered. De Miossans and Armagnac, two gentlemen in the service of the King of Navarre, came to her soon afterwards, and implored her to intercede for their lives. She went at once and threw herself upon her knees before the Queen-Mother and "the magnanimous King Charles," and obtained the boon she craved. There is an apparent inconsistency in this, but its explanation may be traced to that familiarity with blood-shedding which has ever been the heritage of those who are born in troublous times. Then, as now, the Church professedly discouraged all acts of private vengeance, yet the forfeit-money which was paid into her coffers after the perpetration of such crimes contributed largely to the increase of her revenues, whilst the Holy Father himself did not hesitate to justify, and even to extol, the most inhuman murders, when they were committed for the eventual glory of God.¹

annoncer, elle estant malade, elle dit seulement: 'Je suis bien marrie que je ne sois bien guérie, pour de joye solemniser sa mort.' Mais aussi, elle avoit cela de bon, que quand on se fut humilié à elle, pour rechercher pardon et sa grace; elle remettoit et pardonnoit tout, à la mode de la générosité du lion, qui jamais ne fait mal à celuy que s'humilie."—*Dames illustres, Françaises et étrangères*, Discours v.

¹ As an example of this may be cited the medal struck by

Public opinion, too, by which the morals of any period ought to be judged, regarded assassination for private ends with a most tolerant eye. Everybody made use of this expedient from time to time. Nobody saw any harm in it! To the same irresponsible tribunal we are wont to appeal in these latter days, though happily not in extenuation of the same crimes. These were the days, too, of an almost unquestioning faith in a spiritual future, so that pious murderers could persuade themselves that, by removing human obstructions from their paths, they were merely shifting them, like chessmen, to a position more favourable to their own interests. We constantly read of assassinations which were not even inspired by a personal antipathy. The victim merely happened to be in the way of his murderer, who salved his conscience with the thought that he would be better off in a better world. This argument, however, will not help us to forgive Marguerite for her murder of Du Guast, for she particularly informs us in her memoirs that his soul "became the prey of the demons to whom he had done homage by magic and by all kinds of abominations," so that, acting as she did, with this conviction in her heart, her murder of him was a very wicked murder indeed.

Ste. Beuve writes tolerantly and tenderly of "*la Reine Margot*"—of her beauty, her accomplishments,

Gregory XIII. in commemoration of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. On one side of it is a bust of the Pope himself in profile, and on the reverse side is the date (1572) and a representation of an angel slaying the heretics. The Pope and the Cardinals went in state to return thanks to Heaven when they heard of the blow which had been struck for the extirpation of the new heresy.

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her follies. He makes no allusion to this one crime.¹ It is refreshing to turn to his pages after reading the fulsome flattery of Brantôme, which even the queen herself seems to have considered extravagant,² or the odious aspersions with which her enemies have sought to blacken her memory. Between these two there is a middle way, along which we cannot do better than follow the great critic. Here is his description of Marguerite's personal appearance a year or two before her marriage:—

“Marguerite,” he says, “at this flower of her youth, was, according to every account, exquisitely beautiful. This beauty was owing less to the actual features of the face than to the general effect—to the grace of her whole person, and to an air of mingled dignity and fascination. She had dark hair, which was not then considered an advantage; fair hair was in the ascendant; ‘I have seen her also sometimes array herself with her natural hair,’ Brantôme informs us, ‘without any additional contrivance in the shape of a wig, and, in spite of its being black—this she inherited from her father King Henry—she understood so well how to touzle, frizzle, and arrange it,³ in imitation of her sister the Queen of Spain, who always wore her own, which was black like a

¹ “Marguerite de Navarre,” remarks Prudhomme sarcastically, “se distingua par une modération peu ordinaire; elle ne commit qu’un seul crime; un seul assassinat fut ordonné par elle: quel excès de vertu!”—*Crimes des Reines de France*, p. 256.

² At the head of the list of “*belles dames*” who were wont to accompany Catherine de’ Medici wherever she journeyed, Brantôme places “*la Reyne de Navarre sa fille*,” whom he describes as “*le Miracle du Monde*.”—*Dames illustres*, Discours ii.

³ “Elle les savoit si bien tortiller, frissonner, et accommoder.”

Spaniard's, that such dressing and arrangement became her as well, or better, than any other whatsoever.' Towards the end of her life Marguerite had no dark hair left, and went to great expense in fair wigs. With this object she kept several 'tall, fair-haired footmen, who were shaved from time to time.' But in her youth, when she had the courage to be dark according to nature, it did not misbecome her, for she had none the less a most dazzling complexion. 'A lovely fair face that resembled the heavens in their sweetest and calmest serenity;' 'a beautiful brow of glistening ivory'—say the contemporaries and the poets, who in this respect do not seem to have spoken falsely. We must not forget the artifices of the toilet; the new inventions connected with it, which only emanated from her;¹ she was at once the queen

¹ In proof of this, Brantôme quotes a conversation which took place between Marguerite and her mother upon the occasion of the visit paid by the two queens to Cognac, when on their way to join the King of Navarre. The ladies of the country, it seems, were never tired of praising Marguerite's beauty to the Queen-Mother, who was, we read, thereupon "perdue de joye," and who, "pour en donner plaisir à ces honnestes dames," desired one day that her daughter should array herself "le plus pompeusement, et à son plus beau et superbe appareil." Marguerite, "pour obéir à une si bonne mere," made her appearance "vestue fort superbement d'une robe de toile d'argent, ou colombin, à la Boulonnoise, manches pendantes, coëffé si richement, et accompagnée avec cela d'une majesté si belle et si bonne grace, qu'on leust plustôt dite Déesse du Ciel que Reyne en terre." Catherine was pleased with the effect of this costume. "Ma fille, vous estes très-bien," she remarked. "Madame," replied her daughter, "je commence de bonne heure à porter et user mes robes et les façons que j'emporte avec moy de la Cour; car quand j'y m'y retourneray, je ne les emporteray point, mais je m'y retourneray avec des cizeaux et des estoffes seulement, pour me faire habiller selon la mode qui courra." "Pourquoy dites-vous cela, ma fille?" asked the Queen-Mother, "car c'est vous qui enventez et produisez les belles façons de s'habiller; et

of style and fashion. In this character she appeared upon all solemn occasions, and particularly upon the day when the Queen-Mother entertained the Polish lords who came to offer the crown to the Duke of Anjou, and when Ronsard, who was present, declared that the fair goddess Aurora herself was eclipsed;¹ or, again, on that Palm Sunday at Blois, when she appeared in the procession all decked out and as though starred with diamonds and precious stones—in a dress of crimped cloth of gold which came from Constantinople, and which by its weight would have crushed any other than her, but which her fine and well-developed figure supported admirably—holding her palm in her hand, the sacred branch which had been blessed, ‘endowed with a royal majesty, with a charm which was partly dignified and partly gentle.’ Here we have the Marguerite of the prosperous years, before the flights and humiliations, before the Castle of Usson where she vegetated and grew old.”²

en quelque part que vous alliés, la Cour les prendra de vous, et non vous de la Cour.”—Brantôme, *Marguerite de France*, Discours v.

¹ “Elle s'estoit vestuë,” says Brantôme, writing of this time, “d'une Robe de Velours incarnat d'Espagne, fort chargée de Clinquant, et d'un Bonnet de mesme Velours, tant bien dressé de Plumes et Pierreries, que rien plus. . . . Lors qu'elle parut ainsi parée dans les Thuilleries, je dis à Monsieur de Ronsard, qui estoit près de moy: ‘Dites le vray, Monsieur. Ne vous semble-il pas voir cette belle Reyne en tel appareil paroistre comme la belle Aurora quand elle vient à naistre avant le jour avec sa belle Face, et leur Accoustrement on beaucoup de Simpatie et Ressemblance?’ Monsieur de Ronsard me l'advoua; et sur cette comparaison, (qu'il trouva fort belle,) il en fit un très-beau Sonnet, qu'il me donna.”—*Dames Illustres: Marguerite de France*, Discours v.

² Ste. Beuve, “Causeries du Lundi: La Reine Marguerite, ses mémoires et ses lettres,” 3^{me} éd., t. vi., p. 188.

Marguerite, however, like some of the beauties of our own day, does not seem to have been contented with the charms with which nature had endowed her.

“This beauty,” Ste. Beuve goes on to say, “so genuine and undoubted, and which had so little need of artificial additions, had, like all the rest of her person, its absurdities and its superstitions. I have already said that she generally concealed her black hair and preferred fair wigs instead; her comely face was wont to appear ‘all bedaubed and painted.’ She took such care to preserve the freshness of her complexion that she spoilt it with washes and cosmetics, which produced rashes and eruptions. In a word, she was the leader and, consequently, the slave of the fashion of her day, and, as she outlived it, she ended by becoming, as it were, a kind of ‘fetish,’ such as might be preserved as a curiosity to show what departed elegance was like. When Sully reappeared one day at the court of Louis XIII., with his ruff and his costume of the period of Henry IV., he excited the ridicule of its crowd of youthful courtiers. When Queen Marguerite—having returned from Usson to Paris—displayed herself at the new court of Henry IV., she produced a similar effect upon the rising generation, who smiled at beholding this majestic survivor of the House of Valois.”¹

It will be necessary to confess here what I had hoped partly to evade—that Queen Marguerite bears one of the worst characters, as far as morality is concerned, in history. Immorality, like assassination, may be said to have been to some extent the fashion of the

¹ Ste. Beuve, “*Causeries du Lundi*,” t. vi. (3me éd.), p. 189.

day, but, as in respect to her dress, the Queen of Navarre is said to have led and exaggerated this fashion. And yet her evil repute in this particular is one of the reasons why, to a student of human nature, her memoirs are so particularly interesting. Not merely because, the verdict of posterity having been so severe, he is anxious to seek for the evidences of compensating or palliating qualities, or because there may be, to some minds, a sort of fascination in the close contemplation of a monster of depravity, but because, curiously enough, the pages before us might have been written by a prude. Sixteenth-century prudes, however, were not quite like those of our own day, some of whom may possibly take exception to certain crudities of expression, which I have not felt justified in either softening or suppressing in what is virtually a characteristic historical record of the time. For these Marguerite should not be held responsible. She writes in the language of her day, and in that which was then looked upon as refined and elegant.¹ Natural facts are alluded to in natural terms, without any mincing or shuffling, but, if it be true that it is the intention of the author which either purifies or defiles his work, these pages may claim

¹ Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "Memoir of Lady Jane Grey," is constrained to make excuses for even that paragon of women, on account of the coarseness of language employed in one of her letters. "It is true," he says, "that the coarseness of its language is not consonant to the gentleness and delicacy which we attribute to her disposition, but we should ask ourselves whether, in estimating the character of this interesting woman, we do not forget the period in which she lived, and in the ardour of our admiration, invest her with a refinement of ideas totally incompatible with the manners of the times."—*Memoir of Lady Jane Grey*, by Sir Harris Nicolas, F.R.S.

to be as pure as the driven snow. The Queen of Navarre's intention has been to write an exceedingly proper book, in which she is represented as an extremely proper person. "One of the rare distinctions of these memoirs" (I am quoting again from the kindest of her critics¹) "consists in the fact that she does not avow everything; that she does not, indeed, avow the half of everything; so that, in the midst of all the odious and exaggerated accusations which have been brought against her, she is, when pen in hand, the most delicate and discreet of women. These memoirs have no kind of resemblance to confessions." "One finds in them," says Bayle, "a great many sins of omission, but how could one expect that Queen Marguerite would make admissions which might have been prejudicial to her? One reserves such avowals for the confessional, they are not intended for history."

When we learn, however, to whom these memoirs are addressed, we seem to take heart, and to hope that, after all, the Queen of Navarre may not have been quite so bad—quite so openly regardless of public opinion—as her enemies would lead us to suppose. She is not writing exclusively for posterity, but for the keen eyes of one of the most observant of her contemporaries—for "le Sieur de Brantôme," who, as the author of "Les Dames Galantes," was not likely to have been very easily shocked, and who must have known almost as much about her as her confessor. Would she have assumed throughout this tone of injured innocence, if, by her own conduct, she had made it impossible for him to put faith in her assertions?

¹ Ste. Beuve, "Causeries du Lundi," 3me édition, t. vi., p. 195.

At page 34 of her memoirs, for instance,¹ we read that she is horrified at its being supposed that she had encouraged the addresses of Henry of Guise, upon whom, if we are to believe the historians of the time, she had bestowed her affections previously to her marriage.² Monsieur de Guise, she declares, has hardly ever spoken to her: for more than a year he has been courting the Princess of Porcian (Catherine of Cleves). It is all a mistake, a plot to injure her devised by her enemy Du Guast. Marguerite is ready to marry the King of Portugal, or anybody else whom her mother may select for her, in order to give the lie to this ridiculous report! Then again, at page 86, we read that Henry III., shortly after his accession to the throne, when walking in the streets of Lyons (whither the court had repaired to meet him on his return from Poland) with his brother-in-law the King of Navarre, came upon Marguerite's empty chariot—"easily recognizable from being gilt, and of yellow velvet ornamented with silver"—drawn up in the "*place*," or square. Hard by, it seems, lodged a gentleman of the name of Bidé, who was indisposed. "Look!" cries the mischief-making King of France, ever anxious to sow dissension between the young couple, to Marguerite's husband, "there stands your wife's chariot, and yonder is Bidé's lodging; I warrant she is there!" Then, like the contemptible creature that he was, he hurries back to tell the

¹ First edition.

² Evidence exists, in the collection of manuscripts at Simancas, that Marguerite had engaged, at about this time, in a secret correspondence with the Duke of Guise, in which she was assisted by Mademoiselle de la Mirande, one of the maids of honour attached to the Queen-Mother.

Queen-Mother of this new enormity that her daughter has committed. Marguerite returns soon afterwards, knowing nothing whatever of all this. "Go and seek the queen your mother," says Henry of Navarre laughing (for apparently he treated the matter as a joke), "and I am sure you will come back in a fine rage!" The Queen-Mother was in a fine rage too. She continued "scolding, screaming, and threatening," and would listen to no excuses. Next day Marguerite is invited to a garden party, and asks her mother's permission to attend it, "having," she informs us, "always observed such respect towards the queen my mother whilst I was with her, as maid or wife, as never to go anywhere without asking her permission." But Catherine's wrath has not yet subsided. She tells her daughter that she may go where she likes—that she does not care. In a word, she has "washed her hands of her!" And the best of it was, that Marguerite had never been near poor Monsieur Bidé at all! There were eight persons, altogether, inside the yellow velvet chariot, which must have been of enormous size, and they had all been spending a highly edifying afternoon at the Abbey of St. Peter; so that it was nothing more than a storm in a teacup! Farther on, at page 103, we learn how Du Guast endeavoured to make mischief about her and the celebrated Bussy d'Amboise, who, as gentleman-in-waiting upon her brother the Duke of Alençon, was frequently in her company. Notwithstanding that these memoirs bear so little resemblance to confessions, Ste. Beuve remarks that her admiration for Bussy leaks out in spite of herself.

"When she speaks of Bussy d'Amboise," he says,

“she ill conceals her admiration for that handsome cavalier, and one seems to feel by the extravagance of her praises that her heart overflows.”

Nevertheless, she is indignant at the reports which have been set afloat. Du Guast did not long survive his scandalous insinuations. But his death appears to have done very little good. To the end of the chapter it is always the same story—Marguerite is maligned, misjudged, misunderstood. One would like to believe that all this was not purely imaginary upon her part, and that she may have been sometimes falsely accused.

In 1576, under pretext of going upon a hunting expedition, Henry of Navarre crossed the Loire at Saumur, and escaped with a band of his faithful followers from the thralldom of court life,¹ and Marguerite, after enduring all manner of vexations and persecutions at the hands of Henry III. and his insolent minions, obtained permission in 1578 to rejoin her husband in Gascony, where she remained for three years and a half. She regarded the days passed at Nerac, which, in spite of the recommencement of hostilities, were enlivened by balls, parties of pleasure, and “all kinds of innocent enjoyments,” as a period of almost perfect happiness. Ste. Beuve says that her husband’s weaknesses harmonized with her own, so that they went their different ways without annoying or interfering with each other. Henry soon overstepped the bounds of decency in his beha-

¹ “They put my mother to death in Paris,” he exclaimed, as he crossed the Loire, “they slew the Admiral there, and all my best friends; I will never return there unless dragged by force!” When Henry next entered the capital it was as King of France.

viour, whilst Marguerite, upon her side, is accused of much that is scandalous and improper.

“Marguerite,” continues the same author, “who had been passing some time in Paris at the court of her brother” (he is alluding to the year 1582-3), “only returned thence to her husband after receiving a disgraceful insult which had exposed her weaknesses.”

The Queen of Navarre suffered the insult here referred to, when Henry III., the unworthy censor of his sister's morals, after accusing her publicly of unbecoming conduct, ordered her to quit Paris upon the following day.¹ Nor did his brotherly solicitude end here. Her carriages were stopped and searched at Palaiseau by one Larchamp de Grimonville, having sixty archers under his command, who roughly tore the masks from the faces of the queen and her female attendants. “Miserable wretch!” exclaimed Marguerite indignantly, “do you dare to lift your hand against the sister of your king?” “I am acting by his majesty's orders,” replied the captain of the archers, after which there was nothing more to be said. The horses' heads were turned in the direction of Montargis, whither Marguerite and her ladies were conducted, and confined in separate chambers in the Abbey of Ferrières.

The excuse for this outrage was a scandalous report to which a recent indisposition of the queen had given rise.² She is said to have been at this time deeply

¹ “Cette affreuse scène finit par un ordre exprès de sortir de Paris, ‘*et délivrer la Cour de sa présence contagieuse.*’”—Mongez, p. 278.

² “La Reine de Navarre est grosse ou hydropique,” writes

enamoured of the handsome and fascinating Harlay de Chanvallon,¹ one of the gentlemen-in-waiting to her brother the Duke of Anjou; and two of her ladies, Madame de Duras and Mademoiselle de Béthune, were accused of favouring this intrigue and of helping to conceal its consequences. "The queen was innocent of that which was imputed to her," remarks Brantôme, "as I happen to know." Dupleix, on the contrary, states that Marguerite gave birth to a son by Chanvallon. "He is living still," adds this historian; "he is a monk called Friar Ange."² I used to know

Busini, the Tuscan ambassador ("Négociations diplomatiques avec la Toscane," t. iv., p. 466).

¹ "Jaques de Harlay, seigneur de Chanvallon, grand-écuyer du Duc d'Alençon, grand-maître de l'artillerie pendant la Ligue, créé par Henri IV. chevalier du Saint-Esprit en 1602, mort en 1630. Ce gentilhomme, aussi distingué par sa naissance que par sa beauté, et qu'on appelait le beau Chanvallon, fut un des favoris de Marguerite. C'est probablement vers l'an 1580 que commença cette intrigue, dont naquit, dit-on, un fils qui fut capucin sous le nom de père Ange. On ne saurait révoquer en doute les relations de la Reine Marguerite avec Chanvallon, qui sont attestées par la plupart des historiens, et auxquelles les lettres que nous publions ici ajoutent un nouveau degré de certitude. (Voyez Dupleix, Henri IV., p. 411; Busbecquii, Epist. 23; De L'Etoile, Journal de Henry III., 1583; D'Aubigné, Hist., 1077; Anselme, t. viii., p. 804.)"—*Mémoires et Lettres de Marguerite de Valois*, par M. F. Guessard, note, p. 445.

² Mongez says that this Friar Ange was engaged, later on, in the conspiracy against Henry IV. in which the king's mistress, the Marquise de Verneuil, and her half-brother, the "Bâtard d'Auvergne" (son of Charles IX. and Marie Touchet), were implicated, but that this did not prevent Queen Marguerite from making it known in the proper quarter when she discovered it. "La consideration du Pere Ange, (d'autres l'appellent Archange,) dont elle etoit mere, et qui conduisoit l'intrigue, ne put l'empêcher de faire le devoir d'une fidelle sujette. Ce trait suffiroit seul pour jeter un voile indulgent sur ses défauts, quand elle n'auroit pas eu d'ailleurs des qualités faites pour les compenser avantageusement."—Mongez, p. 320, edition 1777.

him.”¹ Which of these two statements are we to believe?²

It was only at the instance of the Queen-Mother, who was horrified at the indignity to which her daughter had been subjected, that Madame de Duras and Mademoiselle de Béthune regained their liberty.

¹ Dupleix, “Histoire de Henri IV.,” p. 595; Busbecquii, Epist. 23; Anselme, t. viii., p. 804, etc.

² Alluding to some of the love-letters from Marguerite to Chanvallon which have been published, Ste. Beuve remarks: “Ce n’est plus le style agréable, modérément orné, et naturellement poli des Mémoires; c’est de la haute métaphysique et du pur phébus presque inintelligible et des plus ridicules. ‘Adieu, mon beau soleil! Adieu, mon bel ange! beau miracle de la nature!’ . . . Ce sont là les expressions les plus communes et les plus terre-à-terre; le reste monte et s’élève à proportion, et se perd au plus haut de l’Empyrée. Il semblerait, en vérité, à lire ces lettres, que Marguerite n’a point aimé de cœur, mais plutôt de tête et d’imagination; que ne sentant proprement de l’amour que le physique, elle se croyait tenue d’en raffiner d’autant plus l’expression, et de *pétrarquiser* en paroles,—elle qui était si positive dans le procédé. . . . On a cité d’elle un mot d’observation pratique qui nous dit mieux le secret de sa vie: ‘Voulez-vous cesser d’aimer? possédez la chose aimée.’ C’était pour échapper au moins en idée à ce prompt désenchantement, à ce triste et rapide réveil, qu’elle prodiguait ainsi les expressions figurées, mythologiques, impossibles.”—*Causeries du Lundi: La Reine Marguerite, ses mémoires et ses lettres*, 3me édition, p. 183. In one of her letters to Chanvallon a curious side-light is thrown upon this subject. She has heard, she says, that he was anxious to marry, “pour estre chose que vous pensiez estre à vostre avantage et à l’avantage de nostre amour, pour la commodité de nous voir plus souvent,” but Marguerite does not consider that the lady to whom he was thinking of proposing marriage was rich enough. “Celle-là n’a que trente mille livres de rente,” she says, “dont elle ne peut aucunement disposé, ayant donné son bien à ses enfans.” She knows of another, however, who is richer, “plus belle que l’autre, et d’une plus douce humeur, et est certes honneste femme et parle bien italien.” Marguerite says that she has been able to oblige this lady “en une chose où je luy puis plus servir que personne,” who is desirous, with her daughter, of attaching herself to her person. (“Bibl. de l’Arsenal, Recueil de Conrard,” t. v., p. 113.)

Henry III., however, dismissed them from his sister's service, and, in writing to apprise the King of Navarre of this fact, alludes to them as "pernicious vermin." "From this time," Ste. Beuve continues, "her life never regained its first smiling felicity. She had passed her thirtieth year. The civil wars had broken out again, only to be extinguished by the complete defeat of the League. Marguerite, sunk now to the level of an adventuress-queen, changed her abode several times before she found herself in the Castle of Usson, where she remained for no less a period than eighteen years (1587-1605). What took place there? No doubt a great many unbecoming follies; less odious, however, than the abusive chroniclers of the time, who are the only authorities for what they advance, would lead us to believe."¹

The memoirs of Queen Marguerite, which are addressed to her friend and panegyrist Brantôme, embrace a period extending from about the year 1559 to the year 1582, when they break off abruptly, just before the queen returned in an evil hour to Paris at the invitation of Henry III., whence she was, as has already been stated, shamefully expelled soon afterwards by his orders. During this period she had beheld four monarchs occupying in succession the throne of France. She can just remember her father, King Henry II., and how he took her upon his knee and questioned her as to the respective merits of her two boyish playmates, the Prince de Joinville, afterwards "that great and unfortunate Duc de Guise," and the Marquis de Beaupreau. Over the short reign

¹ Ste. Beuve, "Causeries du Lundi: La Reine Marguerite, ses mémoires et ses lettres."

of her brother, Francis II., she passes in silence, being, as she reminds us, too young at that time to remember anything in detail, so that the unbroken narrative is only continued through the reign of her brother "the magnanimous King Charles," and the greater part of that of Henry III. That the Queen-Mother—"la Royne ma mère"—was the real motive power in France during these three miserable reigns, is amply proved in her daughter's memoirs. Whilst her husband, Henry II., was upon the throne, Catherine had been quite an insignificant person at court, but for this period of neglect and eclipse no woman was ever more royally compensated than she was during the three following reigns.

This is the reason why the Queen of Navarre addresses her memoirs to Brantôme.¹ He was engaged at this time upon his "Dames illustres, Françaises et étrangères," and, having completed his portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, he was about to add that of Marguerite to his gallery as another example of the cruel uncertainty of Fortune.

"Marguerite," continues Ste. Beuve, "at the time when Brantôme was occupied with this description of her, so replete with inspiration and enthusiasm, and consigning to paper a eulogium which may be truly called delirious, was shut up in the Castle of Usson, where, having begun by being a prisoner, she had succeeded in fascinating her captor, and taking

¹ It is stated in the preface to the first edition of the memoirs that they are addressed to "Messire Charles de Vivonne, Baron de la Chasteigneraye et Seigneur de Hardelay," an obvious mistake of "le Sieur de Granier," who first introduced them to the public in 1628.

possession of the stronghold. Here she passed the period of the disturbances, and a considerable time subsequent to them, in an impregnable haven. Writing to her husband in 1594, she playfully informed him that if he could only see the position, and the manner in which she defended herself therein, he would certainly conclude that God alone could bring about its surrender, and that she had every reason to believe that 'this hermitage had been miraculously constructed to serve her as an ark of salvation.' This castle, which she thus compared to Noah's ark, and which others amongst her panegyrists likened to Mount Tabor—fondly imagining that she who inhabited it was entirely absorbed in heavenly contemplations—was represented as a kind of Capri, the abode of everything abominable, by those enemies who only regarded it from afar with eyes of hatred. One thing, however, is certain, which is, that Queen Marguerite lost nothing, during her residence at Usson, of the refinements of her wit, as it was here that she undertook to write her memoirs 'in a few afternoons,'¹ so as to assist Brantôme in his narration, and to correct him upon certain points."

The Castle of Usson had been fortified by Louis XI., who had intended it for a prison. The "captor" whom she seduced and vanquished by her charms was the Marquis de Canillac² (written "Cavillac" sometimes), who had been deputed by her brother Henry III. to surprise and take her prisoner on her departure from Carlat in the mountains of Auvergne.

¹ "En quelques après-dînées."

² Jean Timoléon de Beaufort-Montboissier, Marquis de Canillac.

Miss Freer, speaking more plainly, in her able "History of the Reign of Henry IV." (vol. i., p. 35), alludes to Marguerite's "scandalous liaison with the Marquis de Canillac," and, indeed, the Queen of Navarre, at this time in her thirty-fourth year, seems to have found no difficulty in inspiring the tender passion; although, as the years went on, the chivalresque forms of Henry of Guise, of Bussy d'Amboise, of Harlay de Chanvallon, fade away in the distance, and her admirers appear to decline somewhat in the social scale. The anonymous author of "Le Divorce Satyrique" makes Henry of Navarre cut all kinds of coarse jokes at the expense of these infatuated men.

"Her manners were so insinuating" (the king is supposed to assert) "that it was difficult to defend oneself when she chose to exert them. She made so many advances to Cavillac that he could not avoid becoming aware of them; he preferred a fleeting gratification to the duty he owed his master, and suffered himself to become enslaved by her whom he had captured. He sacrificed his interests to the blandishments of love, and adopted every expedient to gratify his new mistress. This illustrious gallant, who was as dirty as myself¹ before he was metamorphosed by Love, began then to consult his looking-glass, and to have recourse to all the accessories which might increase his short stature."

¹ This is not the first allusion that we find in the writings of the time to the King of Navarre's disregard for the luxuries of the toilet. Marguerite detested the effeminate youths who frequented her brother's court, but it is probable that her soldier-husband may have suffered at times from the very contrast he presented to these curled and scented "*mignons*," and that he may have seemed to be slovenly, or even dirty, in his wife's eyes.

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Some time before this, according to the same authority—and, as I have already said, “Le Divorce Satyrique” had, unfortunately, a good deal of truth in it—the queen had “directed her thoughts towards her man-cook”; after which her choice fell upon Aubiac, her equerry, “who could never have hoped, with his red hair, freckled skin, and rubicund nose, to become the lover of a daughter of France.”¹

If Aubiac did indeed attain to this high honour, it did not bring him good luck in other respects; for Cavillac, upon discovering that he had a rival, hanged him at Aigueperce. The romantic youth met his death with great firmness, and, “instead of endeavouring to save himself, he went on kissing, until the last moment of his existence, a blue cut-velvet sleeve,” all that remained to him of the favours of his beloved mistress.² Marguerite is said to have composed some melancholy verses upon the demise of Aubiac, “who passed from the stables to the queen’s chamber.”³

¹ “En la voyant pour la première fois, à Agen,” says Monsieur Hector de la Ferrière, “un homme s’était écrié, comme le Nubian de Cléopâtre : ‘Oh ! l’admirable créature ! si j’étois assez heureux pour lui plaire, je n’aurois pas regret à la vie, dusse-je la perdre une heure après !’ Ces propos furent répétés à Marguerite. . . . Cet homme se nommait Aubiac. La reine l’avait pris pour écuyer. Pour rabaisser encore plus la femme, Aubigné a laissé de lui ce vilain portrait : ‘Escuyer chetif, rousseau, et plus travelé qu’une truite, dont le nez teint en escarlatte,’ etc. (‘Divorce Satyrique’). Tout au contraire, un témoin plus impartial, l’ambassadeur toscan Cavriana, nous dit : ‘Il était noble, jeune, beau, mais audacieux et indiscret’ (‘Négociations avec la Toscane,’ t. iv., p. 669).”—Quoted in “Trois Amoureuses au XVI^e Siècle,” p. 238.

² “Il basoit un manchon” (the word then employed to signify a cuff, or sleeve, instead of a muff, as now) “de velours raz bleu, qui lui restait des bienfaits de sa dame.”—*Divorce Satyrique*.

³ “Divorce Satyrique.”

After repeating all this scandal, it is only fair that I should quote another and a kindlier authority, Father Hilarion de Coste, described as “ a monkish chronicler,” and who thus apostrophizes the Castle of Usson whilst it served as a refuge to the Queen of Navarre :—

“Usson! crowned by thy royal castle, sacred and holy abode! Sweet hermitage where majesty meditates! Thou rock that art a witness of the voluntary seclusion and piety of thy peerless Princess Marguerite! Usson! earthly paradise of delights, where sweet music¹ and harmonious voices combine to soothe,— the only spot in which royalty enjoyed the repose and contentment of the blest!”

It is evident from his language that Father Hilarion de Coste regarded the Castle of Usson from the Noah’s ark point of view.

Whilst Marguerite was at Usson she did not cease altogether to correspond with her husband. Henry III. had, by this time, been assassinated by the monk Clement, and Henry of Navarre was King of France.

“If,” remarks Ste. Beuve, “the conduct of the royal couple left everything to be desired as regarded their behaviour, both to one another and to the public, we must admit that their correspondence, at

¹ Marguerite, we read, was extremely fond of music, and composed the words to her own songs. “Elle fait souvent quelques vers et stances très-belles,” says Brantôme, alluding to this time, “qu’elle fait chanter, (et mesme qu’elle chante, car elle a la voix belle et agréable, l’entremeslant avec le luth qu’elle touche bien gentiment,) à des petits enfants chantres qu’elle a; et par ainsi elle passe son temps, et coule ses infortunées journées, sans offenser personne, vivant en la vie tranquille qu’elle a choisie pour la meilleure.”—Brantôme, *Dames illustres, Françaises et étrangères*, Discours v.

any rate, is that of good-natured well-bred people, whose hearts are worth more than their morals. When reasons of state determined Henry IV. to obtain a divorce, and to break off a union which had not only been scandalous but sterile, Marguerite acquiesced without making any resistance, whilst appearing, at the same time, to realize what she was losing. The Pope had delegated several bishops and cardinals¹ to settle the formalities of the divorce, whose duty it was to interrogate the husband and wife separately. Marguerite expresses a desire that, as it is necessary that she should be questioned, it may be by persons who are more 'private' and 'familiar'—her courage not going to the length of enabling her to endure publicly such a degradation; 'and fearing,' she proceeds, 'lest my tears should lead these cardinals to suppose that force or compulsion had been used, which would interfere with the wishes of the king.'² Henry was touched at the sentiments she displayed during these lengthy negotiations. 'I am, likewise, extremely satisfied with the candour and straightforwardness of your behaviour,' he writes, 'and I hope that God will bless the remainder of our days with a fraternal affection, which, when united to public prosperity, will make them very happy.' Henceforward he calls her his sister, whilst she tells him that to her he is 'father, brother, and king.'

"Monsieur Bazin, who has written upon this subject

¹ "Le Pape délégua par son Bref du 24 Septembre, 1599, le Cardinal de Joyeuse, l'Evêque de Modène, son nonce en France, et Horatio del Monte, Archevêque d'Albes, pour connoître de cette affaire."—Mongez, p. 309, edition 1777.

² 21st October, 1599.

with judgment and moderation, says that, whatever may have been the shortcomings of their married life, 'their divorce was royal.'"

It is scarcely correct to say, however, that Marguerite agreed to the divorce in the first instance without making any resistance. She had been prepared to do so, she explains, for the good of the realm, but, upon hearing a report to the effect that the king only desired to obtain his freedom in order that he might marry his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, "Queen Marguerite, Duchess of Valois," as she was now styled, wrote to say that, having been born a daughter of France, and having been likewise the daughter, the sister, and the wife of kings, and being, furthermore, the sole survivor of all the royal race of Valois that now breathed the breath of this life, she so dearly loved her country and was so well disposed towards the person and the inclinations of the king, and desired so ardently that he might have legitimate offspring who should succeed without dispute to the crown, that, not being in a condition to bring him this happiness in her own person, she wished and hoped to witness its accomplishment through another who should be worthy of him, and that, for this same end, she had been resolved to contribute, by every means in her power, towards facilitating and accelerating the dissolution of his marriage, but that, if he only desired to obtain a divorce in order to put in her place a woman of such low extraction, and who had led so impure and evil a life¹ as the one about whom

¹ "Une vie si sale et si vilaine." After the death of Gabrielle d'Estrées the queen explains, in a letter to Sully, that she has no longer any objection to the divorce, "si j'ay ci-devant usé

these rumours were current, she should act quite in a contrary manner, and relinquish nothing of her own to see him thus unworthily mated.¹

Upon this occasion Marguerite acted as her husband's true friend, although her words go towards swelling the number of instances when the pot has been betrayed into calling the kettle black. Gabrielle d'Estrées, or, to speak more formally, the Duchess of Beaufort, expired mysteriously, shortly after having given birth to her second son by the king,² nobody doubting but that she had, to use the expressive language of the day, "been assisted" towards her end. The susceptible Henry, however, did not long

de longueurs et interposé des doutes et difficultez," she writes, "vous en sçavez aussy bien les causes que nul aultre, ne voullant veoir en ma place une telle descriée bagace, que j'estimois subject indigne de la posseder, ny capable de faire jouir la France des fruitz par elle desirez." Mongez assures us that the term *bagace* "n'était pas déshonnête dans ce temps là." This is questioned by Monsieur Guessard, "Lettres de Marguerite de Valois."

It is interesting to compare this letter with one addressed by Marguerite, two years previously, to Gabrielle herself, in which, desiring to obtain a favour from the king, she expresses herself thus: "J'ay pris tant de confiance en l'assurance que (vous) m'avez donnée de m'aimer, que je ne veux prendre aultre protecteur en ce que j'auray à requerir le Roy, au quel je n'ose user de si longue importunité, qui sur du papier l'ennuiera, mais partant de vostre belle bouche, je sçais qu'il ne peust estre que bien reçu." This letter is addressed to "Madame la Marquise," and concludes, "Je vous aurois une grande obligation de m'en faire savoir sa volenté" (alluding to the king), "qui me sera une perpetuelle loi, comme perpetuelle sera en moy l'affection tres-fidelle que je voue à vostre merite, pour en eternité me conserver vostre tres-affectionnée et plus fidelle amye, Marguerite." —*Collection Dupuy*, t. 217, folio 58.

¹ Sully, t. i., chap. lxxxv., p. 499, first edition.

² Alexandre de Vendôme, Grand Prior of France, died a state prisoner in the reign of his half-brother, Louis XIII.

remain inconsolable for her loss. He very soon fell into the toils of Henriette de Balzac,¹ afterwards created Marchioness of Verneuil, to whom he foolishly gave a written promise of marriage, which she was in the habit of carrying about in her pocket and displaying to her friends. Sully, at that time Baron de Rosny, tore up the promise in question when the king showed it to him at Fontainebleau. "I think you must be mad!" exclaimed Henry, astonished at his boldness. "Would to God, sire, that I were the only madman in France!" replied this faithful servant. Henry remained silent after this, whilst Rosny offered him the most wholesome but unpalatable advice. Then he picked up the severed scraps of paper, and went into his study to draw up a fresh document to the same effect.

Marguerite, in her impregnable fortress, appears to have heard nothing at the time of this episode, for, in spite of her objection to retire in favour of a woman of "impure life," she ceased to oppose her husband's divorce upon the death of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and was even the first to suggest that the affair should be concluded without delay. Whereupon the king's loyal ministers and advisers, alarmed at the thought of what might ensue were he to obtain his liberty whilst under the dominion of so violent a passion, protected him against himself by hurrying on the matrimonial negotiations which had already been commenced with the court of Florence. The reasons put forward by the king for desiring to regain his

¹ Eldest daughter of the Marquis d'Entragues, by his wife, Marie Touchet, formerly mistress of King Charles IX., and mother, by him, of Charles de Valois, Comte d'Auvergne.

freedom were all other than those set forth in the scurrilous "Divorce Satyrique." Marguerite was too zealous a daughter of the Mother-Church for any such pretexts to have found favour with the Pope or the Cardinals, nor had the king's own conduct been such as would have justified his advancing them. The royal couple, who acted in collusion upon the occasion, merely pretended to have discovered that they were too near of kin to have ever been legally married at all without a special dispensation from the Pope, which nobody could remember anything about. Historians disagree as to whether this dispensation had any real existence, but Henry and Marguerite affirmed that, if it had ever been granted, they, at least, had never been informed of the fact. The king declared that after the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew he had acted entirely under compulsion, and had had scarcely any liberty of action, whilst Marguerite, upon her side, excused herself for having consented to the marriage by reason of her fear of displeasing her brother King Charles, and of the obedience she had always shown to the wishes of her mother.¹ Finally, a plea of spiritual consanguinity

¹ "Le mercredi 10 de novembre, les trois commissaires, apres plusieurs conferences tenues sur cette grande affaire, dans la maison d'Henry de Gondy, evesque de Paris, ont jugé le mariage nul des le commencement, à cause de la parenté dans un degré prohibé ; que la duchesse Marguerite de Valois avoit esté forcée par le roy Charles IX.. son frere, et par la Royne sa mere, et qu'elle n'avoit apporté autre consentement que la parole et non le cœur, laissant à l'ung et à l'autre la liberté de se marier à qui bon leur semblera. Le lendemain le Roy envoya le comte de Beaumont en Auvergne, pour donner avis à la royne Marguerite de ce jugement, et l'assura par lettres que, quoique leur mariage fut dissous pour le bien de la France, son desir estoit toute fois de l'aimer non seulement comme son frere de nom, mais en lui

was discovered and advanced, potent enough to have invalidated the marriage of the least scrupulous. King Henry II., Marguerite's father, had actually held Henry of Navarre, who had since become her husband, at the baptismal font in 1554! This proved the last straw in a whole camel-load of arguments, and the marriage was dissolved forthwith in 1599.¹

By his letters patent, dated December 29, 1599, the king decreed that Marguerite was to retain her title of Queen, prefixed to that of Duchess of Valois, and that she and her heirs were to enjoy the estates of Angenois, Condomois, and Rovergne, together with the townships of Verdun, Rieux, Riviere, and Albigois, and the Duchy of Valois, which had been assigned to her as a marriage portion. To these favours he added the payment of her debts. Marguerite, besides being extremely lavish in her personal expenditure, was very generous to her servants and ever ready to help those in distress, so that her debts by this time amounted to an enormous sum.² The

faisant dorenavant connoistre les effets de sa bonne affection."—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry IV.*, 1599.

¹ When Marguerite's agent, Chancellor Bertier, handed to the king the paper in which she finally gave her consent to the divorce and agreed to all its conditions, Henry, being all heart, could not restrain his tears. "Ha, la malheureuse!" he exclaimed, "elle sçait bien que je l'ay toujours aimée et honorée, et elle point moi, et que ses mauvais déportmens nous ont fait séparer, il y a long-tems l'un de l'autre!"

² When, upon her return to Paris in 1605, Henry IV. begged her to be "plus ménagère, et de ne pas faire de la nuit le jour, et du jour la nuit, elle lui repondit sur le premier, que la dépense et la prodigalité estoient chez elle un vice de famille, attaché aux Médicis; quand au second, elle lui dit qu'il lui étoit impossible de se corriger d'une habitude aussi invétérée."—Mongez, p. 319; De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry IV.*, Août, 1605.

queen-duchess wrote at once a charming letter to thank the king for his generosity, at the conclusion of which she signs herself, "Your very humble, faithful, affectionate and obedient sister, servant, and subject, Marguerite;" so that the divorce was arranged as amicably and satisfactorily as possible.

Marie de' Medici did not arrive in France under very favourable auspices. Diego des Ursins, Duke of Bracciano, espoused her by proxy in the king's name, and Henry went to meet her as far as Nemours, whither he came straight from the society of his mistress.

After five or six days passed at Fontainebleau, the king and his new queen proceeded to Paris, where Henry made no secret of renewing his relations with Madame de Verneuil. He had the bad taste to insist that she should be introduced to the queen, and commanded the Duchess of Nemours to present her. The mistress was, naturally enough, but coldly received by the wife, and the king, to soothe her offended dignity, threw all the blame upon Madame de Nemours, who had been most unwilling from the first to comply with his request. Thus, from the earliest days of his second marriage, Henry appears to have been the victim of female jealousy and of his own incorrigible weakness with regard to women. Two parties were formed, one of which favoured the interests of the queen, and the other those of the mistress, and, as a natural consequence, the court soon became the centre of a series of intrigues and cabals which wellnigh drove the good-natured king to distraction.

Some nine months after his marriage, both ladies

presented him with sons. The queen, to the intense joy of the nation, gave birth to the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII.), and the Marchioness to Henry of Bourbon, Duke of Verneuil, afterwards Bishop of Metz. The queen was so triumphant at having given an heir to the throne that she sent to inquire after the health of her rival, and proposed that, when convalescent, she should dance in one of the court ballets, which, with many other entertainments, were being prepared to celebrate the auspicious event. This act upon the part of the queen enchanted the king, and for a while all was harmony, festivity, and rejoicing. But it was for a while only. Ere long the squabbling, plotting, and intriguing recommenced, the queen and Henry's female favourites seemingly vying with one another as to which of them should vex and embarrass him the most.

Some time before this the king had remarked to Sully, when he and the duke were discussing the subject of his marriage, that he would prefer a wife who was "somewhat coquettish" to one who was ill-tempered and wrong-headed.¹ Marie de' Medici was ill-tempered, and frantically jealous of her husband besides. The king could understand the feeling of jealousy once upon a time, but then this was when he had experienced it himself. "Are you not aware that a little jealousy is the sure accompaniment of the purest and tenderest affection?" he had inquired of Gabrielle d'Estrées when he was jealous of the Duke of Bellegarde, his rival. "If I treasured and cherished you

¹ "J'aimerois mieux une femme qui fit un peu l'amour qu'une qui eût mauvaise tête."

less," he continued, "I should not be so afraid of losing you."

But the weakness which he could thus palliate and excuse when he had himself been a prey to it, appeared to him to be merely vexatious and unreasonable when indulged in by the queen, and, as he afforded her perpetual cause for its display, he was continually being subjected to her indignant reproaches. Perhaps there may have been moments when he almost regretted his first wife, with her sisterly affection, easy temper, and still easier virtue !

Such was the position of affairs when, in 1605, Queen Marguerite, with a numerous train, arrived in Paris. She had grown tired of the seclusion of Usson, and as she had behaved so very well at the time of the divorce, and it had then been particularly stipulated that she should reside where she pleased, Henry could not refuse her request when she expressed a desire to revisit the capital.

He at once sent the Dukes of Vendôme and Montbazou, with several other noblemen, to welcome and "compliment" her upon her arrival.¹ The queen likewise despatched some of the officers of her household upon the same polite errand. Henry himself followed soon afterwards, and paid a four hours' visit to his former wife at the Château de Madrid² (where

¹ If we are to believe Dupleix, Harlay de Chanvallon, Marguerite's former admirer, "lequel elle avoit autrefois plus aimé qu'elle ne devoit," was amongst these noblemen deputed by the king to welcome her upon her arrival, and we read that this attention upon Henry's part, coupled with the presence of his own natural son, the Duke of Vendôme, was not considered in good taste : "l'on estimoit cet accueil honteux," remarks the historian, "à une si grande princesse."—Dupleix, t. iv., p. 367.

² "Cette maison étoit ainsi appelée" (maison de Boulogne)

Marguerite passed the first six weeks following upon her return), which was of an extremely amicable and cordial character.¹

Two days later she paid a formal visit to the Louvre, where she was received by the king in the centre of the courtyard, and by the queen at the foot of the grand staircase.

Towards the end of the month of December 1605 she took up her abode at the Hôtel de Sens, whither all the principal inhabitants of Paris flocked to pay her their respects, and manifested the greatest pleasure at her return to their midst. In this last descendant of the race of Valois were centred so many memories and associations connected with their departed kings, "whose apparent virtues," says Mongez, "above all their piety, magnificence, affability, and love of literature and the arts, they seemed to behold reproduced in her."

Hostile critics have affirmed that Marguerite had merely desired to return to the capital in order to continue a life of licence and dissipation. The dilapidated state of her wardrobe, however, might alone have furnished her with a sufficient excuse for wishing to return to the refinements of civilization. The beautiful dresses upon which Brantôme dilates with so much rapture were all worn out, and, if we may believe the author of "Le Divorce Satyrique," there had been

"parce qu'elle était située dans le bois de Boulogne. Elle portait aussi le nom de Madrid, qui est encore aujourd'hui celui de l'emplacement occupé naguère par cette habitation royale."—Guessard, *Mémoires et Lettres de Marguerite de Valois*. For the origin of the name "Madrid," see Hilarion de Coste, and Mongez, "Histoire de Marguerite de Valois," p. 392.

¹ Henry paid his first visit to Marguerite at "Madrid" on the evening of July 26, 1605.

times when, during her residence in the mountains of Auvergne, "she had not only been deprived of a state bed," but was actually "in want of a shift!"

No doubt, upon her return to Paris, she set to work to remedy these deficiencies, but her day had gone by. She was now in her fifty-third year; she had lost all touch with the prevailing mode, and to the young courtiers of the new queen this sole survivor of a departed race appeared hopelessly dowdy and "rococo"—a kind of "Rip Van Winkle" in hooped petticoats.¹

She had developed, too, during her long sojourn in the provinces, many strange crazes and superstitions. She lived in a world of her own creating, and became the centre of a society which, although it included some few men of merit and distinction, was composed for the most part of interested and needy adventurers, upon whom she bestowed titles and appointments, and with whom she kept up all the ceremony of a court. What a contrast this grotesque and eccentric old lady must have presented to the brilliant queen of fashion who had graced the court of "*Le Roy Charles*" (that best of brothers), whose radiant aspect in her dress of "pink Spanish velvet, heavily trimmed with tinsel," had inspired the

¹ We read that Marguerite had by this time become stout and ungraceful in figure. "Au lieu de cette taille svelte et souple," says M. Hector de la Ferrière, "faite pour danser les gaillardes et les branles les plus rapides, une épaisse et lourde carrure, élargie encore par l'ampleur démesurée de son corps de jupe: au lieu de ces abondants cheveux d'un noir d'ébène, qu'elle avait si prématurément perdus, une perruque d'un blond de filasse blanche sur l'herbe, et d'un demi-pied plus haute que les coiffures d'alors."—*Trois Amoureuses au XVI^e siècle*, pp. 292-3. "Il y avait des portes," says Tallemant des Réaux, writing of this time, "par où la reine ne pouvait plus passer."—*Historiettes*, t. i., p. 165.



poet Ronsard, and who had fascinated by the charm of her beauty so many of the most illustrious and distinguished men of her day!

“Queen Marguerite, Duchess of Valois,” purchased two houses upon quitting the Hôtel de Sens. One of these was situated in the capital itself, in what was afterwards the “Rue de l’Université,” and the other was at Issy, in the environs. It is when writing of Marguerite at this period that Ste. Beuve describes her as an “antiquity,” “a kind of fetish, such as might be preserved as a curiosity to show what departed elegance was like. Nevertheless,” he adds fondly, “she had still her amorous and tragical adventures.”

Here is one of them. Amongst the members of her little court was one Date de Saint-Julien, who, if we are to believe the chroniclers of the day, was tenderly beloved by his royal mistress.¹

He is said to have been the son of a carpenter of Arles, and, according to the “Divorce Satyrique,” the Queen of Navarre ennobled him; after which, like Rizzio, he was raised to the dignity of secretary, whilst by the courtiers of the other queen (Marie de’ Medici) we learn that he was facetiously spoken of as “*le Roy Margot*.”² His end was scarcely less

¹ This Saint-Julien is sometimes confounded with a young man, his predecessor in the queen’s affections, called “Pomini,” or “Comini,” who appears to have died during her residence at Usson, and who was the son of a tinker of Auvergne, where he began his career as a chorister in one of the cathedral churches, after which Marguerite appointed him one of her musicians.

² Tallemant des Réaux says (t. i., p. 16) that this title was conferred upon a young gentleman named Villars, who succeeded Bajomont, who succeeded Saint-Julien, who succeeded Pomini, who succeeded Aubiac, etc., and that it was Villars’

tragic than that of Mary Stuart's Italian favourite. One of the queen's personal attendants, a young man named Vermont, jealous of the privileges he enjoyed, shot him one morning under her eyes, as he was assisting her out of her coach upon her return from hearing mass at the Church of the Celestines. The poet Maynard, a youthful disciple of Malherbe, who was likewise a member of Marguerite's court, composed some touching stanzas upon Saint-Julien's assassination, and the king, hearing of the bereavement which had been sustained by his former wife, wrote her an affectionate letter of condolence.¹

beautiful voice which had captivated the queen, but the ages, functions, and circumstances of these youths being more or less identical, some confusion respecting them is almost certain to arise. It is a case of "ex uno disce omnes." Like the "mignons" of Henry III., Marguerite's favourites nearly all met with premature or violent deaths.

¹ The king heard of the catastrophe from Marguerite herself. Under the date of April 5, 1606, she writes to him thus: "Monseigneur, il vient d'estre fait un assassinat à la porte de mon logis, à ma veue, tout contre mon carrosse, par un fils de Vermont, qui a tiré un coup de pistolet à un de mes gentilshommes nommé Saint-Julien. Je supplie tres-humblement vostre majesté vouloir commander qu'il en soit fait justice et n'en vouloir point donner de grace. Si cette meschanceté n'est punie, il n'y a nul qui puisse vivre en seureté. Je supplie tres-humblement encore vostre majesté vouloir faire punir cet assassin," etc.—*Lettres de Marguerite de Valois*, Coll. Dupuy, t. 217, fol. 141. "Le Mercredi 5," says De L'Etoile, "fut tué à Paris un gentilhomme favori de la roine Marguerite, par un autre jeune gentilhomme âgé de dix-huit ans seulement, qui le tua d'un coup de pistolet tout joignant la Roine. Le meurtri se nommoit Saint-Julien, lequel ladite Roine aimoit passionnément; et pour ce, jura de ne boire ni manger qu'elle n'en eust vu faire la justice, comme, aussi, dés le lendemain, il eust la teste tranchée devant son logis, qui estoit l'hostel de Sens, où elle assista; et, dés la nuit même, toute effrayée, en deslogea, et le quitta avec protestation de jamais n'y rentrer. Le criminel marcha gaiement au supplice, disant tout haut qu'il ne se soucioit de mourir, puisque son ennemi estoit mort, et qu'il estoit venu à bout de son dessein."—*Journal de*

The house in the Faubourg St. Antoine became hateful to her after this catastrophe, and it was with the object of effacing the memory of it from her mind that she took up her abode in the Faubourg St. Germain.¹ Here the good-natured Henry frequently used to visit his adopted sister, with whom he remained upon the most friendly terms, although he is said at times to have ridiculed her weaknesses. She endeavoured to please and conciliate him by every means in her power. We read of numerous entertainments devised by her for him and the queen; of the superb "collation" at which, amongst other "sumptuosities," there appeared three silver dishes, one of which bore an orange-tree, another a lemon-tree, and a third a pomegranate-tree, all so beautifully imitated from nature that the illusion was perfect, and they seemed to be real plants. She congratulates Henry in the most cordial terms upon the births and expected births of each one of his

Henry IV., Avril, 1606. The following verse, if we are to believe De L'Etoile, was composed and sung in the streets of Paris at about this time:—

“La reine Vénus, demi-morte
De voir mourir devant sa porte
Son Adonis, son cher amour,
Pour vengeance a, devant sa face
Fait desfaire en la mesme place
L'assassin presque au même jour.”

¹ Some time after this, when Bajomont (“Monsieur de Bajomont,” as Marguerite calls him in one of her letters), a successor of Saint-Julien, fell ill at this new residence, “Sa Majesté,” says De L'Etoile, “allant voir la Roine Marguerite et l'ayant trouvée toute triste de la maladie de Bajomont, son favorit, dit en sortant à ses filles qu'elles priassent toutes Dieu pour la convalescence dudit Bajomont, et qu'il leur donneroit leurs estrennes, où leur foire, ‘Car s'il venoit une fois à mourir, ventre-saint-gris,’ dit-il, ‘il m'en cousteroit bien davantage,

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children,¹ and one fancies from her language that these events must really have afforded her intense gratification. Writing to the king during his absence from Paris (May 17, 1606), she tells him that she has had the honour, two days ago, of kissing the hands of "*Monsieur le Dauphin,*" and that he and the princesses ("*et Mesdames aussi*") are in excellent health, and growing in stature and in beauty, as are all the rest of the little party ("*tout le reste de la petite troupe*"), but foremost of all the Dauphin, "who bears upon his countenance, and in all his royal actions, the true imprint of what he is."

Queen Marguerite stood godmother to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the king's second son, and she seems also to have taken, or feigned, a great interest in "*Monsieur de Vendosme,*"² the king's eldest son by Gabrielle d'Estrées, to whom she alludes in one of her letters

pour ce qu'il me lui faudroit acheter une maison toute neuve, au lieu de ceste-ci, où elle ne se voudroit plus tenir."—*De L'Etoile, Journal de Henry IV.,* Avril, 1607.

¹ We find that Marguerite took some credit to herself for this happy state of affairs, which, but for her consent to her own divorce, could not have come to pass. Writing to the king from Usson ("*ce 17 Mars 1601*"), she thus expresses herself: "Monseigneur, l'heureuse et bonne nouvelle, de quoy il a pleu à vostre majesté m'honorer, de la grossesse de la Roine ne sera reçue de nulle avec tant de joie et de contentement que de moy, *comme celle qui y a le plus contribué,* et qui a plus d'obligations et d'occasions de se rejouir du bien et contentement de vostre majesté," whilst, upon the birth of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII., born Thursday, September 27, 1601), she writes to the king thus: "Monseigneur, comme la plus obligée de toutes celles qui ont voué tres-humble service à vostre majesté, elle me permettra, apres en avoir rendu de tout mon cœur graces à Dieu, de me réjouir avec elle de la grace que Dieu lui a faicte de lui donner un fils."—*Lettres de Marguerite de Valois,* Collection Dupuy, t. 217, fol. 64.

² Cæsar, Duke of Vendôme, eldest son of Henry IV. by Gabrielle d'Estrées.

to Henry as "a worthy result of a royal birth, his body being as perfect in beauty as his mind, which far surpasses what one might expect at his years." She feels assured that God has given this child to his majesty in order that he may render him some signal service, or give him some particular satisfaction. "I was never more enchanted," she continues, "than whilst admiring this marvel of childhood, so full of wisdom and of serious conversation. Of a truth this royal creation is worthy of your majesty, who never produces anything, either animate or inanimate,¹ which is not out of the common way," whilst, in a postscript at the conclusion of the letter, she calls this same child a "little angel."

Upon the occasion of the coronation of Marie de' Medici at St. Denis (May 13, 1610), Marguerite de Valois walked in the queen's procession, and, as she considered that her own rank was far superior to that of either the king or queen, we read² that she was somewhat ruffled when "Madame," Henry's little five-year-old daughter,³ was ordered to take

¹ It appears, from the context, that these "inanimate" creations were "ces beaux bastiments" which Marguerite says that she has observed when crossing the river Seine.

² "Journal de Henry IV."

³ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry IV. and Marie de' Medici, married to Philip IV. of Spain. "La Reine Marguerite," says the "Chevalier C. B. A.," in his historical and political notes to De L'Etoile's "Journal de Henry IV." (edition 1741), "eût bien désiré de ne point assister à cette cérémonie, mais de demeurer en son Hôtel et de feindre une maladie, si elle n'eût eu la crainte d'offenser le Roy. Dans cette occasion elle se representa ce qu'elle étoit par sa naissance, ce qu'elle avoit été par son mariage, et cependant elle se voyoit obligée de marcher après Madame, encore enfant ; elle usa de beaucoup de dissimulation, et ce ne fut qu'en presence de ses plus confidens domestiques, qu'elle montra sa douleur accompagnée de larmes, de murmures, et de reproches." See also Dupleix, p. 403.

precedence of her at the ceremony. Both princesses were arrayed, as daughters of France, in a bodice of cloth of silver, with a tippet or surcoat of ermine, ornamented with precious stones, and a royal mantle of purple velvet lined with ermine and bordered by two rows of "fleurs de lys" embroidered in gold. On their heads they wore crowns of gold enriched with jewels. The train of Marguerite's magnificent mantle was borne by the Countesses of Curson and De la Rochefoucault. She afterwards presented it to the Church of Saint Sulpice, to form the daïs which is raised over the Host upon solemn occasions. This was the queen-duchess's last public appearance in the reign of Henry the Great. Upon the afternoon of the following day, when she had been celebrating the anniversary of her birth at Issy, as was her custom, she heard of the king's assassination by Ravailac, and is said by her more favourable biographers to have displayed considerable emotion at the disastrous news. Those historians, however, who seem to wish to deprive her of every good quality, declare that her lamentations were merely the result of terror, as she was afraid that the regency might fall into the hands of some one of the princes who was hostile to her. As soon as she learnt that Marie de' Medici had been appointed regent, she is said to have recovered her equanimity, and to have resumed the absurdities and irregularities of her former life.¹

¹ One thing is certain. Marguerite endeavoured by every means in her power to find out the persons who had planned the king's murder. She even chanced upon a clue which might have led to their discovery, but her zeal was treated at court with a strange indifference, and no steps were taken to bring about the result she desired. Under the date of "Samedi 22 Mai" (1610), we

It would be unjust, however, to reproach her with leading a life which was wholly frivolous. Like some of the faded beauties of more modern times, her later years exhibited many strange contradictions and inconsistencies. In spite of her follies, she spent much of her time in serious reflection and devotion. She appointed Vincent de Paul, then quite a young man, her almoner, and founded and endowed convents and hospitals, whilst she encouraged philosophers and musicians to enliven her profaner moments.

She executed many grand designs in gardening and architecture, and continued to hold her little court as long as she lived, mingling together, in the strangest manner, licentiousness with piety, the love of learning with that of vanity, and Christian charity with injustice. She prided herself upon the regularity of her attendance in church, upon her encouragement of men of letters, and upon the giving up of a tenth part of her income to the clergy, whilst she gloried, at the same time, in always having some fresh love-affair on hand, in the invention of all kinds of new amusements, and in never paying her debts.¹

“But in spite of all this,” says Ste. Beuve, “she was beloved.”²

read that “Le même jour la Reine Marguerite fit chanter aux Augustins, un beau service pour le repos de l’âme du Roy défunct, dont elle avoit été la chère épouse vingt-deux ans, et qui volontairement agréa, avec la dispense du Pape, la désunion et dissolution du mariage, spécialement parce que le Seigneur ne l’avoit pas béni d’une heureuse lignée, qui était grandement souhaitée par les bons Français.”—De L’Etoile, *Journal de Henry IV.*, t. iv., p. 83.

¹ De L’Etoile, “Journal de Henry IV.,” 1605, and Mongez, p. 334.

² It is said that Marguerite’s name is even to this day loved and remembered amongst the mountains of Auvergne. “Entrez dans la plus pauvre chaumière, isolée, perdue dans les montagnes,”

“On the 27th of March” (1615), writes a contemporary, “there died in Paris Queen Marguerite, the sole survivor of the race of Valois; a princess full of kindness and good intentions for the welfare and quiet of the state, and who was only her own enemy. She was deeply regretted.”¹

Queen Marguerite was in her sixty-third year at the time of her death, which resulted from a chill.² She was interred temporarily in the Church of the Augustines, the first stone of which she had laid in 1608, and where the erring heart which must have gone through so many varying emotions, was permanently deposited.

says Monsieur de la Ferrière, “on vous parlera d'elle. Marguerite est passée à l'état de legende; elle le doit au souvenir de ses bienfaits.”—*Trois Amoureuses au XVI^e siècle*. On the 14th of May, previous to her departure from Usson, she signed a document which perpetuated all her local charities.—*Notes historiques sur Usson*, 1855. She delighted, too, in somewhat eccentric and sensational acts of charity, which tended to increase her popularity with the Parisians. De L'Etoile relates an example of this. “Ce jour,” he says (Samedy, 10 Septembre, 1605), “comme la Reine Marguerite entroit aux Jacobins pour gagner les pardons, elle trouva une pauvre Irlandoise à l'entrée qui venoit d'accoucher; et à peine étoit-elle delivrée de son fruit, qui étoit un garçon, qu'elle le voulut tenir; et ayant sçu que Monsieur de Montpensier étoit là, le fit son compère, et lui donna le nom de Henry.”—*Journal de Henry IV*.

¹ “Journal et Mémoires de Pontchartrain.”

² Marguerite had never entirely recovered from the effects of a serious illness contracted soon after her return to Paris, which left her so weakened by pain, and by the violent bleedings administered by the doctors, that, as she informed the king in a letter dated November 8, 1606, she was reduced to a skeleton, whilst thinness caused her nose to appear as long as that of her grandfather King Francis I. “Je perdis hier au soir la fièvre du tout,” she writes, “ne me restant plus que la foiblesse d'un mal sy cruel, pour lequel l'on m'a tiré tant de sang que je crois que, quand j'auray l'honneur de baiser les mains à vostre majesté, vous me prendrez pour une anatomie, ayant, à cette heure, le nez aussi long que le Roy mon grand pere.”—*Lettres de Marguerite de Valois*, Coll. Dupuy, t. 217, fol. 102.

Her body was afterwards borne in state to Saint Denis, and placed in the chapel which her mother Catherine de' Medici had constructed.

During the "Reign of Terror" Marguerite's remains shared the fate of those of so many of her kingly progenitors, when the mob of desecrators broke into Saint Denis (October 12, 1793), and, after hacking to pieces the magnificent bronze gates presented by Charlemagne, proceeded to empty the "rat-holes," as these miscreants were pleased to term the repositories of royal bones, and to cast what was left of their mouldering and mummified kings, queens, dauphins, and other royal personages into the huge lime-pit which had been dug for the purpose at the entry to the cloisters outside the church. The Emperor Napoleon III., who completed the restorations at Saint Denis which had been commenced by his uncle, caused the royal ashes in this pit, mingled as they were with quicklime, to be collected and placed under the high altar in the crypt; so that Marguerite's career as a mummy has been almost as chequered and erratic as was her pilgrimage when in the flesh.

It will be apparent to the reader from this sketch that, as a woman, as a wife, and as a queen, Marguerite de Valois has been tried in the balance and found wanting: she was born, as Catherine de' Medici remarked, "in an evil day." But neither as a woman, as a wife, nor as a queen, is it incumbent upon us to sit in judgment to-day. "She has been relegated," to quote again from Ste. Beuve, "to the great republic of letters," whence she can be regarded from an altogether different standpoint, and where, by giving the reins to our imagination, we may even

picture to ourselves, in the midst of some ghostly assembly of authors, "la Reine Margot," in her flaxen wig and obsolete sixteenth-century costume, holding out the beautiful hand which she inherited from her mother, who was said to have had the most lovely hands of her time, in welcome to some newly arrived congenial spirit of these latter days. "It is," continues Ste. Beuve, "through some few exquisite pages, which form an epoch in our language, that she has earned, in her turn, a place in literary history (that noble refuge of so many a battered barque!), and by reason of which an enduring radiance will cling to her name."

It may be well to remind the reader, in order to prevent disappointment, that the beauty of the pages thus eulogized by Ste. Beuve is of a somewhat archaic type, their elegance the elegance of a departed time, and that, whilst the antiquary and the student will delight in their tortuous and elaborate style, in the paragraphs which, abounding in moral reflections, classical allusions, and needless reiterations of names and titles, seem as though they would never come to an end, the hurried "enfant de siècle" may possibly consider them both laboured and tedious. These lengthy sentences, however, I have striven not to curtail, and where Queen Marguerite, as sometimes happens, commences her narrative in one tense and continues it in another, I have almost always faithfully followed the original text, being loth to sacrifice any of the quaint expressions or modes of construction which are alike characteristic of the author and of the epoch at which she lived. Hence this translation may be at once too crude and idiomatic

to suit the public taste ; nay, for the above reasons, I have endeavoured that it should be almost literal, and that each sentence should be rendered, if possible, as it was written by the author. In certain instances, however, to save the reader from becoming involved in a labyrinth of words, whence it would have been difficult for him to extricate himself, I have been reluctantly constrained to cut Queen Marguerite's sentences in half. Then, again, as the queen does not always adhere to the same spelling with regard to the names of people and places, so have I, in this translation, varied as she varies, since there was no arbitrary rule as to such matters at the time at which she wrote.

It may possibly be objected that, although this book professes to be a translation, most of the names of the personages mentioned, and many of the quotations and footnotes, are given in the original French. To this I would reply that these pages are not intended for those who are absolutely ignorant of French. Few such readers exist, it may be assumed, in these enlightened days ; but there are many to whom the French of nearly three hundred years ago, with its quaint abbreviations and omissions, might seem to present some difficulties, and who for this reason, having never waded through the attractive pages of Brantôme, Castelnau, or Sully in the original editions, may also have left unnoticed the memoirs of Queen Marguerite. It is for such readers that this translation has been undertaken—readers who, although well acquainted with modern French, might shrink from the intricacies of that of the sixteenth century, as they would shrink, maybe, from their native tongue as issued from the press

of Wynkyn de Worde, or when written in Elizabethan manuscript. But a footnote here and there, or an occasional quotation, may not overtax their patience, and so, when a phrase has seemed to me to be untranslatable in its original spirit and intention, or when it would gain in spontaneity by being untampered with, I have given it in French. I have also left the names and dignities of the personages alluded to in the memoirs precisely as they were originally set down by the queen.

The illustrations which accompany the text are reproduced from contemporary portraits, most of them being taken from the series executed by Thomas Le Leu. The portrait of Marguerite which serves as a frontispiece, and which, according to the date, represents her in her forty-fifth year, bears no perceptible resemblance to the "*Portrait au naturel de la Royne Marguerite fait en Septembre 1605,*" taken at the fair-wig period, after her return from Usson to Paris, when Ste. Beuve alludes to her as "an antiquity." The caprices of fashion rather than the passing of only seven years are probably responsible for this diversity of aspect, or possibly the earlier portrait may have been taken some time before it was engraved. Neither in the face of the coquettish-looking lady wearing the high lace collar, nor in that of the buxom dame of fifty-two at page 46, do we perceive much trace of the marvellous beauty which is said to have turned so many heads, but both are wearing the "little smile" mentioned by Brantôme as having been habitual to the countenance of the Queen of Navarre—a smile of mingled self-satisfaction and benevolence—and both portraits seem to be

quietly conscious and appreciative of the fact that they represent one who was "the daughter, the sister, and the wife of kings"—a fact to which Marguerite was never tired of alluding.

The memoirs of Marguerite de Valois have been translated before now into English, but this was more than two hundred and forty years ago, and, besides being faulty and incorrect in many respects, the book is scarce and difficult to procure.¹ The translation which I now make public, with much diffidence, is taken from the first edition of the memoirs, which was published in 1628, thirteen years after the queen's death, "*avec privilege du Roy*,"² to which I have affixed the notes and corrections supplied by Monsieur Guessard (who had access to the original manuscripts) to his edition of Queen Marguerite's works which was published in 1842.

VIOLET FANE.

December, 1891.

¹ "The History or Memorialls of the most Illustrious Lady Queen Margaret, Daughter to Henry the Second, and First wife to Henry the Fourth of France, Truely Representing the contrivement and prosecution of the bloody Massacre, and the growth and fury of the Civill Warres in that Kingdome, occasioned by the policy and ambition of the Catholick Nobility and by the pernicious Counsell of some Bishops. Written in French by her owne most Royall Hand, and faithfully translated into English, By Robert Codrington, Master of Arts. And recommended to the publick. Printed for R. H. 1648."

² Louis XIII.



X
 nous marquons veine d'achats de notre Confiance au lieu
 de notre pierre martin Considerer d'un d'assomment general des
 financer habondance la somme de dix mil six cent soixante dix
cent - 40 - pour me entier de janvier mil six cent quatre-vingt
 venant abatement sur un quatorze quatre-vingt - 10 -
 de pourvoir mille et nouvelle notes et la ve Compagnie des
 terre d'origine d'origine de four-to-vent-les-imp-les-ans
 non donner sur boudards de laquelle somme de dix mil six cent
 - 67 - 40 - pour me dit Cather le janvier mil six cent
 quatorze de la ve venant sur le dit d'entier venant
 general et trois autres entiers de dix mil six cent
 cent et signe la present qui tous de dix mille et soixante
 fait a l'occasion de nos armes fait par nous le premier
 janvier mil six cent quatorze *J. M. M. M.*



THE MEMOIRS OF MARGUERITE,
QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BOOK THE FIRST.



SHOULD praise your work¹ more if it did not praise me so much, being unwilling that what I might have bestowed upon it should be attributed to self-love,² rather than to sound judgment, and that people should consequently imagine that, like Themistocles, I think that he expresses himself the best who flatters me the most. It is a common failing amongst women to delight in flattery, even if it be undeserved. I blame my sex for this, and should be sorry to entertain any such notion. Nevertheless, I look upon it as a high honour that so worthy a man as yourself should have seen fit to depict me in such glowing colours. In this portrait the charms of the picture greatly surpass those of the original. If

¹ "Your work"—that is to say, "L'éloge de la reine Marguerite," by Brantôme, to whom these memoirs are addressed. See Introduction.

² Philaftie" is the word here used, from the Greek *φιλαυτία*, signifying "self-love."

I ever possessed any share of those beauties which you ascribe to me, the troubles which have destroyed them outwardly have effaced them likewise from my remembrance, so that, upon contemplating the image evoked by your discourse, I am inclined to do like the venerable Madame de Rendan, who, having remained ever since the death of her husband without looking in her mirror, upon meeting her face accidentally in that of another, inquired who the person was that she beheld. And although the friends who behold me would fain persuade me to the contrary, I look upon their judgment as open to suspicion, and hold that their eyes are blinded by too much affection. I believe that if you were put to the test you would share my views upon this head, and say, as I very often write, quoting Du Bellay's verses :—

“’Tis seeking Rome in Rome, and never aught
Finding of Rome, in Rome, of what was sought.”¹

But just as one delights in reading about the destruction of Troy, or the greatness of Athens, and of other such mighty cities, when they were flourishing, although the traces remaining of them are so insignificant that one can scarcely tell where they once

¹ “C’est chercher Rome en Rome, et rien de Rome en Rome Ne trouver.”—*Memoirs*, first edition, p. 5. Here is a correct version of the lines quoted :—

“Nouveau venu, qui cherche Romme en Romme,
Et rien de Romme en Romme n’apperçois . . .”
Œuvres françoises de Joachim du Bellay,—

who describes himself upon the title-page of his volume of verses as “gentilhomme Angevin et poète excellent de ce temps,” fol. 384 (Rouen, 1597). Du Bellay dedicated a collection of his poems to Marguerite de Valois.

stood, so do you take pleasure in describing the perfection of a beauty whereof the sole testimony is to be found in your own writings. If you had desired to illustrate the contrast which sometimes exists between nature and destiny, you could not have selected a fitter subject, the two having contended together in this case in order to test the strength of their power. Upon the side of nature, you, who have seen with your own eyes, will not require any information, but upon that of destiny, having been guided merely by rumour (which is apt to be invented by persons who are either badly informed or badly disposed, and who, through ignorance or malice, are unable to portray the truth), I assume that you will be glad to receive these memoirs from the one who knows most about them, and who is most interested in the faithful narration of the subject. I have been led to this undertaking, also, on account of some five or six mistakes which I have noticed in your discourse. These are: when you speak of Pau, and of my journey out of France;¹ when you speak of the late Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron;² when you speak of Agen, and also of the Marquis de Canillac's *sortie* from this place.³

I shall trace my memoirs, to which I shall give no more ambitious name, although they rather deserve that of "history," in the interest of naked truth, which will therein be found without any kind

¹ In the first edition of the Memoirs this sentence is thus written: "lorsque vous parlez de ma peau et de mon visage de France," an obvious misprint which is corrected in subsequent editions.

² Armand de Gontaut, Maréchal de Biron, surnamed "Le Boiteux," who was killed at the siege of Epernay in 1592.

³ From Usson, where Queen Marguerite is writing.

of adornment ; for not only do I look upon myself as unequal to the task of bestowing it, but I have, at present, no time. This work, therefore, of one afternoon,¹ will reach you all in confusion,² in a dull and ungainly shape—a chaos, from which you have already drawn light. There still remains the work of some five or six more days. It is a narrative worthy, in all truth, of being written by a noble knight, a true Frenchman, born of an illustrious house, nurtured by the kings my father and my brothers, the kinsman and familiar friend of the most charming and estimable women of our day, whose social intercourse I had the happiness of cementing. Preceding events, together with those of these later days, oblige me to begin in the time of King Charles,³ that being the first period at which I can recollect anything remarkable. Starting like the geographers, who say, when in describing the earth they arrive at their last limit of knowledge: “Beyond this there are nothing but sandy deserts, uninhabited regions, and un navigated seas ;” I, too, shall say: “Beyond this point there was nothing save the vague consciousness of a first childhood, when we are guided by nature, rather after the fashion of plants and animals, than like human beings, who are ruled and governed by reason,” and I shall leave to those who had charge of me at that age those superfluous researches, which may perhaps result in the discovery,

¹ “D’une après-disnée.”—*Memoirs*, b. i., p. 5.

² “Ira vers vous comme les petits ours, en masse lourde et difforme.”—First edition of *Memoirs*. Monsieur Guessard, who has had access to the original MS., renders the phrase, “comme le petit ours, lourde masse et difforme.”

³ Charles IX., second surviving son of Henri II. and Catherine de’ Medici, born 1550, died 1574, aged twenty-four years.

amongst my childish actions, of some as worthy of record as those connected with the childhood of Themistocles and Alexander—one of whom threw himself into the middle of the road, under the feet of the horses of a charioteer who refused to stop at his bidding, whilst the other despised the prize of the race unless he had contended for it with kings. To this category might belong the reply which I made to the king my father,¹ a few days before the ill-fated blow which deprived France of peace, and our house of happiness. Being then only four or five years of age,² he, taking me upon his knee to try and make me talk, asked me to choose which I should like best for a sweetheart—Monsieur le Prince de Joinville, who became afterwards that great and unfortunate Duc de Guise,³ or the Marquis de Beaupreau,⁴ son of the Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon (whose mind was so generously endowed by nature, that envious fortune became his deadly enemy, depriving him by death, in his fourteenth year, of all those honours which were due to his greatness and goodness of soul). Both

¹ Henry II., accidentally killed at a tournament by Gabriel Montgomery, Comte de Lorges, Captain of his Scottish Guard, July 10, 1559.

² "On est surpris," remarks Mongez, "de voir la Princesse ne se donner dans ce récit que quatre ou cinq ans; tandis qu'elle devoit avoir à la mort de son père au moins sept années accomplies. L'auteur des Anecdotes des Reines et Régentes de France explique cet oubli par la réflexion suivante: 'Il est naturel à une belle femme qui parle d'elle-même à un certain âge, de se donner quelques années de moins. Cela échappe à l'amour-propre, sans qu'il s'en aperçoive.'"—*Hist. de Marguerite de Valois*, p. 5.

³ Henry, Duke of Guise, treacherously assassinated at Blois by order of Henry III., December 23, 1588.

⁴ Henri de Bourbon, only son of Charles de Bourbon, Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon. He died in 1560.

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were at play close to my father the king, and I was watching them. I told him that I should like the marquis best. "Why?" said he; "he is not so handsome" (for the Prince de Joinville was light-haired and fair, whilst the Marquis de Beaupreau had a brown complexion and dark hair¹). I replied that it was because he was a better boy, whereas the other was never satisfied unless he was doing harm to somebody every day, and that he always wanted to be master—a true prophecy of what we have since seen fulfilled. Then, again, there is the resistance I made, in order to remain faithful to my religion, at the time of the Conference of Poissi² (when the whole court was infected with heresy), to the arbitrary persuasions of several lords and ladies of the court, and even to those of my brother of Anjou³—since King of France—whose inexperience had prevented him from escaping the influence of that wretched Huguenotery,⁴ and who never ceased conjuring me to change my religion, very often throwing my book of hours into the fire, and giving me, in its stead, Huguenot psalms and prayers, which I used to hand over at once to Madame de Curton, my governess, whom God had done me the favour to keep Catholic, and who would often take me to Monsieur le Cardinal de Tournon,⁵ who advised and strengthened me in the suffering of all things

¹ As Ste. Beuve remarks, dark hair "ne semblait point alors une beauté, c'était le blond qui regnait."

² Held in September, 1561.

³ Afterwards Henry III. of France. He had previously accepted the crown of Poland.

⁴ "Huguenoterie" is the term in the original.

⁵ Cardinal de Tournon died in 1562.

for the maintenance of my religion, and gave me prayer-books and rosaries in the place of those which had been burnt by my brother of Anjou. But when others of his intimate friends, who were bent upon my destruction, discovered that these were once more in my possession, they reviled me angrily, saying that it was youth and stupidity which caused me to act thus; that it was easy to see that I was possessed of no understanding; that all intelligent people, whatever their age or sex, hearing a doctrine of charity preached, had freed themselves from the trammels of bigotry, but that I should become as foolish as my governess; and my brother of Anjou, adding threats thereunto, declared that the queen my mother¹ would have me whipped. He said this, however, upon his own responsibility, for the queen my mother was ignorant of the error into which he had fallen, and when she became aware of it, she reproved him and his tutors as well, and, after having had them instructed, induced them to return to the true, holy, and ancient faith of our fathers, from which she had never departed. I used to say in answer to these threats, melting to tears—as seven or eight, the age at which I was then, is a somewhat sensitive period—that he might have me whipped or killed if he liked, but that I would

¹ Catherine de' Medici, only child of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, by Madeleine de la Tour, daughter of Jean, Count of Boulogne and Auvergne. Her mother died in giving her birth, and her father followed her to the grave five days afterwards. She married Henry II. of France, when he was Duke of Orleans, at Marseilles, 28th October, 1533. Her nuptials were celebrated by Pope Clement VII. in person, who was her guardian and relative.

endure anything that could be done to me rather than bring about my own damnation.

Plenty of other answers, plenty of other such instances of judgment and resolution, might be found, which I will not take the trouble to seek for, as I wish only to date my memoirs from the time when I was permanently attached to the suite of my mother the queen. For immediately after the Conference of Poissi, when the wars began, my little brother of Alençon¹ and I, on account of our youth, were sent to Amboise, whither all the ladies from that side of the country retired with us, even your aunt, Madame de Dampierre,² who evinced then a friendship for me which she continued to the day of her death, and your cousin, Madame la Duchesse de Rais,³ who heard here of the good turn fortune had done her by delivering her at the battle of Dreux [1562] from her first husband, Monsieur d'Annebaut, a tiresome man, quite unworthy of possessing so divine and perfect a treasure. I speak here chiefly of your aunt's kindness to me, and not of your cousin's—although we have since enjoyed so perfect a friend-

¹ Hercule François de Valois, Duke of Alençon, born 1554, died 1584, fourth son of Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici. He became Duke of Anjou when his elder brother Henry, who had previously borne that title, was elected King of Poland. Later on he was a suitor for the hand of the Virgin-Queen, and visited the English court. He is said to have been as small and ill-favoured in person as he was base and unprincipled in disposition.

² Jeanne de Vivonne, widow of Claude de Clermont, Sieur de Dampierre.

³ Claude Catherine de Clermont, wife, first, of Jean, Sieur d'Annebaut, and, secondly, of Albert de Gondy, Duc de Retz, daughter of the above.

ship that it endures still, and will continue for ever. But at this time your aunt's venerable age and my own babyish years rendered us more congenial to one another, as it is natural for old folks to love little children, whereas those who are in their prime—as your cousin was then—are apt to look down upon them and to dislike their importunate simplicity. I remained at Amboise until the commencement of that long journey, when the queen my mother made me return to court, never again to leave her side. Of this journey [1565], however, I shall say nothing, for I was so young at the time that I have only been able to retain the remembrance of it in outline—all the details having faded from my mind like a dream. I shall leave the description of it, therefore, to those who, like yourself, were of a more mature age, and can remember the grand doings which took place everywhere. At Bar le Duc, for instance, at the baptism of my nephew, the Prince of Lorraine;¹ at Lyons, on the arrival of Monsieur and Madame de Savoye;² at Bayonne, at the interview of my sister the Queen of Spain³ with my mother the queen and my brother King Charles, when I am sure you will not forget to describe my mother the queen's splendid entertainment upon the island, together with the ballet. The

¹ Son of Marguerite's sister, Madame Claude de France, second daughter of Henry II., and of her husband the Duke of Lorraine. Upon the death of Henry III., the young prince here mentioned became one of the aspirants to the throne of France.

² Marguerite's aunt, sister of Henry II., married Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. She is one of the two Marguerites de Valois who are sometimes confounded with the writer of these *Memoirs*.

³ Elizabeth de Valois, eldest daughter of Henry II., and third wife of Philip II. of Spain, who, suspecting an intrigue between

shape of a room was designed in the middle of the island as though by Nature, in a large oval meadow enclosed by stately trees, around which my mother the queen had arranged niches, in each of which was placed a circular table for twelve persons, whilst that of their majesties was raised at the end of the enclosure, upon a daïs approached by four grass steps. All these tables were served by different sets of shepherds, dressed in cloth of gold and satin, according to the various costumes of all the provinces of France. Upon our alighting from the magnificent boats (in which, all the way from Bayonne to this island,¹ we were accompanied by several sea-gods, who sang and recited verses to their majesties), these shepherds were discovered, each group apart, in meadows upon either side of a grass alley leading to the aforesaid enclosure, dancing after the manner of their province—the Poitevines with the bagpipes, the Provançales with shawms and cymbals, the Bourguignonnes and Champenoises with small hautboys, round fiddles, and rustic tambourines, the Bretonnes (*sic*) dancing the “passepieds” and “branles-gais,” and so on with respect to all the other provinces. After the performance of these shepherds and the feast itself were finished, a band of musicians, accompanied by a troupe of satyrs, entered that large luminous grotto, which was even more brightly illuminated by the radiant beauty and the precious stones of a bevy of

her and Don Carlos, his son by his first wife, to whom she had been originally betrothed, is believed to have had her poisoned. Saint Réal says that, at the time of her death, “Elle étoit au commencement de sa vint-quatrième année, de même que Don Carlos, et dans la plus grande perfection de sa beauté.”

¹ The island of Aiguemeau, in the river Adour.



nymphs who made their entry from above, than by the artificial lights. These nymphs and satyrs came down and danced that beautiful ballet whereof fortune waxed envious, and, unable to endure its glories, brought about such an extraordinary storm of wind and rain that the confusion of the retreat which ensued, in the dark, by boat, gave occasion for more diverting stories than even the splendours of the festivity had afforded; indeed, nothing more entertaining came to pass in the course of all the splendid entries into the principal cities of this realm, every province of which their majesties visited.¹

In the reign of my brother the magnanimous King Charles, some years after our return from this long journey, the Huguenots having recommenced hostilities whilst the king and my mother the queen were in Paris, a gentleman in the service of my brother of Anjou—who has since been King of France—arrived with a message from him, informing them that he had reduced the army of the Huguenots to such extremities that he hoped it would be forced to give him battle in a few days, and that he entreated their majesties, before this, to let him have the honour of seeing them, so that in case fortune, jealous of the

¹ At this entertainment the Dauphin of Auvergne, afterwards Duke of Montpensier, presented Marguerite with an allegorical medal, on which was represented a nest containing three young birds being fed by their mother. A Cupid held this nest in his right hand, whilst in his left was a bow. Above this device was the motto "*Æquus amor.*" It was intended as an allusion to Catherine's love for her three children, Charles IX., the Duke of Anjou, and Marguerite, who were all present at the *fête*. The Duke of Alençon had been left behind at Vincennes.—Hilarion de Coste; Brantôme, *Eloges des Dames illustres*, t. ii., p. 309.

glory he had acquired whilst still so young, should in that longed-for day, after he had done good service to his king, his religion, and to the state, see fit to combine the celebration of his victory with that of his obsequies, he might quit the world with less regret, having left them both satisfied with the trust they had done him the honour to repose in him, wherein he should esteem himself more fortunate than in the trophies he had gained by his first two victories. I leave you to guess how these words touched the heart of so excellent a mother, who lived entirely for her children, sacrificing herself at all times to preserve them and to secure their interests, and who cherished this one above all the others! . . . She decided to set off immediately, taking the king with her, and the small party of ladies she was accustomed to travel with—Madame de Rais, Madame de Sauve, and myself. Borne upon the wings of impatience and maternal affection, she accomplished the journey from Paris to Tours in three days and a half—not without much inconvenience and many laughable incidents, concerning poor Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon, who never left her, and who certainly did not possess the figure, the disposition, or the temperament, for such enforced exertions. When we arrived at Plessis-lez-Tours, we found my brother of Anjou with the principal leaders of his armies, consisting of the flower of the princes and nobles of France, in whose presence he made a speech to the king, rendering him an account of the management of his command ever since he left court, delivered with so much art and eloquence, and recited with so much grace, that all who heard it were filled with admiration—the more

so as his exceeding youth enhanced the wisdom of his words, which were more suited to a greybeard, or to some experienced general, than to a lad of sixteen,¹ although the laurels gained in two victories already encircled his brow, whilst Beauty, which makes everything more attractive, manifested herself to such a degree in his person that it was as though she strove with Fame as to which of the two should glorify him the most. What my mother, who loved him solely, experienced, can no more be expressed in words than could the mourning of Iphigenia's father; and in anybody else but in her, from whose soul discretion was never absent, one might easily have perceived the transport which such an exceeding joy occasioned. But she regulated her actions as she chose, proving by her bearing that prudent persons can behave with perfect self-control. Instead of giving way to her joy, and extending her praises beyond what so meritorious an action deserved, she merely noted the chief points in his speech which concerned the events of the war, in order that the assembled princes and lords might deliberate upon them and pass wise resolutions, and provide what was requisite for its continuance. In order to settle this it was necessary to remain where we were for some days, upon one of which, as my mother the queen was walking in the park with some of the princes, my brother of Anjou begged that I would come with him into another alley apart, where he addressed me thus:—

¹ “Il ne faut pas prendre à la lettre cette façon de parler,” says Monsieur Guessard, “le Duc d’Anjou avait alors dix-huit ans.”—*Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, p. 12.

“My sister, early association, no less than close kinship, constrains us to love one another, and you must have been well aware that I of all your brothers have ever been most anxious for your well-being, whilst I have noticed that you too were disposed to return me a like affection. Hitherto we have been thus inclined naturally and guilelessly, and without such union having been productive of any advantage to us, except the pleasure that we have derived from conversing together. During our childhood this was all very well, but the time has gone by for behaving like children. You see the great and important trusts to which God has called me, and to which I have been trained by our good mother the queen. You may rest assured that, as you are the one thing on earth that I love and cherish, I shall never possess either honours or worldly goods in which you will not have a share. Your wit and judgment may be of service to me in influencing my mother the queen to retain me in my present prosperity. My chief support consists in being kept in her good graces. I dread lest absence should prove unfavourable to me, and yet, on account of the war and of all my responsibilities, I am obliged to be nearly always away. Meanwhile, my brother the king is continually at her side, flattering her, and humouring her in everything. I fear that, in the end, this will be prejudicial to me, and that my brother the king growing up, and being brave, as he is, may not go on for ever amusing himself with hunting, but that, becoming ambitious, he may substitute the chasing of men for that of beasts, and deprive me of the post which he bestowed upon me of king’s lieutenant, in order that he may join the forces himself. This would

be so great an annoyance and mortification to me, that, rather than endure such a fall, I would submit to a painful death. In considering the means of dispelling this apprehension, it has occurred to me that it will be necessary for me to have some faithful persons devoted to my interests to uphold my influence with my mother the queen. I know of no one so suitable as you, whom I look upon as a second self. You possess all the requisite qualifications: wit, understanding, and fidelity. If you will only add obedience thereunto, and oblige me by being always present in her dressing-room at her rising and at her retiring, in short, continually, she will thereby be constrained to confide in you, combined with what I shall tell her of your capacity and of the help and consolation she will derive from you, and I shall beg her no longer to treat you as a child, but to make use of you in my absence as of myself. This I feel assured that she will do. Talk to her freely, as you do to me, and, believe me, she will listen graciously. It will be an honour and a happiness to you to be loved by her. You will advance both yourself and me, and I shall be beholden to you, after God, for the maintenance of my good fortune."

This language was altogether new to me, for I had existed, until then, without any purpose in life, thinking only of dancing or of hunting, without even wishing to adorn myself or to appear beautiful, not being of an age for any such ambition, and having been brought up with so much constraint with regard to my mother the queen, that not only did I not dare to speak to her, but I trembled when she even looked at me, for fear that I might

have done something to offend her. I was very nearly answering him as Moses replied to God upon beholding the vision of the burning bush: "Who am I? Send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou shalt send." Nevertheless, discovering in myself forces evoked by the purport of his words and which were hitherto unknown to me, although I had been born with plenty of courage—when I recovered from my first astonishment I felt gratified by his words, and it seemed to me that, in an instant, I was transformed, and that I had become something greater than my former self. So much so, that I began to feel confidence in myself, and answered:—

"My brother, if God gives me the wit and the courage to talk to my mother the queen, as I have the wish to serve you according to your desire, doubt not that you shall derive therefrom the help and satisfaction you expect. As to obedience, I will render her such as shall convince you that I prefer your welfare to all the pleasures in the world. You are right to feel confidence in me, for no one on earth loves and respects you as much as I do. Rest assured that when I am in the presence of my mother the queen, it will be as though you were there in your own person, and that I shall act entirely in your interests."

These words proceeded even more from the heart than from the lips, as the results testified, for soon afterwards my mother the queen summoned me to her closet, and said:—

"Your brother has told me of the conversation you have had together, and of how he no longer regards

you as a child. I likewise will do so no longer. It will give me great pleasure to converse with you as I do with your brother. Be obedient to me, and do not fear to talk to me openly, for I wish it to be thus."

These words caused me to experience what I had never experienced before, a satisfaction so immeasurable that it seemed as though any I had ever previously felt paled before it; and looking back to the past with a contemptuous eye, to the amusements of my childhood, dancing, hunting, and the associates of my own age, I despised them all as things utterly vain and unprofitable.

I obeyed this agreeable command, never omitting, for a single day, to be one of the first at her rising, and the last at her retiring. She did me the honour, sometimes, to talk to me for two or three hours, and God vouchsafed that she should be so well satisfied with me that she could never praise me enough to her women. I spoke to her continually of my brother, and he was faithfully informed by me of everything that took place, and of how I lived only to do his will.

I remained in this happy state with respect to my mother the queen for some time, during which the battle of Montcontour¹ took place, with the news of which my brother of Anjou, who always sought to be near my mother the queen, asked her permission to besiege Saint Jean d'Angely,² adding that the presence of the king and herself would be necessary upon this occasion. She was even more anxious than he was

¹ October 3, 1569. ² Surrendered December 2, 1569.

for a meeting, and so made up her mind to set off at once, taking with her only her ordinary suite, to which I belonged, and, not foreseeing the misfortune which fate had prepared for me, I departed in a state of high delight. Being young and inexperienced, I felt no misgivings as to the continuance of my good fortune, and, suspecting no change, regarded it as permanently secured. But envious fate, unable to endure the lasting of such a satisfactory state of things, was preparing as much annoyance for me, upon my arrival, as I had been anticipating pleasure, on account of the fidelity with which I thought I had served my brother. Since his departure, however, he had had Le Guast¹ continually at his side, by whom he was so entirely influenced that he saw only through his eyes and spoke only through his lips. This bad man, born to do mischief, had at once fascinated his mind and filled it with a thousand tyrannical maxims: That one ought only to love and trust oneself; that one should involve no one else in one's own destiny, not even a brother or a sister; together with other such fine Machiavellian precepts, wherewith having become imbued he set about putting them in practice. As soon as we had arrived, after the first salutations, my mother began praising me and saying how loyally I had stood his friend with her. He answered, coldly, that he was very glad that what he had suggested had turned out so well, but that

¹ Louis de Béranger, Seigneur du Guast, or du Gua, favourite of Henry III. both before and after his accession to the throne. Le Père Daniel, in his "History of France," says that Du Gua incited Henry to study the works of Machiavelli. For further particulars concerning him, see Introduction, pp. 12-15.

prudence did not always permit one to make use of the same expedients, and that what was necessary at one time might be dangerous at another. She asked him why he said this. Upon which, seeing that the moment had come for the inventions which he had fabricated on purpose to destroy me, he replied that I was becoming beautiful, and that Monsieur de Guise was turning his thoughts upon me, and that his uncles aspired to making me marry him; that if I came to care for him, it was to be feared that I might discover to him everything she said to me; that she was aware of the ambition of that house,¹ and to what an extent it had always embarrassed ours; and that, for this cause, it would be as well that she should no longer talk to me of affairs, and that she should gradually withdraw herself from all familiarity with me.² From that very evening I perceived the change which this pernicious counsel had wrought in her; and seeing that she was afraid of speaking to me before my brother—she having ordered me three or four times, whilst he was with her, to go to bed—I waited until he had quitted her room, and then, seeking her presence, implored her to tell me whether through ignorance I had been unfortunate enough to do anything to displease her. At first she endeavoured to dissemble; at last she said:—

“My daughter, your brother is wise; you must not bear him any illwill; what I am about to tell you can only lead to good;” and she then repeated to me

¹ The House of Lorraine.

² History confirms the suspicions of the Duke of Anjou with respect to Marguerite and Henry of Guise.

the whole of the conversation, and ordered me no longer to address her in my brother's presence. I felt as much pain at these words as I had felt joy at her previous ones, when she had welcomed me to her good graces. I omitted nothing that could convince her of my innocence, assuring her that I had never heard of this report, and that, even supposing Monsieur de Guise had any such intention, I should inform her of it as soon as he mentioned the subject to me. But I made no way, for the impression created by my brother's words had taken such possession of her mind that there was no room in it for either reason or truth. Perceiving this, I told her that I felt the misfortune of losing my happiness far less than I had felt the joy of its acquisition ; that my brother took it away from me in the same manner as he had given it to me ; for that, as he had caused me to obtain it without merit, praising me when I was unworthy, so likewise did he now deprive me of it without my deserving it, for an imaginary cause which only existed in his own fancy,¹ and I begged her to believe that I should always remember my brother's behaviour to me. She grew angry at this, and ordered me to show him no sign of what had passed. From that day forth she gradually diminished her favours, making an idol

¹ "La méfiance du Duc d'Anjou n'était pas aussi déraisonnable que Marguerite voudrait le faire croire," remarks Monsieur Guessard, in a note to his edition of Queen Marguerite's memoirs ; "son amour pour le Duc de Guise et les suites de cet amour sont des faits notoires, établis non-seulement par le témoignage des pamphlétaires, mais encore par celui de tous les historiens sérieux, du Président de Thou, de Mathieu, de Dupleix (qui fut attaché à la maison de Marguerite), et de Mézerai."—*Mémoires et Lettres de Marguerite de Valois*, par M. F. Guessard, p. 19.

of her son, and seeking to please him in this as in all else that he desired of her. This annoyance, weighing upon my heart and invading all the mainsprings of my being, rendered my body more liable to receive contagion from the malaria with which the army was then infected, and I fell seriously ill within a few days of a severe and continuous purple fever,¹ a distemper which was then raging, and which had already carried off the king and queen's two first physicians, Chappellain and Castelan—as though seeking to do away with the shepherds in order to make shorter work of the sheep—and, indeed, very few escaped with their lives of those who were attacked by it. Whilst I was in this extremity, my mother the queen, who knew what was partly the cause of my illness, omitted nothing which could relieve me, taking the trouble to visit me at all hours, regardless of danger. This alleviated my sufferings considerably, but they were correspondingly increased by the duplicity of my brother, who, after having behaved thus treacherously to me, and shown me such base ingratitude, never stirred from my bedside night or day, attending to my wants as officiously as if we had been at the period of our warmest affection. As I had my mouth closed by command, I could only reply to his hypocrisy by sighs—as Burrhus did to Nero, whilst dying by the poison which that tyrant had administered—showing him plainly enough that my illness had been brought about by the contagion of slander, and not by that of infected air. God took compassion upon me, and preserved

¹ “Je tombay à quelques jours de là extrêmement malade d'une grande fièvre continuë et du pourpre, maladie qui couroit lors.”
—*Memoirs*, first edition, p. 38.

me through this danger, and after passing a fortnight thus, as the army was departing, I was conveyed, slung in a litter, at which every night, when the hour for retiring arrived, I found King Charles, who, with other worthy gentlemen of the court, took the trouble to bear it to my bedside. In this condition, ill in body, but much more so in spirit, I came from Saint Jean d'Angely to Angers, where, for my sins, I found that Monsieur de Guise and his uncles had already arrived. This rejoiced my brother exceedingly, as it gave colour to his inventions, whilst it inspired me with fears of increased annoyance. Then my brother, in order the better to work his plot, used to come to my room every day, bringing with him Monsieur de Guise, for whom he pretended the greatest affection, and, so as to make him believe in it, he used often to exclaim, embracing him, "Would to God that you were my brother!" which Monsieur de Guise would appear as though he did not hear, whilst I, who knew the malice of his words, was out of patience at being unable to reproach him with his double-dealing.

At about this time there was a question of my marriage with the King of Portugal, who sent ambassadors to ask my hand.¹ My mother the queen

¹ The queen-mother seems to have commenced these negotiations without knowing anything of the character or personal appearance of Dom Sebastian, the young King of Portugal, for shortly afterwards we find her writing to make inquiries of Fourquevaux, the French ambassador in Spain. "Avant d'aller plus avant," she writes, "trouvez quelqu'un de bien avisé qui puisse nous rapporter au vrai quel est ce jeune roi." In his reply, Fourquevaux gives her the following description of Marguerite's suitor: "Il a seize à dix-sept ans; il est blond et gras; il passe pour être variable, bizarre, obstiné, et de l'humeur de feu Don Carlos. Les uns disent qu'il est apte à avoir des enfants, d'autres

commanded me to adorn myself to receive them, and this I did. As, however, my brother had made her believe that I was averse to this marriage, she spoke to me upon the subject in the evening, asking me what was my will, expecting to find therein an excuse for being angry with me. I assured her that my will had always been subservient to her own, and that whatever was agreeable to her would be agreeable to me likewise. She answered in anger—to which she had been predisposed—that I was not speaking according to the dictates of my heart, and that she knew very well that the Cardinal of Lorraine had persuaded me to give the preference to his nephew. I entreated her to conclude the arrangements for the marriage with the King of Portugal, saying that she would then be convinced of my obedience. Every day, however, something new was told her upon this subject to embitter her against me and to torment me—inventions from the manufactory of Du Guast, in consequence of which I did not enjoy a single day's peace, for on the one side the King of Spain¹ hindered the conclusion of my marriage, whilst on the other the presence of Monsieur de Guise at court served as a continual pretext for my persecution, notwithstanding that neither he nor any of his kindred ever spoke to me, and that for more than a year he had been paying his addresses to the Princess of Porcian.²

l'en jugent incapable et le détournent du mariage ; car se marier ce seroit avancer ses jours. Tous s'accordent à croire qu'il ne vivra pas. Il a été élevé à la Portugaise—c'est-à-dire nourri de superstitions et de vanités."—*Bibl. Nat., Dépêches de Fourquevaux*, No. 10,752.

¹ Philip II.

² Catherine of Cleves, widow of Antoine de Croy, Prince of

But, because his marriage with her was delayed, it was pretended that he aspired to one with me. Perceiving this, I made up my mind to write to my sister, Madame de Lorraine, who was all powerful in that family, in order to beg her to arrange that Monsieur de Guise should depart from court, and that he should marry his mistress, the Princess of Porcian, as soon as possible, and that she should point out to him that these slanders had been spread as much for his ruin, and that of all his house, as for mine. She fully realized this, and came soon afterwards to court, where she arranged that the said marriage should take place—thus delivering me from this calumny, and proving to the queen my mother that I had always told her the truth, which closed the mouths of my enemies and gave me peace. Nevertheless, the King of Spain, who will not allow his kinsfolk¹ to

Porcian. Although the Duke of Guise ended by making her his wife, he is said to have declared only a short while before that he would prefer marrying a negress. Father Hilarion de Coste states that, after these Portuguese negotiations had collapsed, the Emperor Maximilian II. desired to obtain Marguerite's hand in marriage for his eldest son, Rudolph, King of Hungary. "Si le fait est vrai," remarks Monsieur Guessard, "on peut s'étonner que l'orgueil féminin de Marguerite l'ait passé sous silence."—*Mémoires de la Reine Marguerite*, note to p. 23.

¹ Dom Sebastian was the son of the Prince of Portugal and of Donna Juana, sister of Philip II. He succeeded his grandfather John III. in 1557. In 1571 Pius V. sent his nephew, Cardinal Alessandrino, on a special mission to the courts of Spain and Portugal to persuade Philip II. and Dom Sebastian to join the Holy League against the Turks. Sebastian was so well disposed towards this end, that when the cardinal, at the pope's desire, proposed to him to marry Marguerite de Valois, he said he would take her without a dowry if her brother the King of France would join the League. In 1578 Dom Sebastian set out on his ill-fated expedition to Barbary, where he fell on the field of Alcazar, August 4th, 1578. In consequence of his death,

contract alliances out of his family, entirely broke off the King of Portugal's marriage, and it was talked of no more. A few days afterwards there was a talk about my marriage to the Prince of Navarre, who is now our worthy and magnanimous king. The queen my mother discussed it at table one day for a long time with Monsieur de Meru,¹ the members of the house of Montmorency having been the first to suggest it. Upon rising from table, he informed me that she had requested him to speak to me about it. I told him that this was quite unnecessary, as I had no will but her own, although I should certainly entreat her to remember how thoroughly Catholic I was, and that it would distress me very much to marry anyone who was not of my own religion. Afterwards the queen called me to her private apartment, and told me that Messieurs de Montmorency had proposed this marriage to her, and that she desired to learn my wishes upon the subject. I replied that I had neither will nor choice save her own, but that I implored her to remember that I was a firm Catholic. After a while, as these negotiations still continued, the Queen of Navarre,² the prince's

Philip II. claimed sovereignty of the whole peninsula, and established his rule over Portugal in 1580. Four adventurers afterwards arose in succession—the Perkyn Warbecks of Portuguese history—who, taking advantage of the vague and conflicting nature of the evidence relating to Dom Sebastian's death, personated that prince. For further particulars upon this subject, see "*Les Faux Don Sébastien*," a most interesting work by the Chevalier D'Antas, who was for some time Portuguese minister in this country.

¹ Charles de Montmorency, afterwards Duc d'Amville and Admiral of France, third son of the Constable.

² Jeanne d'Albret, Queen-regnant of Navarre, only child of the late King Henry, by Marguerite, sister of Francis I. (the

mother, came to court, where the marriage was, previously to her death,¹ agreed upon by all parties. At this death such an amusing incident took place that, although it is unworthy of being recorded in history, it may be privately mentioned between you and me. Madame de Nevers,² whose disposition you know, went with Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon, Madame de Guise, Madame la Princesse de Condé,³ her sisters, and myself, to the lodging of the late Queen of Navarre in Paris, in order to pay her the last tribute of respect due to her rank and to the relationship we bore her—not with the pomps and solemnities of our religion, but with the mean ceremonial⁴ allowed by the Huguenotery; that is to say, she was in her ordinary bed, the curtains drawn back, without tapers, priests, cross, or holy water. As we were standing with the rest of the company, at about five or six paces from her bed, Madame de Nevers, whom

Marguerite de Valois of the “Heptameron”), married Antoine de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme, by whom she became the mother of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre.

¹ Jeanne's death, 9th June, 1572, is commonly attributed to poison, administered at the instigation of Catherine de' Medici. It is more probable, however, that she died of consumption, from which she had suffered for years, although her end was evidently accelerated by the annoyances and fatigues to which she was subjected in Paris. “La Reine-mère veut me faire précipiter les choses,” she says in her first letter to her son, “et non les conduire par ordre; elle ne fait que se moquer de moi, et me rit au nez. Si vous saviez la peine où je suis vous auriez pitié de moi; car l'on me tient toutes les rigueurs du monde, de sorte que je crève.” She was forty-four years of age at the time of her death.

² Henrietta of Cleves, Duchesse de Nivernois et de Rethelois.

³ Mary of Cleves, Marquise d'Isles, first wife of Henri de Bourbon—the first of that name—Prince of Condé.

⁴ “Mais avec le petit appareil que permettoit la Huguenoterie.” —*Memoirs*, p. 46.



during her lifetime the queen had detested more than anyone on earth, and who had paid her back, both by word and deed, in the same coin—for, as you are aware, she knew how to serve out those she hated—separates herself from our midst, and with sundry fine, humble, and low obeisances, advances towards the bed, and after pressing the queen's hand, kisses it, and then, with a profound reverence full of respect, returns to our party; we, who knew of their hatred, appreciating all this. Some months afterwards, the aforesaid Prince of Navarre, who then styled himself King of Navarre, arrived, wearing mourning for the queen his mother, accompanied by eight hundred gentlemen all dressed in black, who were received by the king and the whole court with much honour, and our nuptials took place in a few days, with more pomp and magnificence than those of anyone else of my degree—the King of Navarre and his following having exchanged their mourning for very rich and beautiful apparel, and all the members of the court being adorned as you know, and as you will know best how to describe; I dressed as a royal personage, with the crown and the tippet¹ spotted with ermine, which is worn on the front of the body, all glittering with the crown jewels, and the large blue mantle with a train four ells long, which was borne by three princesses. Scaffoldings were erected, as is customary at the marriages of daughters of France, all the way from the episcopal palace to Notre Dame, and decorated with cloth of gold, whilst the crowd were

¹ “*Couvet*” in the first edition of the Memoirs. In the copy of the MS. which is in the Bibliothèque de l’Arsenal, the word “*corcet*” is used.

crushing one another below in order to obtain a sight of the procession and of the court passing by upon this raised platform. When we came to the door of the church, Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon, who performed the service upon that day, received us, and said the words which are customary upon such occasions, after which we proceeded, upon the same raised platform, as far as the tribune which separates the nave from the choir, where there were two flights of steps, one which led down to the said choir, and the other through the nave out of the church. The King of Navarre quitted the church by this way.

Such was the position of affairs when fortune, who never permits human beings to enjoy perfect felicity, changed this happy state of rejoicing and merrymaking into one which was the very reverse of it, by reason of the wounding of the Admiral, which so outraged all those of the religion, that they were as though driven to desperation ; so much so, that the elder Pardaillan,¹ and several other leaders of the Huguenots, adopted so high a tone respecting it to the queen my mother as to lead her to believe that they intended some mischief. By the advice of Monsieur de Guise and of my brother the King of Poland—who has since been King of France—it was resolved to be beforehand with them ; advice which was by no means approved of by King Charles, who favoured Monsieur de la Rochefoucault, Teligny,² La

¹ Hector de Pardaillan, Baron de Gondrin et de Montespan.

² Charles, Seigneur de Téligny, who was killed at the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. He had married Louise de Coligny, the admiral's daughter, who afterwards re-married William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, in 1583.

Nouë, and several other chiefs of the religion, thinking that he might make use of them in Flanders. Indeed, from what I have since heard him say himself, there was great difficulty in obtaining his consent, and if it had not been represented to him that his life and realm were at stake, he would never have given it. Also, when he heard of the attempt which Maurevel¹ had made upon Monsieur l'Admiral, by means of a pistol-shot fired from a window, which, although he intended to kill him, only wounded him in the shoulder—King Charles, strongly suspecting that Maurevel had been instigated by Monsieur de Guise (in order to avenge the death of his father, the late Monsieur de Guise, whom the admiral had caused to be assassinated,² after the same fashion, by Poltrôt), was in such a rage with Monsieur de Guise that he swore he would bring him to justice. And if Monsieur de Guise had not kept himself concealed during the whole of that day, the king would have had him arrested. The queen-mother, too, had never experienced so much difficulty as in persuading the said King Charles that this counsel had been given for the good of his realm; because of what I have said above of the friendship he bore Monsieur l'Admiral, La Nouë, and Teligny, whose courage and intelligence he

¹ François de Louviers de Maurevel, or de Maurevert, who was afterwards killed by the Sieur de Mouy in 1583, whose father he had murdered, and who was also killed in seeking to avenge him.—*Journal de Henry III., Confession de Sancy*, t. ii., chap. viii.

² It is uncertain whether the admiral really caused the Duke of Guise to be assassinated. As for Charry, he was killed by Chatelier-Portault, whose brother he had murdered.—Castelnau, t. i., p. 388, and t. ii., p. 307.

admired, for he was such a generous prince that he was only partial to those in whom he recognized the same qualities as he possessed himself. Then again, in spite of their being extremely dangerous to his state, the cunning foxes had known so well how to dissemble, that they had won the heart of this gallant prince, by leading him to hope that they would prove useful to the growth of his empire, and by suggesting to him grand and glorious undertakings in Flanders, which flattered the one ambition of his noble and royal spirit. Consequently, however strongly the queen my mother represented to him that the assassination of the late Monsieur de Guise, which the admiral had planned, absolved his son, even supposing that, failing to obtain redress, he had sought to take the law into his own hands, and that, moreover, the admiral's assassination of Charry, master of the camp of the King's Guard, a person of great worth, who had so faithfully assisted her during her regency and King Charles's minority, rendered him worthy of no better treatment—yet the intense sorrow felt by the king at the idea of losing those whom, as I have said, he fancied might one day be of service to him, so obscured his judgment, that he could not forego or control this violent desire to do justice, and although the words of my mother the queen must have shown him that vengeance for the death of Charry still lurked in her heart, he continued his orders that search should be made for Monsieur de Guise, and that he should be arrested, as he did not wish such deeds to go unpunished. Finally, seeing that Pardaillan had revealed the evil intentions of the Huguenots at the supper of the queen my mother,

and as the queen perceived that this accident had brought matters to such a pass that unless their design was forestalled that very night, they would make an attempt against both the king and herself, she resolved openly to inform the king of the whole truth, and of the danger to which he was exposed, by means of Monsieur le Maréchal de Rais,¹ from whom she knew that he would receive it better than from anybody else, as being the person he favoured and trusted most.

The marshal went to the king in his private apartment between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and told him that, as his faithful servant, he could not conceal from him the risk he would incur if he persisted in his determination of punishing Monsieur de Guise, and that it was necessary that he should know that the attempt upon the admiral had not been planned by Monsieur de Guise alone, but that my brother the King of Poland (since King of France)

¹ Albert de Gondy, Duc de Retz, a peer and marshal of France. He was son of Antoine de Gondy, and grandson of a Florentine banker, whose wife had entered the service of Queen Catherine de' Medici, and had been appointed superintendent of her nursery, after which the fortunes of the family steadily rose. One of his brothers, Pierre de Gondy, was Bishop of Paris. De L'Etoile says, alluding to the death of the marshal in April, 1602: "Le Vendredy 12 de ce mois, Messire Albert de Gondy, Duc de Retz, Pair et Maréchal de France, décéda à Paris en son Hôtel du Fauxbourg Saint Honoré, chargé d'ans et de biens, mais atténué d'une étrange et cruelle maladie qui étoit un chancre, qui le consuma et rongea misérablement avec grandes et extrêmes douleurs. Ainsi finit ses jours le dernier des Conseillers d'Etat et Auteurs de la Journée de S. Barthelemi, en ce seulement heureux, que la longueur de la maladie l'amena à repentance et confession de ses fautes et pechez (ainsi qu'on disoit), qui est la fin qu'on doit desirer à tout homme Chrétien." — *Journal de Henry IV.*, Avril, 1602.

and the queen my mother were involved in it ; that he must be aware of the extreme displeasure which the queen my mother had experienced at the assassination of Charry, for which she had, indeed, good cause, seeing that she had at that time but few followers devoted entirely to her interests, and that, during his minority, the whole of France was divided, the Catholics being for Monsieur de Guise, and the Huguenots for the Prince de Condé, and that both the one and the other were striving to deprive him of his crown, which was only preserved to him, after God, by the prudence and vigilance of the queen his mother, who, when in this extremity, had been assisted by no one so faithfully as by the aforesaid Charry, and that ever since, as he knew, she had sworn to avenge his murder. That, furthermore, she perceived that the admiral would never be anything but extremely pernicious to the state, and that, in spite of his professions of bearing his majesty goodwill, and of wishing to serve him in Flanders, he nourished no other design in reality than to embarrass France. That her own object in the matter had merely been to remove this plague, the admiral only, from the realm, but that, as ill-luck would have it, Maurevel had missed his aim, and the Huguenots were now roused to such a pitch of desperation that, incensed not only against Monsieur de Guise, but against the queen-mother and the King of Poland, they imagined that the king likewise had been a consenting party, and had decided that very night to have recourse to arms ; so that he considered that his majesty would be exposed to great danger, both from the Catholics, on account of Monsieur de Guise, and from

the Huguenots, for the reasons before mentioned. King Charles, who was excessively prudent, and had always been very obedient to the queen my mother, and who was a thoroughly Catholic prince—realizing, likewise, how events were tending—decided thereupon to unite with the queen my mother and conform to her will, and protect himself from the Huguenots by means of the Catholics, in spite of the extreme regret which he felt at being unable to save Teligny, La Nouë, and Monsieur de la Rochefoucault. He went at once to seek the queen his mother, sent to summon Monsieur de Guise and all the other Catholic princes and captains, when the resolution was taken¹ to perpetrate that very night the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and setting to work then and there, with all the chains secured,² and the tocsin sounding, each one rushed straightway to the quarter allotted to him, to the admiral as well as to all the other Huguenots. Monsieur de Guise made for the admiral's lodging, where a German gentleman named Besme, having ascended to his chamber, stabbed him to the heart, and then threw him out of the window to his master, Monsieur de Guise.

As for me, nobody told me anything of all this.³

¹ "Il s'en est dit tant de divers Façons, qu'on ne sçait qu'en croire, mais il fut tant poussé de la Reyne, et persuadé du Maréchal de Rets, qu'il s'y laissa aller et couler aysément, et y fut plus ardent que tous."—Brantôme, *Vies des Hommes Illustres: Charles IX., Roy de France*, Discours lxxxviii., 1572.

"Il est permis de douter," says Monsieur Guessard, "qu'une pareille résolution ait été prise et exécutée d'une manière aussi instantanée."—*Lettres et Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, p. 31.

² The chains which closed the approaches to the bridges, and thus prevented the escape of the victims.

³ She could not, therefore, have been instrumental in saving

I saw that everyone was in a state of excitement ; the Huguenots desperate on account of the admiral's wound, and Messieurs de Guise, fearing that justice might be about to be done for it, whispering together in one another's ears. The Huguenots regarded me with suspicion because I was Catholic, and the Catholics because I had married the King of Navarre, who was Huguenot. So that nobody told me anything until the evening, when, being present at the retiring of the queen my mother, seated upon a chest by the side of my sister of Lorraine,¹ who I saw was very sad, the queen my mother, in turning to speak to someone, perceived me, and told me to go to bed. As I was making the obeisance, my sister takes me by the arm and stops me, and then, bursting into tears, exclaims, " For God's sake, my sister, do not go away ! " which frightened me extremely. The queen my mother perceived it, and calling my sister, scolded her soundly, and forbade her to tell me anything. My sister replied that it was unseemly to send me forth to be sacrificed like that ; for that, no doubt, if anything was discovered, they would revenge themselves upon me. The queen my mother replied that God would protect me from harm if it so pleased Him, but that it was necessary that I should go, for fear, if I stayed, that they should suspect something. I perceived that they were arguing, but could make nothing of their words. She² again commanded me

her husband's life, as Brantôme pretends in his " Eloge de la Reyne Marguerite."

¹ Claude, second daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici, married to Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

² The queen-mother.

angrily to go off to bed. My sister, melting to tears, bade me good night without daring to say anything more, and I departed, all scared and bewildered, without being able to imagine what I had to fear. As soon as I reached my closet, I set to and prayed that it would please God to take me under His protection, and that He would deliver me, without knowing from what nor from whom. Thereupon, the king my husband, who had retired to rest, told me to go to bed.¹ This I did, and found that his bed was surrounded by some thirty or forty Huguenots, who were unknown to me as yet, for I had only been married a very little while. All night long they did nothing but talk about the misadventure which had befallen Monsieur l'Admiral, determining, as soon as it was daylight, to ask the king that Monsieur de Guise should be brought to justice, and that, if this was not granted them, they would take the law into their own hands. My sister's tears were ever present to me, and I could not sleep because of the apprehensions with which she had inspired me, although I knew not of what. The night passed in this manner, without closing an eye. At daybreak, the king my husband said that he would go and play at tennis whilst waiting until King Charles should be awake, having resolved to demand satisfaction of him at once. He quitted my room, and all his gentlemen with him. I, seeing that it was daylight, supposed that the danger to which my sister had alluded must be past, and, overcome by fatigue, I told my nurse to secure the door in order that I might

¹ "Sur cela le Roy mon mary qui s'estoit mis au lit, me manda que ie m'en allasse coucher."—*Memoirs*, p. 61.

sleep in peace. An hour afterwards, as I was fast asleep, there comes a man thumping with his hands and feet at the door, and screaming, "Navarre, Navarre!" My nurse, thinking that it was the king my husband, runs quickly to the door. It turned out to be a gentleman called Monsieur de Tejan,¹ who had a sword-cut on the elbow and a halberd wound in the arm, and who was still pursued by four archers, who all rushed into my room after him. He, seeking to save himself, threw himself on my bed. I, feeling that these men had hold of me, flung myself out of it, and he after me, still clasping me round the body. This man was a total stranger to me, and I did not know whether he came there to insult me, or whether the archers were against him or against me. We were both of us screaming, and one was just as much alarmed as the other. At last God willed that Monsieur de Nançay,² captain of the guard, should come upon the scene, who, perceiving me in this plight, could not refrain from laughing, in spite of the com-

¹ Brantôme alludes to this gentleman by the name of "Lerac," whilst Mongez states that his name was "Teyran," "gentilhomme de l'écurie du Roi de France." In the manuscript copy of Marguerite's memoirs which is preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, he is styled "Leran." "C'est probablement," says Monsieur Guessard, "Gabriel de Levis, Vicomte de Leran." One is tempted, for the sake of the literary beauty of the queen's description, to wish that his wounds could have been a little further apart, "elbow" and "arm" seeming to be too nearly synonymous. Alexandre Dumas, in his romance, "La Reine Margot," makes La Mole the hero of this adventure (chap. viii., p. 175).

² Gaspard de la Chartre, Seigneur de Nançay. He had been a captain of the guards since 1568. He distinguished himself at the battles of Dreux, Saint-Denis, Jarnac, Montcontour, etc. Died in 1576 from the result of a wound received at the battle of Dreux. See "Mém. de Castelnau," t. ii., p. 650.

passion he felt for me. He was very angry with the archers for their indiscretion, packed them off, and granted me the life of this poor man who was clinging to me, and whom I caused to be put to bed, and to have his wounds dressed in my closet, where he remained until he was quite recovered. Whilst I was changing my nightgown—for he had completely covered me with blood—Monsieur de Nançay related to me all that was happening, and assured me that the king my husband was in the king's chamber and had sustained no harm. Then, making me wrap myself in a cloak, he conducted me to the apartment of my sister Madame de Lorraine, where I arrived more dead than alive, and where, in the antechamber, the doors of which were all open, a gentleman named Bourse was run through by a pike within three paces of me, as he was flying from the archers that pursued him. I fell to one side, half-fainting, into Monsieur de Nançay's arms, thinking that this thrust was about to impale us both. When I had partly recovered, I entered the little room in which my sister slept. Whilst I was there Monsieur de Miossans,¹ first gentleman to the king my husband, and Armagnac, his first *valet-de-chambre*, came in quest of me to beseech me to save their lives. I went and threw myself upon my knees before the king and the queen my mother, to intercede with them for their lives, which, at last, they granted me. Five or six days afterwards, those who had commenced these proceedings, realizing that they had failed in their principal object, for their animosity had been directed less

¹ Henri d'Albret, Baron de Miossans, de Coaraze, etc.

against the Huguenots than against the princes of the blood, were out of patience at the thought that the king my husband and the Prince of Condé should have been spared; and recognizing that, as the King of Navarre was my husband, no one would lift a hand against him, they started upon another tack. They set to work to persuade the queen my mother that my marriage must be dissolved. With this idea in her mind, when I went to her rising one day, previous to our attending the Easter service, she put me upon my oath to tell her the truth, and then asked me whether the king my husband had consummated the marriage, telling me that if he had not, she saw a means of having it nullified. I begged her to believe that I was not qualified to answer her question (and indeed I was then in the same condition as that Roman lady whose husband reproached her because she had not told him that his breath was unpleasant, and who replied that she fancied all men were alike in this respect, never having approached any other man but him);¹ but I said that, whichever way it was, as she had placed me in this position, I would rather abide in it—strongly suspecting that they only wanted to separate me from my husband in order to do him some evil turn.

We accompanied the King of Poland as far as Beaumont,² who, for some months previous to his departure

¹ "Ici," remarks Ste. Beuve, commenting upon this passage, "Marguerite fit l'ingénue, et n'eut pas l'air de comprendre. . . . Elle joue l'innocente, et, par sa citation de la Romaine, elle fait aussi la savante, ce qui rentre tout à fait dans le tour de son esprit."—*Causeries du Lundi*, 3me édition, p. 190.

² Monsieur Guessard calls this town "Blamont; Bourg de Lorraine, actuellement département de la Meurthe."

from France, tried by every means to make me forget the evil effects of his ingratitude, and to restore our friendship to what it had been during our childish years, endeavouring to force me to this end by oaths and promises as he was bidding me farewell. His departure from France and the illness of King Charles, which began at almost the same time, roused the energies of the two parties in this realm, who commenced forming various designs upon the state. The Huguenots, who, upon the death of the admiral, had forced the king my husband and my brother of Alençon to swear, by means of a signed document, to avenge him (having gained over my said brother previous to Saint Bartholomew by leading him to believe that they would establish him in Flanders), now proposed to them that they should steal away, as the king and the queen my mother were returning to France and passing through Champagne, and join certain troops which it was arranged should come and meet them there. Monsieur de Miossans, a Catholic gentleman, having been informed of this project, which was prejudicial to the interests of the king his master,¹ gave me warning of it, to prevent consequences which would have been so disastrous both to themselves and to this realm. I went at once to the king and to the queen my mother, and told them that I had something of the greatest importance to communicate to them, but

¹ This is the Monsieur de Miossans who has been already described as first gentleman to the King of Navarre. The danger he ran during the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew was probably due to the post he occupied, assuming him to have been a Catholic at that time. Probably, however, he was one of the many Huguenots who reverted to the older faith after the massacre, from motives of prudence.

that I would not divulge it unless it pleased them to promise me that it should bring no harm to those concerned, and unless they would take precautions without appearing to be aware of anything. I then informed them that my brother and the king my husband proposed upon the morrow to join the forces of the Huguenots, who were coming to fetch them in consequence of the obligations by which they had bound themselves at the time of the admiral's death—an act which was excusable in them on account of their youth—and I begged their majesties to forgive them, and to prevent them from carrying out their intention without leading them to suspect anything. This the king and queen-mother vouchsafed to me, and the affair was so discreetly managed that, without their being able to discover whence the hindrance proceeded, they could never get an opportunity for effecting their escape. When this had blown over, we proceeded to Saint Germain, where, on account of the king's illness, we made a prolonged stay, during which time my brother of Alençon employed every possible means to make himself agreeable to me, so that I should swear the same friendship with him as I had done with King Charles, for until then, in consequence of his having been always brought up away from court, we had scarcely seen anything of one another, and were not at all intimate. I was influenced at last by all the submission, obedience, and affection he manifested towards me, and made up my mind to love him and to embrace his interests, though always with the understanding that this should be in no wise prejudicial to my good brother King Charles, whom I honoured above all

things. He¹ continued this goodwill towards me to the end of his days.

All this time King Charles's illness went on increasing, and the Huguenots never ceased getting up fresh disturbances, endeavouring once more to withdraw my brother the Duc d'Alençon and the king my husband from court. This came to my knowledge as it had done the first time. It pleased God, however, that the queen my mother should likewise become aware of the plot, when it was so near its accomplishment that the Huguenot troops were actually to have arrived that very day close to Saint Germain. We were obliged to start off two hours after midnight in order to reach Paris, King Charles having been placed in a litter, and the queen my mother taking my brother and the king my husband with her in her chariot, who were not treated this time with quite so much tenderness as upon the former occasion, for the king took them with him to the forest of Vincennes, which he did not permit them to leave. Then again, time, whilst increasing the pain of his disorder, brought the king some fresh intelligence every day to increase the mistrust and displeasure which he felt concerning them, in which I believe him to have been greatly encouraged by those who have always sought the destruction of our house. These suspicions reached such a pitch that Messieurs les Mareschaux de Montmorency and de Cossé were retained prisoners in the forest of Vincennes, whilst La Mole and the Comte de Coconas lost their lives.² At length things came to such a

¹ Alençon.

² "Dez la fin du mois d'avril précédent Conconas, gentil-

pass that commissioners from the Court of Parliament were deputed to interrogate my brother and the king my husband. This last, having then no counsel at hand, ordered me to set down in writing what it would be advisable for him to reply, to the end that he might get neither himself nor others into trouble by his answers. This God vouchsafed me the grace to do so well that he was perfectly satisfied, whilst the commissioners were astonished at seeing him so well prepared.¹ As I perceived, by reason of the deaths of La Mole and of the Comte de Coconas, that they² were charged with that which might place them in peril of their lives,³ I resolved—although I stood so well with the king that he cared for nobody

homme Piémontois, et La Mole, gentilhomme Provençal, avoient esté décapitez et mis en quatre quartiers en la place de Gréve, et les Seigneurs Mareschaux de Monmorancy et Cossé, dez le quatriesme jour de May, mis prisonniers en la Bastille et arrestez soubz seure garde.”—De L’Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*, Juin, 1574. ‘The Queen of Navarre was said to have been in love with La Mole, and the Duchess of Nevers with Coconas. “On assure,” says Mongez, “que Marguerite ne fut pas la seule qui perdit un amant dans cette exécution ; la Duchesse de Nevers prit autant de part au sort de Coconas, que la Reine de Navarre au sort de la Mole. Les Historiens ajoutent que ces deux Dames firent enlever leurs têtes pendant la nuit, et les enterrent de leurs propres mains dans la Chapelle de Saint Martin. La Reine de Navarre pour se consoler de la perte de la Mole, engagea le célèbre du Perron, qui devint depuis Cardinal, à faire des vers sur sa mort ; et c’est de lui dont il est parlé sous le nom d’*Hyacinth*, dans une chanson composée en 1574.”—Mongez, p. 111.

¹ This document has been preserved. It was published by Le Laboureur in his additions to Castelnau’s *Memoirs* (t. ii., pp. 390 and 391), and republished by Mongez in his “*Histoire de Marguerite de Valois*.” It is also given at the conclusion of Monsieur Guessard’s edition of the Queen of Navarre’s “*Lettres et Mémoires*.”

² The Duke of Alençon and the King of Navarre.

³ Alluding to the king’s feelings at this time, Brantôme says: “La Prise des Armes du Mardygras luy toucha fort au Cœur aussi,

so much as he did for me—to risk losing favour in order that I might save their lives, having bethought me that, as I came and went freely in my coach, without the guards ever looking into it or making any of my women take off their masks, I might disguise one of them as a woman and take him out thus. They were, however, too well watched by the guards for both of them to go, and it would have sufficed if one of them had escaped to guarantee the safety of the other, but as they could never agree who this one was to be, each desiring to go, and refusing to be left behind, the plan could never be put into execution. But God remedied all this, though by a means which was most unfortunate for me, for He took King Charles from me¹—the sole comfort and support of my life, a brother from whom I had received nothing

et l'anima encore plus contre les Huguenots, pour avoir desbauché et corrompu Monsieur son Frere et le Roy de Navarre, et les avoir induits et poussez à se mesler parmy eux à luy faire la Guerre en un Estat très-miserable de sa Maladie, qui le tourmentoit et le languissoit peu à peu. 'Au moins,' disoit-il, 's'ils eussent attendu ma Mort; c'est trop m'en vouloir.'"—*Charles IX., Roy de France*, Discours lxxxviii.

¹ "Il mourut," says Brantôme, "le propre Jour de la Pentecoste, l'An 1574, 3 Heures après-midy, sur le point que les Medecins et Chirugiens, et tous ceux de la Cour le pensoient se mieux porter, car, le Jour avant, il se portoit bien, et nous croyions tous, qu'il s'en alloit guery; mais, nous donnasmes de garde que, sur le matin, il commença à sentir la mort, laquelle il fit très-belle et digne d'un grand Roy . . . et, après plusieurs autres belles Paroles, et beaux Actes Chrestiens, il mourut seulement âgé de vingt-quatre Ans moins vingt-huict Jours, estant venu à la Couronne en l'Age d'onze Ans. . . . Le Jour ensuivant, son Corps fut ouvert en Présence du Magistrat, et n'y ayant esté trouvé au dedans aucune Meurtrisseure, ny Tache, cela osta publiquement l'Opinion que l'on avoit de la Poison. Monsieur de Strozze et moy en donnasmes Advis à Maitre Ambroise Paré, son premier Chirugien; qui nous dit en passant, et sans long Propos,

but goodwill, and who, during all the persecutions which I endured at Angers from my brother of Anjou, had always helped, warned, and advised me. In short, I lost in him all that it was possible for me to lose.

After this disaster, unfortunate alike for France and for myself, we departed for Lyons to meet the King of Poland, who, still possessed by Le Guast, brought about the same results as before by the same means, and following the counsels of this dangerous being, whom he had left in France to further the interests of his party, he conceived a violent jealousy of my brother of Alençon, being filled with suspicion because of his friendship with the king my husband. He looked upon me as the connecting link between them, and deemed that the best means of separating them would be—on the one hand, to set me at variance with the king my husband, and, on the other, to arrange that Madame de Sauve,¹ to whom they were both paying their court, should play one off against the other in such a manner as that they should become frantically jealous of one another.

This abominable plan, the source and origin of so many of the disappointments and annoyances which

qu'il estoit mort pour avoir trop sonn  de la Trompe   la Chasse du Cerf, qui luy avoit tout gast  son pauvre Corps, et ne nous en dit pas plus. . . . Si est-ce, qu'on ne s auroit oster aucuns d'Opinion qu'il ne fut empoisonn  d s que son Frere partit pour Pologne, et disoit-on, que c'estoit de la Poudre de Corne d'un Lievre marin, qui fait languir long-temps la Personne, et puis apr s peu   peu s'en va, et s'estient comme une Chandelle."—Bran-t me, *Charles IX., Roy de France*, Discours lxxxviii.

¹ Charlotte de Beaune, wife of Simon de Fizes, Sieur de Sauve, secretary of state, and afterwards of Fran ois de la Tremouille, Marquis de Noirmoustier.

my brother and I have since endured, was carried out with all the spite, cunning, and malignity with which it had been invented.

There are some people who maintain that God particularly protects great personages, and that He gives secret warning to those who are distinguished by more than usual excellence, through the medium of benevolent spirits, of such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are in store for them; and this, in the case of the queen my mother, who may be justly included in this category, has several times come to pass. For instance, on the night before that unhappy tilting-match, she dreamed that she beheld the late king my father wounded in the eye¹ as he was destined to be, and, upon awakening, she besought him several times not to ride that day, but to content himself with looking on at the tournament without taking part in it. But relentless fate did not vouchsafe so great a blessing to our realm as that he

¹ The death of Henry II. was foretold by Michael Nostradamus in the following verse, which Queen Catherine may perhaps have read previous to her dream:—

“Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique par singulier duelle;
Dans cage d’or l’œil il lui crevera,
Deux playes—une—puis mourir mort cruelle.”

This has been thus translated in the first English edition of the prophecies of Nostradamus (1673):—

“The young lion shall overcome the old one
In martial field by a single duel;
In a golden cage he shall put out his eye,
Two wounds from one, then he shall die a cruel death.”

The “golden cage” signified the gilded helmet. The king’s death was also foretold by one Luke Gauric, who informed Queen Catherine de’ Medici that her husband should die in a duel, “which made him to be hissed at” (says the translator of Nostradamus), “kings being exempted of those accidents.”

should profit by this wise counsel. Then, again, it has never happened to her to lose any of her children without beholding a bright flame, at sight of which she has at once exclaimed, "God protect my children!" and immediately afterwards she has heard the sad news which was foretold her by the fire. During her illness at Metz, too, when she lay at the point of death through the fumes of charcoal combined with a malignant fever, contracted whilst visiting some of the many nunneries in that town which were infected with this disorder (whereof she was miraculously cured, God having restored her to this realm, which had still so much need of her, through the vigilance of Monsieur Castelan, her doctor, who, although he was new as an Æsculapius, gave proof, at that time, of the excellence of his art)—when she was in the midst of her delirium, being attended at her bedside by my brother King Charles, my sister and brother of Lorraine, several gentlemen of the council, and by divers ladies and princesses, who, whilst regarding her as past all hope, would not, nevertheless, abandon her—she, continuing her ravings, exclaimed, as though she were looking on at the battle of Jarnac¹: "Behold, they take to flight! . . . My son has gained the victory! . . . Ah, God! raise up my son; he is on the ground! . . . Look at the Prince of Condé, lying dead in that hedge!" . . . All those who were present fancied that she was raving, and that, knowing that my brother of Anjou was about to engage in battle, she had only this one thought in her mind. On the following evening, however, when Monsieur de Losses brought

¹ Fought on March 13, 1569.



Queen Catherine de Medici.

her the news, as of something which had been much wished for, and by which he thought to obtain credit, she said to him :—

“ You are troublesome to have awakened me for this. I knew all about it. Did I not behold it the day before yesterday? ”

Then it was that they realized that what they had taken for the delirium of fever was an especial warning, such as God vouchsafes to illustrious and exceptional persons. History supplies us with many examples of this amongst the ancient pagans; the ghost seen by Brutus, for instance, and several others which I will not allude to, as it is not my intention to dress up these memoirs, but merely to set down the truth, and to proceed with them quickly, to the end that you may receive them the sooner. I do not esteem myself worthy of any of these divine warnings, but nevertheless, in order that I may not seem ungrateful by my silence for the blessings I have received from God—which I ought to, and will proclaim as long as I live, so as to render Him thanks for them, and so that all may praise Him for the wonderful working of His mercy, goodness, and power—I will confess that I have never been on the eve of any remarkable occurrence, whether fortunate or unfortunate, that I have not received some warning of it, either by a dream or by other means, and I can aptly apply to myself the words of the following verse :—

“ My soul is the prophet of luck or ill-luck,”¹

¹ “ De mon bien ou mon mal mon esprit m'est oracle.”—*Memoirs*, first ed., p. 82.

the truth of which I recognized upon the arrival of the King of Poland,¹ whom the queen my mother had gone to meet. Whilst they were embracing and mutually exchanging greetings—although the weather was so hot that in the crowd in which we were, we were almost suffocated—I was seized with such a fit of shivering, and with such trembling all over, that my gentleman-in-waiting perceived it, and I had great difficulty in controlling it when the king, turning from the queen my mother, advanced to salute me. I laid this omen to heart, although some days elapsed before the king revealed the hatred and illwill with which he had been inspired against me by the malicious Guast, who had told him that, since the death of the king, I had favoured the party of my brother of Alençon, during his absence, and had induced him to enter into a friendship with the king my husband. In consequence of which he sought an opportunity of striking at this friendship by putting the king my husband and myself upon bad terms, and by causing my husband and my brother to quarrel upon the subject of their jealousy and of their mutual love for Madame de Sauve. One afternoon, when the queen my mother had retired to her closet to write some long despatches, Madame de Nevers (your cousin), Madame de Rais (your cousin also), Bourdeille,² and Sugerès,³ asked me whether I

¹ Henry III.

² Jeanne de Bourdeille, maid of honour to the Queen of Navarre, married, first, Charles d'Ardres, Vicomte de Riberac, and, secondly, Charles d'Espinay, Vicomte du Restal.

³ Helène de Fonsèque, daughter of the Baron de Sugères, who was also one of the queen's maids of honour. "Ces deux filles d'honneur," says Monsieur Guessard, "comme toutes celles de la Reine Catherine, ne justifiaient guère leur titre, comme l'on sait."

should like to go for a drive in the town; whereupon Mademoiselle de Montigny,¹ a niece of Madame d'Usez,² told us that the Abbey of St. Peter was a very fine religious house. We decided to visit it, and she begged that she might go with us, as she had an aunt there, and as it was not easy to obtain an entry except when in the company of great personages. She joined us, and just as we were getting into the chariot, in spite of its being quite full with us six, and with Madame de Curton, the lady of honour who always accompanied me, Liancourt, first equerry to the king, and Camille, made their appearance, and jumped up on the step of the chariot upon Torigny's side,³ where, holding on as they could, and playing the buffoon, being of a ribald humour, they declared that they too meant to go and see these pretty nuns. The presence of Mademoiselle de Montigny, whom we did not know at all well, and of these two, who were confidential servants of the king, was, I believe, a provision of God to save me from the calumny which it was sought to accuse me of. We proceeded to the convent, and my chariot, which was easily recognizable from its being gilt, and of yellow velvet

¹ Daughter of Claude d'Amoncourt, Sieur de Montigny-sur-Aube, and of Charlotte de Clermont. She afterwards married Monsieur N. Barillon, counsellor of state.

² Françoise de Clermont, daughter of Antoine, Comte de Clermont, and wife of Jaques de Crussol, Duc d'Usez.

³ In Monsieur Guessard's edition this phrase runs as follows: "Liancourt, premier escuyer du Roy, et Camille s'y trouverent, qui se jetterent sur les portieres du chariot, encores qu'il fust tout plein de nous six" (the Queen, Madame de Nevers, Madame de Retz, Bourdeille, Sugères, and Mademoiselle de Montigny), "et de Madame de Curton, ma dame d'honneur, qui alloit toujours avec moi, et de Torigny."

trimmed with silver, waited for us in the square,¹ around which several gentlemen were lodging. Whilst we were in St. Peter's, the king, having with him only the king my husband, d'O,² and the big Ruffé,³ on his way to pay a visit to Quelus, who was indisposed, passing by this square and perceiving my empty chariot, turned, and said to the king my husband:—

“Look, there is your wife's chariot, and yonder is Bidé's lodging!” (who was then ill—this was also the name of the person who has since been devoted to your cousin.) “I will wager,” said he, “that she is there,” and he ordered the big Ruffé, who, as the friend of Du Guast, was a proper instrument for such malignity, to go there and find out. He found nobody there, yet, not wishing to baulk the king's design by telling the truth, said to him, in a loud voice, in the hearing of the king my husband:—

“The birds have been there, but they are now flown.”

This was quite sufficient to furnish a subject for gossip until they returned home. The king my husband manifested on this occasion the kindness and understanding which he has always displayed, and detesting, as he did, such malignity in his heart, he guessed at once what was the king's object, whilst the king hurried back before me in order to persuade the queen my mother of this fabrication, and to subject me to insult. I did not arrive until after he had

¹ “Place.”

² François d'O, Seigneur de Fresnes, one of the “mignons” of Henry III. He was Superintendent of Finances and Governor of Paris.

³ Philippe de Volvire, Marquis de Ruffec.—Castelnau, t. ii., p. 768.

had time to do me this evil turn, nor, indeed, until the queen my mother had spoken in a very extraordinary manner before some ladies—partly from having believed his story and partly in order to gratify this son whom she idolized. I, returning presently, without knowing anything of this, went down into my room with all the suite that had accompanied me to St. Peter's, and there found the king my husband, who, as soon as he saw me, began to laugh, and said:—

“Go to the queen your mother, and I am sure that you will return thence in a fine rage.”

I asked him wherefore, and what was the matter? He replied:—

“I shall not tell you, but let it suffice you that I believe nothing whatever of it, and that it is only an invention intended to set us against one another, in order to deprive me by that means of the friendship of Monsieur your brother.”

Seeing that I could drag nothing more out of him, I went to the apartments of the queen my mother. When I entered the reception-room I found Monsieur de Guise, who, looking ahead, was not sorry for the division which he perceived was threatening our house, hoping no doubt to gather up some spars from the wreck. “I was waiting for you here,” he said, “to warn you that the queen credits you with a dangerous form of benevolence;” and he then repeated to me the foregoing conversation, which he had learnt from d'O, who, being then very intimate with your cousin,¹ had told Monsieur de Guise in order to prepare us. I went into the room of the queen my

¹ “Cousine.”

mother, but she was not there. I found Madame de Nemours there, and all the other princesses and ladies, who exclaimed :—

“ Good heavens, madam, the queen your mother is in a terrible rage with you ! I do not advise you to present yourself before her ! ”

“ No,” I answered ; “ not if I had done what the king has told her. But as I am altogether innocent of it, I must speak to her so as to enlighten her upon the subject.”

I repaired to her closet, which was only screened off by a wooden partition, so that everything that was said in it could easily be overheard. As soon as she perceived me she began to open fire, and to say everything that it was possible for extreme and ungovernable anger to fling forth.¹ I explained the truth to her, saying that there were ten or eleven of us, and I begged her to make inquiries and not to believe only my friends and intimates, but Madame de Montigny, who did not belong to my set, and Liancourt and Camille, who were entirely in the interests of the king. But she has no ears for either truth or reason ; she will hear neither ; and whether from being already primed with what was false, or because she wished to gratify this son, whom from mingled feelings of affection, duty, hope, and fear, she positively idolized, she continues scolding, raging, and threatening, and, upon my saying that this good turn had been done me by the king, she puts herself into a still greater fury, endeavouring to make me believe

¹ “ Soudain qu'elle me veit elle commença à jeter feu, et dire tout ce qu'une cholere outrée et desmesurée peut jeter dehors.”
—*Memoirs*, p. 90.

that it was one of her own lacqueys who had seen me there as he was passing that way. Then, perceiving that I saw through this subterfuge and took it for what it was worth, and that I was extremely offended with the king, she was still more wounded and put out; and all this was overheard from her room, which was full of people. Departing thence, with what annoyance may be imagined, I find in my room the king my husband, who says to me:—

“Well, did you not find matters as I told you?”

Then, seeing me so distressed: “Do not torment yourself about this,” said he; “Liancourt and Camille will be present at the king’s retiring, and they will tell him how he has wronged you, and I am sure that to-morrow the queen your mother will be very anxious to make it up with you.”

“Sir,” I replied, “I have received by reason of this falsehood too public an affront to be enabled to forgive those who have subjected me to it, but all insults are as nothing to me compared to the wrong they sought to do me by striving to bring about so great a misfortune as to set me at variance with you.”

He replied, “In this, thank God, they have failed.”

I said to him, “Yes; thanks to God and to your good disposition; but from this evil we must extract a blessing. Let it serve as a warning to each of us to keep a watchful eye upon the devices which the king may contrive in order to put us against one another. For it is evident that, as this is his intention, he will not stop here, but that he will never rest until he has severed the friendship between my brother and yourself.”

Hereupon my brother arrived, and I made them

bind themselves by a fresh oath to a continuance of their good-fellowship. But what oath can avail where love is concerned? Next morning, an Italian banker, who was devoted to my brother's interests, invited my said brother, the king my husband, and myself, with several other princesses and ladies, to go and dine in a beautiful garden which he possessed in the town. But having always observed such respect towards the queen my mother whilst I was near her—either as maid or wife—as never to go anywhere without asking her leave, I went to seek her in the reception room on her return from mass, to ask her permission to go to this entertainment. Whilst publicly refusing to give her consent, she told me, at the same time, that I might go where I chose, as she did not care. I leave it to those who, like you, are acquainted with my disposition, to judge whether one of my spirit could brook such an affront as this! Whilst we were at this festivity, the king, who had spoken to Liancourt, Camille, and Mademoiselle de Montigny, became aware of the error into which he had fallen through the big Ruffé's malice, and being now as anxious to repair it as he had before been eager to accept and proclaim it, he went to the queen my mother and confessed the truth to her, begging her to set the matter right in such a manner as that I should not continue unfriendly to him, fearing, from the understanding which he perceived that I possessed, that I might know better how to revenge myself than he had known how to offend me. As soon as we had returned from the entertainment the prophecy of the king my husband was fulfilled. The queen my mother sent for me to her room, which

looked towards the back and which was close to that of the king—where she informed me that she had learnt the rights of everything; that I had spoken the truth; that it was not at all what the lacquey, who had informed her of it, had represented it; that he was a bad man, and that she would send him away. Then, when she perceived by my face that I did not believe this explanation, she took great pains to disabuse me of the notion that it was the king who had fastened this accusation upon me; and not succeeding in this either, the king came into the room and made me many apologies, and, saying that he had been induced to believe the report, he offered me all the excuses and protestations of friendship that were possible. When this affair was over, and after we had remained some time at Lyons, we proceeded to Avignon.¹ Le Guast, not daring to invent any more stories, and perceiving that I gave him no opportunity by my actions of setting me at variance, through jealousy, with the king my husband, or of undermining the friendship existing between him and my brother, made use of another instrument, namely, of Madame de Sauve, whom he gained over to such an extent that she obeyed him in everything, and acting upon his instructions, which were no less mischievous than those of La Celestine,² she worked up the love of my brother and of my husband the king (which had previously been somewhat careless and lukewarm, like that of

¹ Tuesday, November 16, 1574.—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*

² "Tragicomedie contenant de fort mauvaises instructions."—*Confession de Sancy*, p. 195. It was originally written in Spanish, and was translated into Italian, and from Italian into French (Paris, par Nic. Cousteau, 1527, in 8vo).

very young people) to such a pitch of violence that, forgetful of every other ambition, duty, and object in life, the sole idea in their minds seemed to be the pursuit of this woman. Moreover, they arrived thereby at so great and vehement a jealousy of one another, that although she was sought by Monsieur de Guise, by Du Guast, by Souvray,¹ and several others, who were all better beloved by her than they were, these two brothers-in-law paid no attention to this, but only dreaded each other's courtship. Then this woman, the better to play her game, persuaded the king my husband that I was jealous of him, and that on this account I favoured my brother's suit. We easily believe what is told us by those we love. He believes this, avoids me, and is more reserved with me than with anyone else, the contrary of what he had been until then, for he had always talked to me about anyone he had had a fancy for as openly as to a sister, being well aware that I was not in the least jealous of him, but that I only desired his happiness. Finding that what I feared most had come to pass; namely, the loss of his goodwill through the withdrawal of the confidence he had hitherto shown me; and realizing that the mistrust which does away with intimacy is the beginning of hatred either between kinsfolk or friends; furthermore, being aware that if I could only turn my brother from his affection for Madame de Sauve, I should strike at the root of the plot which Du Guast had devised for our disagreement and destruction, I made use of every means that I could in order to free him from it. This might

¹ Gilles de Souvré, Marquis de Courtenvaux, one of the favourites of Henry III. and Grand-master of the Wardrobe.

have succeeded with anyone whose mind had not been completely enthralled by love, and by the machinations of these cunning persons. My brother, however, who took my word before anyone else's with respect to every other thing, could never emancipate himself for his own advantage and for mine—so powerful were the charms of this Circe, aided by Du Guast's diabolical cunning. Instead, therefore, of profiting by my words, he repeated them all to this woman. What can we hide from those we love? She became excited against me by reason of this, and served Du Guast's purpose with all the greater zeal, and induced the king my husband, out of revenge, to dislike and shun me still more, so that he gave up speaking to me altogether. He used to return from visiting her very late, and, in order to prevent him from holding any intercourse with me, she ordered him to appear at the queen's arising, at which she was obliged to be present; after which, for the whole of the day, he never stirred from her side. My brother took no less pains to pursue her; she making each one of them believe that he alone was beloved. This increased their jealousy and bad-fellowship, whilst it hastened their ruin. We made a long stay at Avignon, and a tour through Burgundy and Champagne, on our way to Rheims to attend the king's nuptials,¹ and thence we proceeded to Paris, where things went on much after the same fashion. Du Guast's plot for our division and discomfiture continued to make progress by these means. When we were in Paris, my brother

¹ Henry III. married immediately after his coronation Louise de Vaudemont, daughter of the count of the same name, who represented a younger branch of the House of Lorraine.

appointed Bussi¹ to attend him, holding him in the high esteem which his valour merited. He was continually with my brother, and, in consequence, with me, my brother and I being almost always together, and he having ordered his attendants to honour and obey me no less than himself. All the members of his suite complied with this agreeable command with so much zeal that they served me as devotedly as they did him. Your aunt,² upon beholding this,

¹ "L. de Clermont de Bussy d'Amboise : un de ceux qui eurent le plus de part aux massacres de la St. Barthélemy ; assassina, entre autres, Antoine de Clermont son parent, avec qui il était en procès, et s'empara de son château. Nommé Commandant du château d'Angers. Il devint en exécration à la province, et fut assassiné par le Comte de Montsoreau, dont il avait voulu séduire la femme."—Bouillet, *Dictionnaire Universel*. Dumas' novel, "La Dame de Montsoreau," is founded upon the tragic incident here alluded to. The Duke of Anjou, after having loaded Bussy d'Amboise with honours, became finally jealous of his former favourite, and is supposed to have treacherously connived with Henry III. to lure him to destruction. After giving the details of his assassination, De L'Etoile remarks : "Telle fut la fin du Capitaine Bussi qui estoit d'un courage invincible, haut à la main, fier et audacieux, aussi vaillant que son espée, et pour l'aage qu'il avoit qui n'estoit que de trente ans, aussi digne de commander à une armée que capitaine qui fust en France : mais vicieux, et peu craignant Dieu : ce qui luy causa son malheur. . . . Il possédoit tellement Monsieur le Duc, son maistre, qu'il se vantoit tout haut d'en faire tout ce qu'il vouloit . . . il aimoit les lettres, combien qu'il les pratiquast assez mal, se plaisoit à lire les Histoires, et entres autres les vies de Plutarque : Et quand il y lisoit quelque acte signalé et genereux fait par un de ces vieux Capitaines Romains, 'Il n'y a rien en tout cela,' disoit-il, ' que je n'exécutasse aussi bravement qu'eux à la necessité ; ' ayant accoustumé de dire qu'il n'estoit né que Gentil-homme, mais qu'il portoit dans l'estomac un cœur d'Empereur ; si bien qu'enfin pour sa gloire Monsieur le prit à desdain, et de tant plus qu'il l'avoit aimé du commencement, sur la fin il le haït, ayant consenti, (suivant le bruit commun,) à la partie qu'on luy dressa pour s'en deffaire."—*Journal de Henry III.*, le 19 Aoust, 1579.

² Madame de Dampierre.

has often told me that this delightful union between my brother and myself reminded her of the days of my uncle, Monsieur d'Orleans,¹ and of my aunt, Madame de Savoye.² Le Guast, however, who was a nobody³ at that time, putting a different construction upon it, fancied that fortune offered him a fine opportunity for furthering his design, and having, through Madame de Sauve, insinuated himself into the good graces of the king my husband, he endeavoured by every means in his power to persuade him that Bussi was my lover.⁴ Then, perceiving that he did not advance matters by this, as my husband was thoroughly informed by his servants, who were always with me, of my behaviour, which did not tend to anything of the kind, he addressed himself to the king, whom he found far easier to persuade, as much by reason of the scanty goodwill he bore my brother and myself, our friendship being odious and suspicious in his eyes, as because of his hatred for Bussi, who had formerly been in his service, but who had left him in order to

¹ The Duke of Orleans was the younger brother of Henry II. He had himself borne this title previous to the death of his elder brother the Dauphin.

² The Marguerite of Valois who was sister to King Henry II. and who married the Duke of Savoy.

³ "*Potiron*" is the term here used in the manuscripts as well as in all the published editions of the Memoirs. In ancient dictionaries this word is made to mean a mushroom or "toadstool," whilst in modern parlance it signifies a melon or pumpkin. When applied to a man, I should take it to mean that the individual in question was of base or obscure origin, and had achieved sudden greatness in no very honourable way, both the fungus and the pumpkin having their origin in the *fumier*, and rising, as it were, out of nothing, to a considerable size.

⁴ "En quoi," remarks Monsieur Guessard, "Le Guast disait vrai, comme l'on sait."—*Lettres et Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, p. 54.

devote himself to my brother. This acquisition increased my brother's dignity as much as it did the jealousy of our enemies, for there was not one of his sex and quality in that century who could compare with him for valour, grace, renown, and understanding; so much so, that there were some who maintained that if one were to believe, like certain philosophers, in the transmigration of souls, there could be no doubt but that the soul of your gallant brother Hardelay¹ animated that of Bussi.² The king, having been imbued by Le Guast with this idea, mentioned it to the queen my mother, advising her to tell the king my husband of it, and endeavouring to incite him to the same bitterness wherewith he had inspired him at Lyons. Seeing, however, how little evidence there was to support it, she rejected the notion, saying: "I cannot think who the mischief-makers can be who put such ideas into your head. My daughter is unfortunate to have been born in such times. In our day we spoke freely to everybody, and all the gallant gentlemen who served the king your father, and your uncles, Monsieur le Dauphin and Monsieur d'Orleans,³

¹ Jean de Bourdeille, brother of Brantôme, who speaks of him in his "Eloges des hommes illustres François" (t. iv., p. 118, edition of 1666).

² Marguerite evidently means here that the soul of Hardelay animates and inhabits Bussi's *body*.

³ The Dauphin here referred to was the eldest son of Francis I., Henry II., Marguerite's father, having been a second son. Henry bore the title of Duke of Orleans until the Dauphin's death (who died at Tournon, 10th August, 1533), when it was assumed by his younger brother, who is the "Monsieur d'Orleans" here mentioned. He died in 1545. Catherine de' Medici has been accused by her enemies of having poisoned both these young princes in order to render her own position more secure—an accusation which is not supported by historical evidence. Francis I.,

were constantly in the chamber of your aunt, Madame Marguerite, and no one thought anything of it, nor indeed was there any reason why they should. Bussi sees my daughter before you, before her husband, in her room, before all her husband's servants, and before everybody. She does not see him in secret, or with closed doors. Bussi is a person of quality, and the first gentleman-in-waiting upon your brother. What is there to complain of? At Lyons you made me offer her a very serious insult, which I fear she will remember as long as she lives."

The king was much surprised. "Madam," said he, "I only speak of this after others."

"Who are these others, my son?" she answered; "they are people who wish to set you at variance with all your belongings."¹

The king having taken his departure, she repeated everything to me, and said, "You are born in an evil day;" and calling your aunt, Madame de Dampierre, she fell to conversing with her about the pleasant liberty of action which they enjoyed in their time, without being, like us, subjected to slander. Le Guast, perceiving that the mine was sprung, and that it had not taken fire in the direction that he desired,

in the bitterness of his grief for the loss of his eldest son, accused the Emperor Charles V. of having poisoned him, and Count Montecuculi, an officer of the Dauphin's household, was sacrificed to this unjust suspicion, the tortures of the rack having forced from him a statement to the effect that he had been suborned by the emperor to do this evil deed. He was executed in 1533, with the cruel tortures appointed for traitors.

¹ These words read as though they had been put into the queen-mother's mouth by her daughter. Catherine was dead at the time they were written, and powerless, therefore, either to confirm or refute them.

addresses himself to certain gentlemen then in the following of the king my husband, who up to that time had been Bussy's comrades, but who had now become his enemies by reason of the jealousy wherewith they had been filled by his advancement and distinction. These men, uniting to this envious hatred a rash zeal in their master's service—or, to speak more truly, concealing their jealousy beneath this pretence—settled amongst themselves that some night when he withdrew to his lodging late from his master's retiring they would assassinate him. But as some of the worthy fellows who were attached to my brother were wont to accompany him, they knew that he would have no less than fifteen or twenty people with him, and that (although, on account of the wound he had received in the right arm, he had not worn a sword for the few days since he had fought with Saint Val¹) his presence alone would suffice to redouble the courage of his escort. This they dreaded, and, wishing to make sure of their affair, they decided to attack him with two or three hundred men, when the veil of night would conceal the ignominy of such an outrage.

Le Guast, who held a command in the regiment of Guards, supplied some soldiers, who, having posted themselves in five or six groups in the street which

¹ Georges de Vaudray, Sieur de St. Phal.—Castelnau, t. ii., p. 533. Brantôme says that this quarrel with Saint Val (or Saint "*Fal*," as he calls him—one of the "mignons" of Henry III.) was about a sleeve, "*de broderie de jayet*," marked with two "X's." "Monsieur de Bussy" maintained that these were "Y.'s," whence ensued bloodshed. A lady, however—one Madame d'Assigny—was concerned in the matter.—Brantôme, *Hommes illustres*, *Eloge de Bussy*.

was nearest to Bussi's lodging,¹ and by which he was obliged to pass, attacked him, and in so doing extinguished all the torches. After a volley of arquebuss and pistol shots which would have sufficed, not merely to have routed a company of fifteen or twenty men, but to scatter a whole regiment, they came to a hand-to-hand encounter with his party, in the course of which, so as not to miss him, they endeavoured to recognize him in the darkness by means of a dove-coloured scarf which he wore as a sling for his wounded right arm—very fortunately for his assailants, who would otherwise have felt the strength of it. He was well supported, however, by the little band of worthy fellows who accompanied him, and who were not in the least alarmed or disconcerted by either the suddenness of the attack or by the darkness of the night, but who gave good proof of their valour and of the affection they bore their friend by protecting him as far as his lodging, with only the loss of one of their party—a gentleman who had been brought up with Bussi, and who, having been previously wounded in one arm, happened to be wearing a grey scarf like him, although it was in reality very different, not being richly trimmed as his was. Nevertheless, on account of the obscurity of the night, or else of the frenzy of hatred which animated these assassins, who had all been told to make for the grey scarf, it came to pass that the whole set fell upon this poor gentleman, thinking that it was Bussi, and left him for dead in the street. An Italian gentleman who was in my brother's service happened to be of the party, and

¹ Bussy was lodging at this time at the "Corne de Cerf," in the Rue de Grenelle.

being overcome with terror at the first attack, he rushed, all bleeding, into the Louvre, as far as the room of my brother, who was in bed, calling out that Bussi was being assassinated. My brother wished at once to go to him. Fortunately I had not yet gone to bed, and was lodged so near to my brother that I heard this terrified man shouting out his alarming news upon the stairs as soon as my brother did. I flew at once to his room to prevent him from going out, and sent to beg the queen my mother to come, in order to restrain him—for I perceived that the just distress he experienced so carried him away, that without reflecting he would have rushed into any danger to obtain vengeance. We held him back with the greatest difficulty, the queen my mother representing to him that there was no sense in his going out, alone thus, in the middle of the night, when darkness covers all manner of crimes, and that Le Guast was very likely wicked enough to have arranged this affair on purpose to make him go out at an unwise moment, in order that some disaster might befall him. In the state of exasperation in which he was, these words would have produced very little effect, but asserting her authority at the same time, she kept him back, ordering the porters not to allow him to go forth, and taking the trouble to remain with him until he was apprised of the whole truth. Bussi, whom God had miraculously preserved from this danger, and who never troubled himself about it—his soul being incapable of fear, and he having been born to be the terror of his enemies, the glory of his master, and the hope of his friends—upon arriving at his lodging, at once bethought him of the anxiety wherein his master

would be, supposing that any vague rumour of the encounter had reached him, and fearing that this might cause him to cast himself into the toils of his enemies (as no doubt he would have done had not the queen my mother prevented him), he immediately sent one of his servants to my brother, who brought a truthful account of the whole affair, and as soon as it was daylight he returned to the Louvre with as gallant and gay a demeanour as if this assault upon him had merely been a passage of arms for his amusement. My brother, whose pleasure at seeing him again was as intense as was his desire for vengeance, showed plainly enough how keenly he resented the affront which had been offered him, in seeking thus to deprive him of as valiant and worthy a servant as ever prince of his quality had knowledge of; the more so as Du Guast had only attacked Bussi because he did not dare to make an attempt at first hand upon himself.

The queen my mother, who was the most prudent and cautious of parents, realizing the importance of this state of affairs, and foreseeing that in the end it might set her two children against one another, advised my brother, in order to avoid any such possibility, to arrange that for a while Bussi should depart from court, to which my brother consented by reason of my entreaties, for I plainly perceived that if he remained Le Guast would make use of him as a continual pretext for his malicious design of keeping my brother and the king my husband upon bad terms, as he had already done by the aforesaid artifices.

Bussi, who had no will but that of his master, took

his departure, accompanied by the most gallant of the nobles who were in my brother's retinue at court.

Le Guast was thus relieved of this matter, and as it happened that at about the same time the king my husband was seized one night with a serious indisposition, when he remained insensible for an hour (the result, I believe, of his amorous excesses, for I never knew him to be subject to anything of the kind before¹), during which I had attended to and assisted him as duty commanded me, whereat he was so pleased that he praised me to everybody, declaring that if I had not perceived his condition and flown at once to his assistance, and called my women and his servants, he would have died—he treated me with much greater kindness, and in consequence of this, the friendship between him and my brother began to be renewed: recognizing that I was the cause of this, and that I acted as a kind of unguent, such as exists in all natural objects, but which is most observable in the case of serpents that have been cut in half, and which joins and cements their severed parts. Le Guast, nevertheless, continued to pursue his first pernicious design, and seeking to invent some new cause for re-embroiling the king my husband and myself, put it into the head of the king (who only a few days previously had through similar artifices sent away from his anointed princess, the virtuous and amiable queen, a young lady named Changi, whom she tenderly loved, and who had been brought up with her) that he ought to induce the king my husband to do the same with regard to me, and deprive me of the one

¹ “Qui luy venoit, comme je crois, d'excez qu'il avoit faits avec les femmes.”—*Memoirs*, first edition, p. 114.

amongst my maids of honour whom I loved the best, and who was called Torigny,¹ upon no other pretext than that one should not allow young princesses to have girls about them for whom they entertained so marked an affection.

The king, influenced by this wicked man, spoke several times to my husband upon the subject, who replied that he knew that he should cause me bitter displeasure; that if I liked Torigny, I had good reason for doing so, for that besides having been brought up with my sister the Queen of Spain, and with me during my childhood, she was possessed of much understanding, and had even been of great service to himself during his captivity in the Forest of Vincennes; that it would be ungrateful of him not to remember this, and that he had noticed that his majesty himself had formerly treated her several times with great consideration. He protested after this fashion, but in the end, as Le Guast continued to urge the king—even going to the length of making him tell the king my husband that he should cease to care for him if upon the morrow he had not sent Torigny away—he was constrained, to his great regret, as he has since confessed to me, to beg of me and command me to this end. So bitter was this to me that I could not help showing him by my tears what cruel displeasure I experienced, and that what distressed me most was not the being deprived of a

¹ Gillone Govion de Matignon, daughter of Jaques de Matignon, Marshal of France, married subsequently Pierre de Harcourt, Sieur de Beuvron.—Castelnau, t. i., p. 327, and *Généalogie de Matignon*. Mademoiselle Torigny was accused of assisting Marguerite in her various intrigues, and of particularly favouring the interests of the Duke of Guise.

person who had always been useful and obedient to me, but that, as it was well known how fond I was of her, I could not ignore how prejudicial her sudden dismissal would prove to my reputation. The king my husband, however, was unable to entertain these reasons, having promised the king to inflict this annoyance upon me, and she departed, therefore, that very day, and repaired to the house of one of her cousins, named Monsieur Chastelas.

I was so offended at this insult, following as it did upon so many others, that, being unable to conceal the just sorrow I felt, and which, banishing all my prudence, rendered me a prey to melancholy, I could no longer force myself to keep upon good terms with the king my husband, so that, as Le Guast and Madame de Sauve estranged him from me upon one side, and I withdrew myself from him upon the other, we ended by no longer either sleeping together or speaking to one another.





BOOK THE SECOND.



FEW days from this time, the king my husband having been informed by some faithful followers of the artifices which had been employed in order to lead him to destruction, by endeavouring to set him at variance with my brother and myself, whose support he had most reason to expect, with the object of abandoning and humiliating him afterwards—and as, also, the king was beginning to slight him and to hold him of no account—was induced to make friends with my brother, who since Bussi's departure had not improved his position, for Le Guast caused him to experience some fresh indignity every day. My husband realized that he and my brother were both in the same predicament at court—the one being just as much out of favour as the other; that Le Guast alone reigned supreme; that they would be obliged to beg of him every favour which they might desire to obtain of the king; that whenever they asked anything themselves they were liable to be refused with contempt, whilst if anybody should seek to serve them, he would be immediately disgraced, and have a thousand quarrels fastened upon him.

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They decided, therefore, perceiving that their disagreement was their destruction, to become reconciled, and to withdraw from court, in order that, having assembled their friends and adherents, they might demand of the king a position and a consideration which should be worthy of their rank ; for my brother had never as yet enjoyed his appanage, but had only supported himself by means of certain irregular pensions, which were paid at the will and pleasure of Le Guast ; whilst the king my husband had reaped no advantage whatsoever from his governorship of Guyenne, as he was not permitted to visit that or any other of his territories.

This resolution having been arrived at between them, my brother spoke to me upon the subject. He said that, as they had become reconciled, he desired that my husband the king and myself should make friends likewise, and he begged that I would forgive everything that had occurred ; that the king my husband had told him that he regretted it extremely ; that he recognized that our enemies had been more cunning than we were, but that he had made up his mind to love me, and to give me greater satisfaction in future. He entreated me also, upon my side, to care for him,¹ and to look after his affairs during his absence.

They decided between them that my brother should be the first to depart, making his escape in a coach as best he could, and that, some days afterwards, the king my husband should follow him, upon pretence of going upon a hunting expedition. They regretted extremely that they could not take me with them, but

¹ The King of Navarre is here referred to.

persuaded themselves that no one would dare to offer me any affront once it became known that they were at large. They also said that they should soon prove that they had no intention of disturbing France, but that they only desired to secure a position consistent with their dignity, and to place themselves in safety; for, in the midst of all their other annoyances, they were not without apprehensions for their lives, whether from the fact that they were really in danger, or because those who sought the ruin and disunion of our house contrived, in order to increase their own influence, to keep them in a perpetual state of alarm by their repeated warnings.

When evening was come, my brother, after changing his cloak and muffling it up to his nose, takes his departure a little while before the king's supper-hour, and pursues his way on foot as far as the Porte Saint Honoré, where he finds Simie¹ with a carriage belonging to a lady, which he had borrowed for the occasion, into which he steps, and drives towards some houses at about a quarter of a league from Paris, where he finds horses awaiting him. Upon one of these he mounts, and a few leagues further on comes upon some two or three hundred of his followers, who were awaiting him at the trysting-place he had appointed. His departure was not discovered till nearly nine o'clock in the evening, when the king and the queen my mother inquired of me why he had not supped with them, and whether he was indisposed? I told them that I had not seen him since

¹ Jean de Seymer, Master of the Wardrobe and Chamberlain to the Duke of Alençon (Anselme, viii., 438).—*Mémoires de Nevers*, t. i., p. 83.

dinner-time. They sent to his room to find out what he was about. Their messengers returned and informed them that he was not there. They then ordered that search should be made for him in all the ladies' apartments which he was in the habit of frequenting. He was sought for all over the palace and all over the town, but he was not to be found. Then the alarm increases; the king puts himself into a passion, storms, threatens, summons the princes and nobles of the court, and orders them to take horse and to bring him back, whether dead or alive, declaring that he has gone to disturb his realm and to make war upon him, and that he will teach him the folly he is committing in setting himself in opposition to so powerful a monarch as himself. Several of these princes and noblemen declined to execute this commission, pointing out to the king what a very serious one it was, and saying that they would willingly risk their lives in his service, as was their duty, but that they knew that if they went against Monsieur his brother, a day would come when he would bear them illwill for the same; that he might rest assured my brother was not embarking in anything that could either displease his majesty or do mischief to the state; that probably he had been induced to withdraw from court on account of some grievance, and that it seemed to them that the king ought to send after him to inform himself of the cause of his departure before having recourse to such desperate measures. Some others amongst them agreed to carry out this order, and left to prepare for their ride. They could not get ready in time, however, to set out before daybreak, the result of which was that they failed

to overtake my brother, and were obliged to return, as they were not equipped for warfare.

The king did not regard the king my husband any more favourably after this evasion, but continued to slight him in the usual fashion. This confirmed him in the resolution he had taken in concert with my brother, and accordingly he set forth a few days afterwards, pretending that he was bound for the chase.

Upon the morrow of my brother's departure, in consequence of having wept all night, I was seized with such a severe cold¹ in one side of my face that I was confined to my bed for several days in a high fever, feeling very ill and suffering great pain.

During this illness, the king my husband, either on account of the preparations for his departure, or because, having so soon to leave court, he was desirous of devoting all the time that remained to him there to the society of his mistress, Madame de Sauve, was never able to find leisure to come and see me in my room, and as he only retired to rest, according to his custom, at one or two hours after midnight—occupying, as we always did, two separate beds—I did not hear him come; whilst in the morning he got up before I was awake, in order to repair, as I have already said, to the arising of my lady mother, at which Madame de Sauve was in attendance. Thus it happened that he never remembered to make friends with me as he had promised my brother that he would, but went away without even bidding me farewell.

The king did not fail to suspect that I was the

¹ “Un si grand rheume sur la moitié du visage.”—*Memoirs*, p. 127, 1st edition. I would have substituted the word “neuralgia” for “cold” but for its modern sound.

sole cause of his escape, and he inflamed himself against me to such an extent that, had he not been restrained by the queen my mother, I believe that his rage would have led him to perpetrate some cruelty to endanger my life. But, being curbed by her, and not daring to do anything worse, he told her, at once, that I must at least have guards placed over me, to prevent me from following the king my husband, and also to ensure that nobody should hold any intercourse with me, lest I should inform them¹ of what was going on at court.

The queen my mother, wishing to do everything with moderation, and glad to have been able to ward off the first inspiration of his fury, told him that she approved of this, but said that she would go and seek me in order to prevent me from considering that such treatment was too harsh ; that these vexations would not always assume the same proportions ; that everything in the world possessed two aspects ; that when this first, which looked sinister and alarming, was reversed, the other side might appear more pleasant and reassuring, and that with new events they would have to take new counsel, and might require perhaps to make use of me, for that, as prudence enjoined that we ought to live with our friends as though they might one day become our enemies, and that we should not trust them too implicitly, so also did she ordain that, when the ties of affection were severed, we should behave to our enemies as though they might one day become our friends.

These remonstrances finally prevented the king

¹ The King of Navarre and the Duke of Anjou.

from working me any personal mischief, as he would have desired, but Le Guast affording him an opportunity of venting his rage elsewhere, arranged that, with the object of causing me the most bitter annoyance, he should send some men to the house of Chastelas, Torigny's cousin, in order that, under a pretence of conveying her to his presence, they might drown her in a river which flowed hard by. When these fellows presented themselves, Chastelas, never suspecting anything, allowed them free access to the house. As soon, however, as they perceived Torigny within, the strongest amongst them, availing themselves to the utmost of their cruel instructions, seized her, bound her, and shut her up in a room, after which they only awaited the baiting of their horses to depart. Being careless and imprudent, however, after the manner of the French, they commenced cramming themselves, almost to bursting-point, with the best of everything to be found in the house; whilst Chastelas, who was an intelligent man, was not sorry to delay his cousin's departure at the expense of his provisions, knowing that who gains time gains life, and hoping that God might, peradventure, change the king's heart, and that he might send and order away these people, to avoid affronting me so grievously; for the said Chastelas did not dare to take other means of hindering them, although he had followers enough to have enabled him to have done so.

But God, who has ever beheld my affliction, and protected me from the dangers and annoyances contrived for me by my enemies, prepared an unhopèd-for rescue (far more efficacious than any I could have planned myself, supposing that I had been aware of

this enterprise, of which, however, I was ignorant), whereby Torigny was delivered from the hands of these scoundrels. It came to pass in this wise: Some men and maidservants, who had fled for fear of these satellites of the king, that were overhauling and ransacking everything, as though the place had been given over to them to pillage, being at about a quarter of a league from the house, God directed thither La Ferté and Avantigny¹ (who with their troops, consisting of at least two hundred horse, were on their way to join my brother's army), and ordained that La Ferté should recognize one of Chastelas' terrified retainers amongst this group of peasants, and should inquire of him what was the matter, and whether any of them had suffered wrong at the hands of the soldiery? The servant replied in the negative, but said that their distress was occasioned by the desperate situation wherein he had left his master, whose cousin had been arrested. Whereupon La Ferté and Avantigny at once resolved to do me the good turn of rescuing Torigny, thanking God the while for having afforded them so excellent an opportunity of proving the devotion they had always felt for me; and they, and all their troops, setting off with speed, arrived so opportunely at Chastelas' house, that they found the soldiers in the very act of forcing Torigny upon a horse, in order that they might convey her to be drowned. They all rushed mounted into the courtyard, sword in hand, and shouting out, "Stop, butchers! if you do her harm, you are all dead

¹ There were two brothers of this name, both chamberlains to the Duc d'Alençon. See "Mémoires de Nevers," t. i., pp. 577, 578.

men!" charged these miscreants, who immediately took to flight, leaving their prisoner as much transported with joy as she had previously been overcome by terror.

After she had rendered thanks to God and to her preservers for so safe and timely a deliverance, she ordered her cousin Chastelas' coach to be made ready, wherein she departed, accompanied by her said cousin, and escorted by these worthy fellows, and sought the protection of my brother, who was very glad, being unable to have me with him, to enjoy the society of one who was as dear to me as she was. She remained there as long as there was any danger, and was treated with the same consideration and respect as when she was in my service.

Whilst the king was displaying such mighty haste to sacrifice Torigny to his resentment, the queen my mother, who knew nothing about it, had repaired to me in my chamber, where she found me still at my toilet, for I was making an effort on that day to leave my room (although I was still ill with my cold, and even worse in mind than in body, on account of all my vexations), in order to ascertain a little of what was going on in the outer world respecting these new events, feeling extremely anxious as to what was being undertaken against my brother and the king my husband. She addressed me thus: "There is no occasion for you to be in such a hurry to dress yourself. Do not be angry, I beg of you, at what I have to communicate. You are possessed of intelligence, and I am sure you will not be surprised that the king should feel offended with your brother and your husband, or that, knowing of the affection existing between

you and them, and believing that you were privy to their escape, he should have resolved to detain you as hostage during their absence. He is aware of how fond your husband is of you, and that he cannot hold a more valuable pledge from him than yourself. For this reason he has ordered that you shall be placed under arrest, to prevent you from quitting your room, the members of his council having represented to him that if you were at liberty to come and go amongst us, you would discover everything that was planned against your brother and your husband, and would give them warning of the same. I pray you not to take this amiss. Please God, it will not last long. Do not be annoyed, either, if, fearing to arouse the suspicions of the king, I dare not come and visit you as often as usual, but rest assured that I will not allow him to do you any evil, and that I shall do my utmost to bring about a reconciliation between your brothers.”

I represented to her how great was the indignity to which this would subject me. I would not deny that my brother had always confided his just grievances to me, but I said that, as to the king my husband, since he had deprived me of Torigny, we had never spoken to one another, and that he had not even visited me during my illness or bidden me farewell.

“These are merely the little differences of husband and wife,” she answered; “but one knows very well that with a few tender letters he will soon regain possession of your heart, and that if he asks you to go and join him, you will go, which is what the king my son will not have you do.”

After she left me, I remained in this situation for some months, without any one of even my most

intimate friends daring to come and visit me, lest they should get into disgrace. At court adversity is always left in solitude, just as prosperity is ever well attended, whilst one's persecution is encouraged by one's own familiar friends. The gallant Grillon¹ was the only person who, braving all prohibitions and loss of favour, came to see me five or six times in my room, astonishing so much thereby the Cerberuses that had been posted at my door, that they did not venture either to address him or to deny him entrance.

Meanwhile, the king my husband, having arrived at the seat of his governorship and rejoined his followers and friends—they all pointed out to him how wrong he had been in departing without bidding me farewell, telling him that I was possessed of intelligence which rendered me capable of serving him, and that it was important that he should win me back, as he would derive great advantages from my friendship and from my presence, once affairs had become tranquillized, and when he would be able to have me with him.

It was easy to persuade him to this end now that he was away from his Circe, Madame de Sauve. As her charms (which had rendered him blind to the schemes of our enemies, and to the fact that our disagreement was as baneful to him as it was to me) had lost their power through absence, he wrote me a very kind letter, in which he begged me to forget everything that had occurred between us, and to believe that it was his wish to love me, and to prove it to me better than he had hitherto done, and he asked me, at

¹ “C'est le fameux Louis de Berton de Crillon, qui *n'était pas* à la bataille d'Arques.”—Guessard, note to p. 72.

the same time, to keep him informed of the state of affairs where I was—of my own condition, and of that of my brother. For these two were now separated, notwithstanding that they remained friends in spirit—my brother being in the direction of Champagne, and the king my husband in Gascony.

I received this letter, which afforded me great consolation and relief, whilst I was still a prisoner; and although the guards had been ordered not to allow me to write, I did not fail (aided by necessity, the mother of invention) to let him hear from me frequently from that time forth.

Only a few days after I was arrested, my brother knew of my imprisonment, which so embittered him that, had not the love of his country (in which, as in the state, he had a vested interest) been so deeply rooted in his heart, he would have waged so terrible a war (for which he was possessed of the material, having then a very fine army) that the people would have borne the consequences of their prince's resentment. But, being restrained by the force of this natural affection, he merely wrote to the queen my mother to say that if I was treated in this fashion it would drive him to the last extremity of desperation.

She, fearing that the rigours of war might be brought about without her having it in her power to avert them, pointed out to the king how serious such a state of things might become, and found him in the mood to listen to her advice, his anger having calmed down before the danger of his situation; for he was threatened in Gascony, Dauphiné, Languedoc, and Poitou, both by the king my husband and by the Huguenots, who held several important positions, and by my brother

in Champagne, who was at the head of a large army, composed of the bravest and most gallant of the chivalry of France; whilst, since my brother's departure, he¹ had never been able, either by threats, commands, or entreaties, to induce anybody to take horse to go against him—all the French princes and lords very wisely dreading to get their fingers pinched between two stones.²

Everything considered, therefore, the king was disposed to lend an ear to the queen my mother's remonstrances, and he became as anxious as she was to make peace, begging her to take the matter in hand and to bring it about. She arranged at once to repair to my brother, and pointed out to the king that it would be advisable that she should take me with her. To this, however, the king would not consent, regarding me as too valuable a hostage. She therefore took her departure alone, and without telling me anything about it.

When my brother found that she had not brought me with her, he manifested his just displeasure thereat, as also at the insults and ill-treatment he had received at court—added to which there was now the affront which had been offered me by my arrest, and the cruelty with which it had been purposed to treat Torigny, with the object of distressing me—declaring that he would not listen to any overtures of peace until the wrong which had been done me had been redressed, and he knew that I was once more contented and at liberty.

¹ The king.

² "Redoutans sagement de mettre le doigt entre deux pierres."—*Memoirs*, 1st edition, p. 143.

The queen my mother having received this reply, returned, and informed the king of what my brother had said, and added that it would be necessary, if the king desired to make peace, that she should go back again, but that if she went without me her journey would be utterly useless, and would increase the evil instead of diminishing it. Furthermore, that if she took me with her without having previously conciliated me, I should do his cause more harm than good, and that she might even have some difficulty in persuading me to return, and in preventing me from wishing to go and rejoin my husband; that it would be advisable, therefore, to remove the guards from me, and to endeavour to make me forget the treatment I had received.

The king agreed to this, and became as much in favour of it as she was. She sent for me immediately, and informed me that she had at length succeeded in setting matters upon a more peaceful footing; that she knew that my brother and I had ever desired the welfare of the state, and that a peace could now be arranged upon such advantageous terms for my brother that he would have every reason to be satisfied, and would be out of reach of the tyranny of Du Guast, or any other such malignant creature who might influence the king; and that, in helping her to bring about a friendly understanding between the king and my brother, I should be relieving her of a terrible anxiety, for she was now so placed that she could not hear without extreme distress of the victory of either of her sons. She begged, therefore, that I would not allow the affront I had received to inspire me with sentiments of vengeance rather than with a desire

for peace, telling me that the king was much grieved about it, that she had even seen him shed tears on this account, and that he was prepared to make me such reparation as should content me. I replied that I should never prefer my own individual welfare either to that of my brothers or the state, for the quiet and prosperity of which I would willingly sacrifice myself; that I desired nothing so much as a satisfactory peace, and that I would contribute towards it by every means in my power.

At this juncture the king came into her closet, and endeavoured to conciliate me and to invite me to his friendship with an infinity of fine phrases, seeing that neither my manner nor my words betrayed any signs of resentment at the treatment I had received. This proceeded rather from contempt for it than from any desire to please him, for I had passed the time of my imprisonment in reading, in which I began then to take delight, being beholden for this advantage less to fortune than to divine Providence, who from this time forth provided me with this excellent remedy for the alleviation of those troubles which were in store for me. The study of that grand book of universal nature in which so many of the Creator's wonderful works are revealed, proved, likewise, a means of leading me to devotion, for every well-regulated mind using such knowledge as a ladder, of which God Himself is the last and loftiest extreme, must turn with ecstasy to the adoration of the marvellous glory and majesty of that incomprehensible Being; and having thus established an uninterrupted communication with Him, will delight in nothing so much as in following this chain of Homer, this delectable

encyclopædia, which has its origin in God Himself, the beginning and ending of all things. Then again, sadness, unlike joy, which does not allow us to reflect upon our actions, awakens the soul within us, which straightway summons all its energies to cast off evil and cling to good, and after due care and forethought, turns to this sovereign remedy, wherein tranquillity will assuredly be found, and which engenders a mood highly favourable to the knowledge and love of God. I am indebted to the sadness and solitude of my first captivity for these two blessings: the love of study and the practice of devotion, which I should never have enjoyed in the midst of the pomps and vanities of my prosperous days.

The king, as I have said, perceiving in me no signs of resentment, informed me that the queen my mother was going to seek my brother in Champagne, in order to arrange a peace, and that he begged that I would accompany her, and lend her all the assistance in my power, as he knew that my brother placed more reliance in me than in anybody else, and that he should give me the credit of any advantage that might accrue from this, and remain gratefully obliged to me for it.

I promised him that I would do this, it being for my brother's welfare and for that of the state to employ myself in such a manner as should afford him satisfaction. The queen my mother then departed, and I with her, bound for Sens, as the conference was to take place at the house of a gentleman who lived about a league from that town. Next day we repaired to where the conference was held. My brother attended it, accompanied by a few of his soldiers,

and by the principal lords and Catholic princes of his army, amongst whom were Duke Casimir and Colonel Poux, who had contributed six thousand Reiters, through the influence of those of "the religion" who had been induced by the king my husband to unite with my brother.

The conditions of peace were here discussed for several days, a good many disputes arising respecting some of the articles, chiefly those that concerned the Huguenots, to whom more advantageous terms were conceded than had been originally intended, as has been apparent since. Finally, in order to obtain peace, the queen my mother persuaded my brother to send back the Reiters, and to withdraw from those whom he was no less desirous of separating himself from, as he had always been a thoroughly good Catholic, and had only made use of the Huguenots through necessity.

On the occasion of this peace a provision was made for my brother in accordance with his station, in which arrangement he was anxious that I should be included, and that I should demand the assignment of my marriage-portion in lands—Monsieur de Beauvais, who was counsel for his side, laying great stress upon this point. The queen my mother, however, begged me not to consent to this, saying that she could assure me I should obtain of the king whatever I asked, in consequence of which I requested them not to include me in the arrangement, saying that I preferred to owe what I might receive from the king and the queen my mother to their goodwill alone, believing that it would be thus the more permanently assured to me. As soon as peace was concluded, and the

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conditions set down upon either side, and when the queen my mother was about to return, I received letters from the king my husband by which he made known to me that he desired very much to see me, and begged me, as soon as I saw that peace was established, to ask for leave to go and rejoin him.

I entreated the queen my mother to allow me to do this. She would not hear of it, however, and employed every kind of persuasion to endeavour to turn me from it, telling me that when, after Saint Bartholomew, I had refused to agree to her proposal for a separation, she had approved of my resolution because the king my husband had become a Catholic, but that as he had now abjured the Catholic faith and turned Huguenot, she could not permit me to go to him. Then, perceiving that I still strove to obtain permission, she declared, with tears in her eyes, that if I did not return with her I should be the ruin of her; that the king would imagine that she had induced me to join my husband; that she had promised him that she would bring me back with her, and that she would arrange that I should only remain at court until my brother arrived—who was coming very soon—after which she would immediately obtain permission for me to depart.

We set forth on our return to Paris, where we sought the king's presence. He received us with much satisfaction on account of the peace, although he was not overpleased with the favourable terms that had been granted to the Huguenots, and he began to deliberate as to what excuse could be found—immediately after my brother's return to court—for recommencing the war against them, in order that



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they might not profit by the advantages which had only been obtained by force and conceded with reluctance, with the sole object of separating my brother from them. This last remained away for a month or two longer, to arrange about the sending back of the Reiters and to disband the rest of his army, after which he arrived at court with all the Catholic nobles who had been acting with him.

The king received him with all honour, and seemed much pleased at seeing him again, and gave a gracious welcome to Bussi likewise, who arrived in my brother's suite, for Le Guast was by this time dead,¹ having been killed by a judgment of God as he was following a cure, his body having been undermined by every sort of abomination, and given over to the corruption which ere long overtook it, when his soul became the prey of the demons to whom he had done homage by magic and by all kinds of wickedness.² This instrument of hatred and dissension being removed from the world, and the king's mind wholly set upon the destruction of the Huguenots, and the desire to be assisted in this by my brother, so that he and they might become for ever irreconcilable, and as the king wished, for these reasons, to prevent me from joining the king my husband, he bestowed all sorts of attentions and caresses upon us both, in order that we might be contented to remain at court.

¹ Du Guast was assassinated by the Baron de Viteaux, at Marguerite's instigation. See Introduction, p. 14.

² "Comme aussi c'estoit un corps gasté de toutes sortes de vilainies, qui fut donné à la pourriture qui dés long temps le possedoit, et son ame aux Dæmons, à qui il avoit fait hommage par magie et toutes sortes de meschancetez."—*Memoirs*, 1st edition, p. 155.

Just at this time Monsieur de Duras arrived, having been despatched by the king my husband to demand me. I earnestly importuned the king to allow me to go, there being now no reason for his refusing me. He replied (whilst endeavouring to make it appear that it was his affection for me and the knowledge of what an ornament I was to the court which made him desire to delay my departure as long as possible) that it was his intention to escort me as far as Poitiers, and he sent Monsieur de Duras back with this promise.

The king delayed his departure from Paris for several days, so that everything might be ready for the declaration of war which he had planned against the Huguenots—and, as a consequence, against the king my husband—before he openly refused me permission to go. In order that a pretext might be found for commencing hostilities, a rumour was set afloat to the effect that the Catholics were complaining of the favourable conditions which had been accorded to the Huguenots at the Peace of Sens.

This grumbling and disaffection on the part of the Catholics increased to such an extent that they ended by forming deputations at court, in the provinces and the country towns, enrolling themselves, signing their names, and making a great stir, and pretending, with the tacit consent of the king, that they were about to elect Monsieur de Guise as their chief. Nothing else was talked of at court from Paris to Blois, where the king had called a convocation of the Estates, during the sitting of which he summoned my brother to his closet, together with the queen my mother and some few of the gentlemen of his

council. He pointed out to them of what importance to his realm and authority this league was which the Catholics were beginning to form, particularly if they went to the length of appointing leaders, and elected them from the House of Guise. That to them (meaning to my brother and himself) was due this state of affairs, of which the Catholics had good reason to complain, rather than to anyone else; that his duty and his conscience alike constrained him to displease the Huguenots rather than the Catholics, and that he begged and prayed my brother, like the son of France and good Catholic that he was, to advise and assist him in this matter, wherein there lurked peril both to his crown and to the Catholic faith. He added, furthermore, that it seemed to him that the only way of arresting this dangerous combination, would be for him to place himself at the head of it, and that, to show his zeal for his religion and prevent the election of any other leader, he ought to be the first to sign the league as chief, and to compel my brother and all the princes, nobles, governors, and other personages having authority in his realm, to do the same. My brother could do no less than offer him the service due to his majesty and to the preservation of the Catholic religion. The king having thus obtained the assurance of my brother's support, which was the chief object of the invention of this league, sent at once to summon all the princes and lords of his court, ordered the roll of the said league to be brought to him, affixed his signature to it as chief, and obliged my brother and all those who had not yet signed it to follow his example.

Next day they opened parliament, after having taken counsel with my Lords Bishop of Lyons, Ambrun, and Vienne, and with other prelates who happened to be at court, who persuaded the king that, after the oath he had taken at his consecration, no promise which he might have made to the heretics could be regarded as binding, the aforesaid oath absolving him from all those that he might have made to the Huguenots.

This having been pronounced at the opening of parliament, and war declared forthwith against the Protestants, the king dismissed Genissac the Huguenot, who had arrived a few days previously from the king my husband to accelerate my departure, with harsh and threatening words, telling him that he had given his sister to a Catholic and not to a Huguenot, and that if the king my husband desired my presence he had better turn Catholic again.

All sorts of warlike preparations were set on foot, nothing but war was talked of at court, and in order that the breach between my brother and the Huguenots might be rendered the more irreparable, the king gave him the command of one of his armies. Genissac having sought me to tell me of his rude dismissal, I went straight to the closet of the queen my mother, where the king was, to complain of how he had hitherto deceived me, by always preventing me from joining the king my husband, and by making a pretence of leaving Paris to conduct me as far as Poitiers, only to bring about a contrary result. I pointed out to him that I had not married for my own pleasure or at my own desire; that it had been entirely at the desire of King Charles, of the queen my mother, and

of himself; that since they had bestowed my husband upon me, they could not prevent me from sharing his fortune; that I wished to go to him, and that if they did not allow me to do so, I should make my escape and rejoin him as best I could, at the risk of my life.

“Now is not the time, my sister,” replied the king, “to importune me about this permission. I admit what you say, that I have procrastinated with the object of refusing it to you altogether, for since the King of Navarre has turned Huguenot again, I have never thought it right that you should go to him. What the queen my mother and I are doing is for your good. I mean to make war upon the Huguenots and to exterminate this miserable religion which is doing us so much mischief, and it would be unseemly that you, who are a Catholic and my sister, should be in the enemy’s hands in the position of a hostage from me. Who knows whether, in order to offer me an irreparable insult, they may not seek to revenge themselves upon you for the harm that I intend them? No, no, you shall not go! and if you endeavour, as you say, to make your escape, bear in mind that you will have both myself and the queen my mother as your bitter foes, and that we shall make you aware of our enmity by every means in our power, so that you will thus injure your husband’s condition instead of ameliorating it.”

I withdrew greatly annoyed at this cruel sentence, and having sought counsel of the chief amongst my male and female friends, they represented to me that it would be unbecoming of me to remain at a court which was so hostile to the king my husband, and whence war was about to be openly declared

against him, and they advised me, whilst this war should last, to reside outside its precincts, saying that it would even be more consistent with my dignity were I to find, if possible, some pretext for quitting the kingdom, either under cover of making a pilgrimage, or of paying a visit to some one of my relations.

Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon,¹ who was upon the point of taking her departure for the waters of Spa, was amongst those I had assembled together with the object of asking their advice. My brother likewise was present, having brought Mondoucet with him, who had been the king's agent in Flanders, and who, having but recently returned from that country, had told the king how much the Flemings regretted the encroachments made by the Spaniard upon the laws of France and upon the government and sovereignty of Flanders, adding that several members of the nobility and of the municipalities of towns had charged him to make the king understand that their hearts were entirely French, and that they were stretching out their arms towards him in welcome.

It was apparent to Mondoucet that the king paid but little heed to this information, as his mind was entirely occupied with the Huguenots, upon whom he was determined to vent the resentment occasioned by their having assisted my brother. He said nothing

¹ Philippe de Montespedon, widow of Charles de Bourbon, Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon, Duc de Beaupréau, married previously René de Montejean, Marshal of France. She was the mother of the Marquis de Beaupréau mentioned by Marguerite in the earlier pages of her Memoirs. She died 12th April, 1578.

more to the king, therefore, upon the subject, but addressed himself to my brother, who being possessed of a truly princely nature, cared only to engage in important enterprises, being born to conquer rather than to retain. He was, consequently, at once captivated with the notion of this undertaking,¹ which was the more congenial to him because he perceived that he would be doing no kind of injustice by embarking in it, since he was only desirous of restoring to France that which had been wrested from her by the Spaniard. For the above reasons, Mondoucet had entered the service of my brother, who, upon the pretext of his escorting Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon to the waters of Spa, was about to send him back to Flanders. Mondoucet perceiving that everybody was endeavouring to find some excuse whereby I might be enabled to quit France whilst the war lasted (some suggesting that I should seek refuge in Savoy, in Lorraine, at Saint Claude, or at Notre Dame de Lorette), said in a low voice to my brother :—

“If, sir, the Queen of Navarre could only feign some manner of indisposition for which the waters of Spa, whither Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon is going, would be beneficial, it would be extremely advantageous to you in Flanders, as she would have an opportunity of doing you a good turn in that country.”

My brother was delighted with this idea and with the excuse it furnished, and he at once exclaimed: “Oh, queen, seek no longer for a pretext! You must

¹ That of reconquering Flanders.

go to the waters of Spa, whither Madame la Princesse is going. I have remarked that you sometimes have an erysipelas upon the arm ; you must say that, when the doctors formerly ordered you these waters, it was not the season for them, but that now is the proper time, and that you beg the king will permit you to go to Spa."

My brother said nothing further before the assembled company about the reasons which led him to desire this, as Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon was present, whom he regarded as Guise-ite and Spanish in his sympathies.¹ I understood him, however, at once, and guessed that he referred to the Flemish enterprise about which Mondoucet had spoken to us both. All the company agreed that this would be an excellent plan, and Madame la Princesse de la Rochesur-Yon, who was bound for Spa, and who was very fond of me,² was delighted at the thought of it, and promised to accompany me there, and to go with me

¹ "Qu'il tenoit pour Guisart et Espagnol."—*Memoirs*, livre ii., p. 168 (1st edition).

² "Faut-il voir une preuve de cette affection," asks Monsieur Gussard ("Lettres et Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois," note to p. 86), "dans la leçon très-sage, mais très-rude, qu'elle adressa, en mourant, à Marguerite?" Here is De L'Etoile's account of it: "Deux jours avant qu'elle" (La Princesse de La Rochesur-Yon) "mourust, la Roine de Navarre, qui l'aimoit fort, la fust voir, à laquelle elle dit ces mots: 'Madame, vous voyés ici un bel exemple en moi que Dieu vous propose. Il faut mourir, Madame, et laisser ce monde ici, songés-y. Il passe, et nous fait passer à ce grand juge, devant le throsne judicial duquel il faut tous comparoistre, et grands et petits, rois et roines. Retirés-vous, Madame, je vous prie ; car il me faut prier et songer à mon Dieu, et vous ne me faites que ramentevoir le monde, quand je vous regarde.' Cela disoit-elle," continues De L'Etoile, "pour ce que la roine de Navarre estoit, comme de coustume, diaprée et fardée, ce qu'on appelle à la cour bien accoustrée à son avantage."—*Journal de Henry III.*, Avril, 1578.

when I went to speak upon the subject to the queen my mother, in order to persuade her to fall in with the project.

Upon the morrow I found the queen alone, when I made her acquainted with the trouble and distress I experienced at the thought that the king my husband should be engaged in a war against the king, and that I should be absent from him, and I represented to her that, whilst this war continued, it was neither dignified nor becoming of me to remain at court, since by so doing it would be impossible for me to escape one of two evils, for that either the king my husband would think I remained there for my own pleasure, and that I was not behaving towards him as I ought, or else the king would become suspicious of me, imagining that I should be always sending information to the king my husband, and that, as either one of these possibilities would be very injurious to me, I implored her to agree to my withdrawal from court in order that I might avoid it. I reminded her that some time ago the doctors had recommended me the Spa waters for the erysipelas upon my arm, to which I had been subject for so long, and that, as it was now the proper season for them, it seemed to me that if she would only consent to this journey, it would be very appropriate just now, not only as a pretext for my retirement from court, but for my leaving France, so that I might show the king my husband that, as I was unable to be with him on account of the king's misgivings, I declined to remain at a place which was hostile to him. I said I hoped that, by her prudence, she would so dispose matters in time that the king my husband should obtain peace of the king, and be

reinstated in his good graces ; that I should await this joyful intelligence, after which I would come and take leave of them before going to rejoin the king my husband ; and I told her that upon this journey to Spa, Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon, who was then present, would do me the honour to bear me company. The queen approved of this arrangement, and informed me that she was very glad I had resolved upon it, for that the bad advice given by the bishops when they counselled the king to ignore his engagements, and to undo everything that she had promised and contracted in his name, had caused her great annoyance for several reasons ; particularly as she perceived that this impetuous torrent of events was overwhelming and ruining in its course some of the best and wisest of the king's servants and counsellors (for he had dismissed four or five of the trustiest and most important of them) ; but she said that what had troubled her most in all this was the knowledge of what I had represented to her, namely, that if I remained at court I could not escape one of two evils, since either the king my husband would take umbrage at it, and bear me illwill in consequence, or else the king would look upon me with suspicion, fancying that I should give information to the king my husband ; and she promised, therefore, that she would persuade the king to consent to my journey.

This she did, and the king spoke to me upon the subject without displaying any signs of anger, being only too pleased at having been able to prevent me from joining the king my husband, whom he hated, at this time, more than anything in the world ; and he

ordered that a messenger should be at once despatched to Dom John of Austria,¹ who governed for the King of Spain in Flanders, to beg him to furnish me with the passports which were necessary to enable me to enter without hindrance the countries over which he had dominion, as I should have to pass through

¹ Natural son of the Emperor Charles V., born at Ratisbon, February 24, 1547. His mother was said to have been Barbara Blomberg, daughter of a noble family of that place, although Sir William Stirling-Maxwell says that the historian Strada was told by Cardinal da la Cueva that "he had himself heard from the lips of the Infanta Archduchess Isabella, the favourite daughter and confidant of Philip II., that her famous uncle was the son, not of his reputed mother, but of a lady of princely degree." The emperor desired that his son, whose birth was at first kept secret, should "take the habit of some order of reformed friars," but did not wish "any pressure or force to be employed towards him." At his death he committed him to the care of his legitimate successor, Philip II., who, at his first meeting with him, embraced him with affection and said, "Charles the Fifth, my lord and father, was also yours;" then, turning to his attendants, he said, "Know and honour this youth as the natural son of the emperor and the brother of the king." The Venetian envoy, Lippomano, described him in the year 1575 as of "middle stature, well made, of a most beautiful countenance, and admirable grace, . . . wearing little beard, large fair moustaches, and his hair long and turned upwards, which became him greatly," and as "dressing so sumptuously and delicately that it was a marvel to see." De Tassis, one of his state council, records that "Nature had endowed him with a cast of countenance so gay and pleasing that there was hardly anyone whose goodwill and love he did not immediately win." ("Comment. de Tumultibus Belgicis sui temporis," lib. iv., in the "Analecta Belgica," Hagæ Comitum, 1743, 3 vols. 4to., ii., p. ii., p. 326, and "Don John of Austria," by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell.) Saint Real alludes to him, in his "Histoire de Dom Carlos," as "le Prince de l'Europe le plus beau et le mieux fait." His brilliant career terminated prematurely October 1, 1578, when he was only in his thirty-second year. He was said to have died of a pestilence which was raging at his camp near Namur, but it was suspected that he had been poisoned by order of the brother he had so faithfully served, but whose former affection had turned to jealousy and mistrust.

Flanders before I could reach Spa, which is situated in the bishopric of Liege.

This having been settled, we all dispersed in different directions in the course of a few days (days which were employed by my brother in instructing me in the services he required of me relative to his Flemish undertaking); the king and the queen my mother repairing to Poitiers, so as to be nearer to Monsieur de Mayenne's army, which was besieging Broüage,¹ and which was about to proceed thence into Gascony to make war upon the king my husband; my brother departing with the other army, of which he had the command, to besiege Issoire and the other towns which he took at about this time; and I, taking my way into Flanders, accompanied by Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon, Madame de Tournon,² my lady of honour, Madame de Mouÿ de Picardie,³ Madame la Castelaine de Millon, Mademoiselle d'Attrie,⁴ Mademoiselle de Tournon,⁵ and seven or eight other young ladies, and, in respect to men, by Monsieur le Cardinal de Lenoncourt,⁶ Monsieur the

¹ Broüage surrendered to the Duke of Mayenne, August 20, 1577, after a siege of nearly five months.

² Claudine de la Tour-Turenne, wife of Justus II., Seigneur de Tournon, Comte de Roussillon.

³ Catherine de Susannes, Comtesse de Cerny, wife of Charles, Marquis de Mouy.

⁴ Anne d'Aquaviva, daughter of Jean-François, Duc d'Attri, in the kingdom of Naples. She afterwards married the Comte de Chateaufvilain.—Castelnau, t. i., p. 327.

⁵ Hélène de Tournon, daughter of Justus II., Seigneur de Tournon, and of Claudine de la Tour-Turenne.

⁶ Philippe de Lenoncourt, who was styled at Rome "the handsome French chevalier," Bishop of Auxerre in 1560. Created a cardinal in 1585.

Bishop of Langres,¹ Monsieur de Moüy, Seigneur de Picardie² (now father-in-law to one of Queen Louise's brothers, called the Comte de Chaligny³), my first groom of the chambers, my first equerries, and several other gentlemen of my household.

This sprightly company made such a favourable impression upon the foreigners who foregathered with it, that their admiration for France was thereby greatly increased.

I journeyed in a litter fashioned with pillars, lined inside with rose-coloured Spanish velvet, embroidered in gold, and having shot-silk hangings ornamented with sundry devices. The sides were of glass, each pane of which was covered with designs, so that there were as many as forty different ones altogether, which had mottoes in Spanish and Italian concerning the influences of the sun.⁴ This was followed by the litter of Madame de la Roche-sur-Yon; by that of Madame de Tournon, my lady-in-waiting; by ten young ladies on horseback accompanied by their governess, and by six coaches, or chariots, containing

¹ Charles d'Escars, celebrated for his eloquence, and for the speeches he delivered before the Polish ambassadors at Metz, and before Henry III. on his return from Poland.

² Charles, Marquis de Mouy, Hereditary Keeper of Beauvais.

³ Henri de Lorraine, Comte de Chaligny, grandson of Antoine, Duc de Lorraine, and brother of Louise of Lorraine, the wife of Henry III.

⁴ "*Ces quarante devises et leur explication,*" remarks Ste. Beuve, "étaient, dans les villes où l'on passait, une occasion toujours nouvelle de conversation galante. A travers cela, Marguerite, dans sa fleur alors épanouie de vingt-quatre ans, allait gagnant les cœurs, séduisant les gouverneurs de citadelles, et ménageant d'utiles perfidies."—*Causeries du Lundi*, 3rd edition, p. 193.

the remainder of the ladies and women in attendance upon the princess and myself.

I passed thus through Picardy, where the king had given orders that all the towns should receive me in a manner worthy of one who had the honour of being so nearly related to himself, so that I was treated with all the consideration I could possibly have desired.

Upon arriving at Castelet, a fortress situated three leagues from the frontier of Cambresis, the Bishop of Cambray (Cambray being then church property, and only acknowledging the King of Spain as protector) sent a gentleman to me to know at what hour I intended leaving, in order that he might come and meet me at the entrance to his territory.

Here I found him, very well attended by persons having the dress and appearance of real Flemings, who in this department are extremely sturdy and thickset.¹ The bishop was a scion of the house of Barlemont, one of the most distinguished families in Flanders, but which was Spanish at heart, as was proved by its having been amongst those that had lent the most valuable assistance to Dom John. He did not fail, however, to receive us with high honour, notwithstanding that he acted in accordance with the Spanish ceremonial.

I found this town of Cambray much pleasanter than our own French towns, because, although it is not built

¹ "Ou je le trouvay très-bien accompagné de gens qui avoient les habits et l'apparence de vrais Flamens, comme ils sont fort grossiers en ce quartier-là."—*Memoirs*, p. 177. "Ce mot 'grossier'" (says Mongez) "n'étoit pas une injure, et n'exprimoit que la hauteur et l'épaisseur du corps."—Mongez, note to p. 166. He quotes Menage and Furetière in support of this assertion.

of such good material as they are, the streets and squares are so much better planned and proportioned, whilst the churches, in common with those of all our own towns, are very spacious and beautiful. The building which I regarded as the most worthy of notice and admiration in the town, was the citadel, one of the finest and best constructed in Christendom, as the Spaniards have discovered since then, whilst it was under the command of my brother. A worthy man named Monsieur d'Ainsi¹ was governor of it at this time, who in grace, good looks, and in all the fine qualities necessary to the making of a finished gentleman, could hold his own by the side of our most accomplished courtiers, being possessed of no share of that ingrained rusticity which seems to be natural to the Flemings. The bishop entertained us with a banquet, and, after supper, with a ball, at which he requested the attendance of all the ladies of the town. As he did not appear at it himself, however, having retired immediately after supper, being, as I have already said, of a formal and punctilious disposition, after the manner of the Spaniards, and as Monsieur d'Ainsi was the most distinguished of the company, he left him to entertain me during the ball, and to escort me, afterwards, to a collation of sweetmeats, imprudently, as I consider, seeing that he had charge of the citadel. I can speak from experience upon this point, having learnt, to my cost, more than I desired to know as to how a stronghold ought to be guarded.²

¹ Bauduin de Gavre, Sieur d'Inchy.—*Hist. de Cambray*, t. i., p. 181.

² "Cette observation," remarks Monsieur Guessard, "est d'une rare modestie. Marguerite savait à merveille comme il se faut comporter pour garder une place forte, et même pour la

The remembrance of my brother was ever present to my mind, as I cared for him more than I did for anybody else, and I bethought me now of his instructions, and perceiving what a favourable opportunity presented itself for doing him good service with regard to his Flemish enterprise—this town of Cambray, with its citadel, being as it were the key of Flanders—I did not allow it to escape me, but made use of all the wits with which God had endowed me to render Monsieur d’Ainsi friendly towards France, and towards my brother in particular.

God vouchsafed that I should be so successful in this, and that he should take so much pleasure in my conversation, that after considering how he could best see as much of me as possible, he arranged to bear me company as long as I remained in Flanders, with which object he asked permission of his master to go with me as far as Namur, where Dom John of Austria was awaiting me, saying that he desired to witness the splendour of my reception, which permission this Spanishified Fleming¹ was ill-advised enough to grant him.

During the course of this journey, which lasted ten or twelve days, he conversed with me as often as he could, showing openly that his sympathies were entirely French, and that he was only longing for the day when he might have so gallant a prince as my brother for lord and master, and appearing to hold of no

prendre. La manière dont elle s’empara du château d’Usson, et dont elle s’y maintint pendant dix-neuf ans, fait beaucoup d’honneur à son habileté.”—*Lettres et Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, note to p. 92.

¹ “Ce Flament Espagnolisé.”—*Memoirs*, p. 280. “Spaniardized-Fleming” is Sir William Stirling-Maxwell’s rendering of this phrase.

account the governorship and dominion of his bishop, who, in spite of being his ruler, was merely a gentleman like himself, although far inferior to him in both the graces and accomplishments of mind and body.

After leaving Cambray, I passed the following night at Valenciennes, in the Flemish territory, whither Monsieur le Comte de Lalain,¹ Monsieur de Montigny,² his brother, and several other gentlemen, to the number of two or three hundred, came to meet me, to welcome me as I passed out of the territory of Cambresis, to the furthest boundary of which the Bishop of Cambray had escorted me.

Upon arriving at Valenciennes (a town which, if inferior to Cambray in point of strength, can compare favourably with it in respect to the decoration of its fine squares and churches), the fountains and clocks therein, together with other handiwork peculiar to the Germans, inspired our French folk with no small astonishment, they being all unused to behold clocks which discoursed delightful vocal music, as though there had been as many different performers as at the pavilion to which everybody used to go in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Monsieur le Comte de Lalain, governor of the town, gave a banquet to the lords and gentlemen of my suite, but deferred his entertainment of the ladies until we should have arrived at Monts, where his wife, his sister-in-law, Madame d'Aurée,³ and all the most noble and distinguished ladies were assembled

¹ Philippe, Comte de Lalain, Baron d'Escornaix, Grand-Bailiff of Hainault.

² Emmanuel de Lalain, Baron de Montigny, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, married to Anne de Cröy, Marquise de Renty et de Chièvres.

³ Diane de Dompmartin, Marquise d'Havrec, or d'Havré.

to receive me, and whither the count with all his following conducted me upon the morrow.

The Comte de Lalain called himself a relation of the king my husband, and was a personage possessing great authority and large means, to whom the domination of Spain had been always hateful, and from which he had suffered much annoyance ever since the death of the Comte d'Aigmont,¹ to whom he was nearly related. Notwithstanding that he had retained his governorship without joining the league of either the Prince of Orange or of the Huguenots—being a thoroughly Catholic nobleman—he would never consent to meet Dom John, or to allow him or any other emissary of Spain to enter his governorship, nor had Dom John ever ventured to compel him to do so, for fear that the league of the Flemish Catholics (the League of the States, as it is termed) might be driven into a combination with that of the Prince of Orange and the Huguenots—wisely foreseeing that this would give him quite as much trouble, as indeed the King of Spain's representatives have discovered since then.

Holding such opinions as these, the Comte de Lalain could not do enough to express to me all the pleasure he felt at my coming, and if his rightful prince had been there, he could not have received him with more honour or with greater demonstrations of affection and goodwill. Upon arriving at his house at Monts, where he invited me to sojourn, I was met in the courtyard by the Comtesse de Lalain,² his wife, with at least eighty or a hundred ladies belonging to

¹ Lamoral, Comte d'Egmont, Prince de Gavre, executed at Brussels, by order of Philip II., 4th June, 1568.

² Marguerite de Ligne, wife of Philippe, Comte de Lalain.

the country or to the town, by whom I was received, not like a foreign princess, but as though I had been their rightful liege lady.

As it is natural to Flemish ladies to be open, confidential, and light-hearted, and as the Comtesse de Lalain was possessed of this kind of disposition, and had besides a broad and elevated mind—in which respect she resembled your cousin no less than in her features and demeanour—I felt assured from the first that it would be easy for me to form an intimate friendship with her.

When the supper hour arrived, we repaired to the feast, which was followed by dancing, and this amusement the Comtesse de Lalain continued during the whole of the time that I remained at Monts, which was longer than I expected, for I had intended to have departed upon the morrow. This amiable woman, however, constrained me to pass a week there, which was at first unwilling to do, fearing lest I might inconvenience them. But it was impossible to persuade either her or her husband to agree to my departure, and indeed it was only by sheer force that I was enabled to leave at the end of eight days.

As I was living upon terms of such intimacy with the countess, she used to be present until quite late at my retiring for the night, and she would have remained even longer had it not been that she was doing a thing which is unusual with personages of such high rank, although it betokens great kindness of disposition. She was nursing her little son with her own milk, in consequence of which, upon the evening following my arrival, as she was seated next me at table (the place where the people of this country are wont

to converse with the greatest freedom), her mind being entirely occupied upon my account with the furtherance of my brother's project, and she being decked out and all covered with jewels and embroideries, wearing a short petticoat, after the Spanish fashion, composed of black cloth of gold wrought over with bands of embroidery in gold and silver braid, and a bodice of white cloth of silver embroidered in gold, having large diamond buttons (a dress appropriate to the office of wet-nurse), her little son was brought to her at the table—wrapped in swaddling-clothes all as costly as was his nurse's attire—in order that she might suckle him. Thereupon she set him down between us two upon the table, and unbuttoning her dress without more ado, offered him the breast. This, in another, might have been accounted bad manners, but she did it, as she did everything, with so much grace and ingenuousness, that the approbation she elicited from the assembled guests was only equalled by the pleasure her act had afforded them.¹

When the tables were cleared, dancing commenced in the same apartment in which we had supped, it being fine and spacious. As I found myself in the course of the evening sitting next to the countess, I told her that, although the gratification I then experienced equalled any I had ever felt, I almost wished that I had never met her, because of the sorrow which parting from her would cause me, as I was aware that Fate would deprive us of the pleasure of meeting again, and that I accounted it as one of

¹ Ste. Beuve refers to this as one of the "jolis tableaux flamands" which Marguerite portrays so charmingly ("Causeries du Lundi," 3me édition, p. 193).

the misfortunes of my life that Heaven had not willed that she and I should have been born of the same nationality. I said this with the object of leading her on to converse in a manner which might prove useful to my brother's project. She replied in the following words :—

“ This country was formerly French, which is the reason why lawyers still plead here in that language, and the natural affection we bore to France has not yet died out of the hearts of most of us. As for myself, it has filled my soul ever since I had the honour of beholding you. There was a time when this country was devoted to the House of Austria, but this affection was rooted out of us at the deaths of the Comte d'Aigmont, Monsieur de Horne,¹ Monsieur de Montigny,² and of the other noblemen who were then defeated, who were our near relatives, and who belonged for the most part to the nobility of this country. Nothing can be more odious to us than the rule of these Spaniards, and we wish for nothing so much as to escape from their tyranny, but we know not how to set about it, this country being so divided by reason of different religions. If we had been all thoroughly united, we should have very soon turned out the Spaniard, but this division renders us too weak to do so. If only it would please God to will that your brother the King of France should desire to reconquer the country that is his by ancient right, we should all receive him with open arms.”

¹ Philippe de Montmorency, Count de Hornes, executed 1566.

² Floris de Montmorency, Baron de Montigny, died 1570. All three were Knights of the Golden Fleece, and were executed by order of Philip II. for heading a rebellion against the authority of Spain. Don Carlos was implicated in this rebellion.

She said this to me spontaneously, but with the premeditated desire of seeking from France some remedy for their misfortunes. Seeing the way thus prepared for what I wished, I replied :—

“My brother the King of France is not now inclined to undertake foreign warfare, for the Huguenot party is so strong within his realm that it will always prevent him from engaging in any enterprise outside of it ; but my brother Monsieur d’Alençon,¹ who can compare in valour, prudence, and kindness with my father and brother kings, could give his attention to this project, and would have no less power than my brother the King of France to bring about your deliverance. He has been bred to the profession of arms, and is considered one of the ablest captains of our day, being at this present in command of the king’s army against the Huguenots, with which he has taken from them, since my departure, a very strong town called Issoire,² together with several others. You could not possibly appeal to a prince whose assistance would be more valuable to you, from his being so near a neighbour, and having so large a kingdom as that of France at his service, whence he can draw the money and the material necessary for conducting the war. You may rest assured that if he could obtain the goodwill of your husband, that Monsieur le Comte might have what share he pleased in his fortune, for my brother is of an amiable disposition, never ungrateful, and ever anxious to acknowledge a service or a favour

¹ Correctly speaking Marguerite’s youngest brother was at this time Duke of Anjou.

² Taken the 12th June, 1577.

received. He honours and loves the gallant and the brave, and he is, besides, at the head of all those who are worthiest in France. I think that a treaty of peace will soon be commenced with the Huguenots in France, and that upon my return thither I may find it concluded. If your husband, Monsieur le Comte, is of the same way of thinking as you are in this matter, and desires the same end, and if he would like me to persuade my brother thereunto, I am certain that by such means prosperity will be assured to this country, and to your house in particular. Moreover, if my brother established himself in this country through your good offices, you could count upon seeing me here very often again, our affection for each other being more perfect than any that ever existed before between a brother and sister."

She listened to this overture with much satisfaction, and told me that she had not spoken as she did at haphazard, but that, as I had honoured her with my affection, she had determined not to let me depart thence without discovering to me the true state of affairs, and begging me to provide them with some remedy from France which should free them from the apprehension in which they lived, of either being plunged in perpetual warfare, or of being crushed by the tyranny of Spain; and she begged that I would allow her to inform her husband of our conversation, so that they might both talk to me together upon the subject of it on the following day, to which I readily consented.

We passed the evening in conversation of a like nature, and in such as was calculated to advance my purpose, in which I noticed that she took great

pleasure. When the dancing was over, we repaired to hear vespers at the Church of the Canonesses¹—a religious order which does not exist in France. It consists entirely of young ladies, who enter it when they are quite children, and remain in it until they are of an age to marry, so as to render themselves eligible for a marriage-portion. They do not sleep in a dormitory, but lodge, after the manner of canons, in separate houses, which are all contained in an enclosure. In each house there are three, four, five, or six young ladies, in charge of an old woman. Amongst these old women there are some who are not permitted to marry, and the abbess is not allowed to do so either. They² only wear the religious garb in the morning, when they attend service in church, and in the evening at vespers, and as soon as the service is over, they quit this habit and array themselves after the fashion of other young unmarried ladies, going about freely to balls and entertainments like other people, in consequence of which they have to dress four times a day. They came every day to the banquet and to the ball, at which they used generally to dance.

The Comtesse de Lalain lost no time when night came in informing her husband of the good beginning she had made with respect to their affairs, and she brought him to me upon the morrow, when he made me a long speech explanatory of his many just reasons for desiring to emancipate himself from the tyranny of the Spaniard, in which he did not consider that he

¹ Monsieur Guessard, who follows the original manuscript, adds here “appelée Sainte-Vaudrud,” but the name of the church is not given in the first published edition of the Memoirs.

² The younger ladies.

was conspiring against his natural prince, seeing that the sovereignty of Flanders belonged by rights to the King of France. He laid before me the means possible for establishing my brother in Flanders—the whole of Hainault, which stretches very nearly as far as Brussels, being entirely devoted to him. Cambresis, lying between Flanders and Hainault, was the only place about which he was doubtful, and he said that it would be well for me to gain over Monsieur d'Ainsi. I begged, however, that he would himself work to this end, as, seeing that he was his neighbour and friend, he would be able to do so better than I could.

Having thus assured him that he could count upon my brother's friendship and goodwill, and that he would have the share—both in his fortune, dignity, and authority—that so signal a service rendered by one of his quality would merit, we decided that, upon my return, I should stop at my residence of La Fère, where my brother should join me, and that Monsieur de Montigny, brother of the aforesaid Comte de Lalain, should then come and treat with him upon this matter.

During the remainder of my stay I continued to strengthen and confirm the count in this resolution, which his wife regarded with no less favour than I did.

When the day came upon which I was compelled to quit this pleasant society of Monts, it was not without mutual regrets upon the part of the Flemish ladies and myself, and, above all, upon that of the Comtesse de Lalain, by reason of the fast friendship she had sworn me, and she made me promise that I would pass that way again upon my return journey.

I presented her with a casket of jewels, and her husband with a chain and pendant enriched with precious stones, which was accounted of great value, and which was still further esteemed by them as coming from one they loved as they did me.

All the ladies remained at Monts except Madame d'Aurec, who accompanied me to Namur, where I slept upon the following evening. Both her husband and her brother-in-law, Monsieur le Duc d'Arscot,¹ were at Namur, having resided there ever since peace was concluded between the King of Spain and the Flemish States; for, although they both belonged to the States' party, the Duc d'Arscot had been formerly one of the most gallant of King Philip's courtiers—at the time when he had held his court in Flanders and in England—and one who had always affected the society of great personages.

The Comte de Lalain, with all the other noblemen, escorted me as far as he could—a good two leagues beyond the confines of his governorship, and until Dom John's troop was visible in the distance. Then he took his leave of me, because, as I have already said, he and Dom John had agreed not to meet. Monsieur d'Ainsi alone remained with me, as his master, the Bishop of Cambray, belonged to the Spanish party.

When this gallant company had turned their horses homewards, I came, after proceeding a short distance, upon Dom John of Austria, attended by a large staff, but by only some twenty or thirty horsemen besides. Amongst these were the Duc d'Arscot, Monsieur

¹ Philippe III., Sire de Cröy, Duc d'Arshot, Prince de Chimay, born 1526, died 1595.

d'Aurec,¹ the Marquis de Varembon,² and young Balençon³—the governor for the King of Spain of the county of Burgundy—who, worthy and gallant gentlemen, had travelled post-haste in order to meet me here as I passed by.

None of Dom John's followers were of any particular name or mark, with the exception of one Ludovic de Gonzague,⁴ who called himself a relation of the Duke of Mantua. The rest were all small gentry, of mean appearance, none of the Flemish nobility being amongst them.

Dom John alighted from his horse so as to salute me in my litter, which was hoisted up and thrown open. I saluted him, the Duc d'Arscot, and Monsieur d'Aurec, after the French fashion.⁵

After a few amiable speeches, he remounted his horse, but continued to converse with me until we came to the town, which we were unable to reach until nightfall, owing to the fact that the ladies of Monts had not permitted me to depart until the last

¹ Charles-Philippe de Cröy, Marquis d'Havrec, son of the Duc d'Arscot.

² Marc de Rye, Marquis de Varembon, who was afterwards a Knight of the Golden Fleece and Governor-General of Artois.

³ Philibert de Rye, Comte de Varaix and Baron de Balançon.

⁴ Monsieur Guessard thinks that this must be "Ludovic de Gonzague, surnommé 'le Rodomont,' Seigneur de Sabionetta."

⁵ Here is Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's account of this interview: "Dismounting from his horse, the governor was soon bowing by the side of Margaret's litter, glorious, in the July light, with its gilded pillars, crimson hangings, and glasses painted with forty different solar emblems, with their mottoes in Italian and Spanish. From one of these windows the queen's smooth white cheek was offered to his salute, an honour likewise accorded to the Duke of Aerschot and the Marquess of Havrech."—*Don John of Austria*, vol. ii., chap. vi., p. 237.

moment, and that they had likewise spent more than an hour in examining my litter, taking great delight in hearing all about the different devices.

Everything at Namur was so admirably ordered, however—the Spaniards being excellent managers in this respect—that the town, with all its windows and shops, seemed as though illuminated by a second day.

Upon this first evening of our arrival, Dom John—thinking that, after so long a day, it would be better not to put us to the fatigue of attending a banquet—arranged that I and my people should be served with refreshments in our apartments and lodgings.

The house which he had provided for me had been specially arranged for my reception. A fine large saloon had been contrived, with a suite of apartments consisting of bedrooms and dressing-rooms, the whole of which was furnished with the most beautiful, costly, and superb hangings that I think I have ever seen, entirely composed of velvet or satin tapestry, wrought over with representations of thick pillars in cloth of silver, covered with embroideries in rich cordings and quiltings of gold in the highest and most beautiful relief that it was possible to behold, whilst, in the midst of these columns, sundry great personages were depicted, dressed after the manner of the antique, and wrought in the same kind of needlework.

Monsieur le Cardinal de Lenoncourt, who possessed a critical and refined taste, and who had struck up a friendship with the Duc d'Arscot—a fine gallant old courtier, as I have already said, and decidedly the flower of Dom John's flock—was one day examining

these magnificent hangings in my apartment, when he remarked to the duke :—

“ It seems to me that these tapestries ought rather to belong to some great king than to a young bachelor prince like Dom John.”

To which the Duc d’Arscot replied :—

“ They were, indeed, acquired wholly by chance, and are not the outcome of either prudence or extravagance, the stuffs having been sent him by a Pasha of the Grand Signor, whose children he took prisoners in the signal victory which he gained over the Turks.¹ His Highness Dom John having done him the grace of restoring his children to him without demanding any ransom, the Pasha, as a return, made him a present of a great quantity of silken stuffs wrought over in gold and silver, which he received when he was at Milan, where such things can be arranged to the best advantage.

“ He had them made up into the furniture that you see before you, and so as to be reminded of the glorious manner in which he had acquired them, he caused the bed and tester that are in the queen’s

¹ These were the two sons of Ali Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish fleet, who, with their tutor, fell into the hands of the conqueror at the battle of Lepanto. Mahomet, the elder of the boys, died during the following winter (1571-72) at Naples, whilst Saïd, the younger, was sent to Rome by order of the King of Spain, and placed under priestly care with a view to his conversion. Don John finally restored him to liberty without ransom, and generously presented him with a gold chain worth six hundred crowns, some fine horses, and various stores for his return journey. Fatima, the sister of the captives, sent over a whole shipload of valuable presents in order to conciliate their noble conqueror, but these are said to have been declined by Don John. It would seem, however, from these Memoirs, that he must have retained some of them.

room, and upon which modern battles are depicted, to be embroidered with a representation of the splendid victory he had obtained over the Turks.”

Upon the following morning, Dom John settled that we should go and hear mass performed after the Spanish fashion, with an accompaniment of violins and cornets; whence we afterwards proceeded to a sumptuous repast spread in the large saloon, where he and I dined apart at a separate table, at which Dom John had his wine served to him by Ludovic de Gonzague on bended knee. The table prepared for the lords and ladies was about three paces from ours, at which Madame d'Aurec presided and did the honours for Dom John.

When the tables were cleared, dancing commenced, which lasted during the whole of the afternoon. The evening was passed after the same fashion, Dom John continuing to devote himself to me, telling me frequently that he observed a strong resemblance between me and the queen his “Signora,” by which he meant my sister¹ the late Queen of Spain, whom he had greatly honoured, and showing by his respect and courtesy towards me and my suite the extreme pleasure he experienced at seeing me there.²

¹ Elizabeth, or “Isabel,” daughter of Henry II. and third wife of Philip II. of Spain, born 1545, died 3rd October, 1568.

² This was not the first time that the conqueror of Lepanto had looked upon the Queen of Navarre. During the preceding year he had passed through France on his way from Milan into Flanders, and had appeared at court at one of those “masques” in which the queen-mother delighted, but to his great regret he had been desired to assist at it *incognito*, and disguised as a Moor. He expressed great admiration of Marguerite's beauty, which he considered surpassed that of the Italian and Spanish ladies. He added, however, that although “la beauté de cette Reine fût plus divine qu'humaine, elle était plus pour

As the boats by which I had intended continuing my way by the river Meuse could not be made ready as soon as we expected, I was compelled to remain at Namur for another day, the first part of which we passed as we had done the previous one, and in the afternoon we went upon the river on board a very fine boat, surrounded by others filled with musicians playing upon hautboys, cornets, and violins. We disembarked upon an island where Dom John had caused a banquet to be prepared in a spacious room fashioned and decorated with ivy, round which were smaller partitions occupied by musicians, who performed upon the hautboys and other instruments during the whole of supper-time. When the tables were cleared, we danced for about an hour, and then returned in the same boat, which was the one that Dom John had had prepared for my journey.

Next morning, when I took my departure, Dom John accompanied me on board the boat, and, after bidding me a courteous and hearty farewell, deputed Monsieur and Madame d'Aurec to attend me as far as Huy, the first town in the bishopric of Liege, where I was to sleep that night. When Dom John had withdrawn, Monsieur d'Ainsi, who was the last to leave the boat, bade me farewell with many regrets and protestations of devotion to my brother and myself,—as he had not received permission from his master to accompany me any further.

But jealous and capricious Fate, unable to contemplate the triumph of so much prosperity as had hitherto attended me upon this journey, gave me two

perdre et damner les hommes que pour les sauver.—Brantôme,
Eloge de Marguerite de France.

N

sinister warnings of the troubles which were in store for me upon my return. The first of these came to pass as follows.

Just as the boat was putting away from the shore, Mademoiselle de Tournon, one of my ladies-in-waiting, a virtuous and charming girl, of whom I was very fond, was seized with so sudden and mysterious an illness, that the dreadful pain she suffered—resulting from a spasm of the heart—caused her to utter piercing shrieks. This pain continued with such violence that the doctors were powerless to alleviate it, and a few days after my arrival at Liege Death claimed her as his own.

I will relate the sad particulars of this story in their proper place, as they are worthy of note.

The other unfortunate event occurred upon my arrival at Huy, a town situated upon the slope of a mountain, down which a torrent rushed with so much impetuosity that the river became swollen all of a sudden, just as our boat approached, and we had scarcely time to spring on shore and run as fast as we could to gain the summit of the hill, before it had risen almost to the level of the house in which I had taken refuge, which was situated in the highest street, and where we had to content ourselves for that night with what the master of it had to give us, being unable to get at the boats, or the servants, or my clothes, or to go about in the town, which was as though submerged in this deluge. It was delivered from it, however, as miraculously as it had been overwhelmed, for when daylight dawned the water had all subsided and returned within its natural limits.

Upon leaving Huy, Monsieur and Madame d'Aurec returned to Namur to rejoin Dom John, whilst I re-embarked on board my boat in order to proceed as far as the town of Liege, where I was to pass the night, and where the bishop,¹ who is its lord and master, received me with due respect, and with every demonstration of goodwill that it was possible for a courteous and well-disposed person to display. He was an exceedingly virtuous, discreet, and amiable nobleman, speaking good French, prepossessing in his person, honourable, generous, and very agreeable in conversation. He had a chapter and several canons under his direction, who were all the sons of dukes, counts, and great German nobles; for this bishopric, which is a Sovereign State, endowed with large revenues and possessing a great many important towns, is obtained by election, and in order to be admitted to the chapter the canons have to reside at Liege for a year, and it is also necessary that they be of noble birth.

The town² is larger than Lyons, which it somewhat resembles in point of situation, having the river Meuse flowing through its midst. It is very well built, every one of the canons' houses presenting the appearance of a noble palace; the streets are long and broad, the squares very fine and provided with beautiful fountains. The churches are so richly decorated with marble—which is obtained hard by—that they appear as though they were entirely constructed of it,

¹ Gerard Grosbek. He was made a cardinal in 1578; died 1584.

² A plan of the town, with that of the episcopal palace, is to be found in "Les délices des Pays-bas," t. iii., pp. 248 and 260.

whilst the clocks are made after the German manner ; they play vocal music, have representations of different figures, and imitate all sorts of varied instruments.

The bishop, after having received me as I disembarked from my boat, conducted me to the finest of his palaces, which was of extreme magnificence, possessing beautiful fountains, gardens, and galleries, and so richly painted, gilt, and ornamented inside, with marble, that nothing could have been more splendid or delightful.

As the waters of Spa were only situated some three or four leagues from Liege, and were in the midst of a little village consisting of only some three or four small houses, Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon was recommended by the doctors to remain at Liege and to have the water brought to her there, as they assured her that it would lose none of its strength or virtue if it was conveyed by night, before the sun had risen. I was extremely glad to hear this, as it ensured our remaining in more commodious quarters and in such agreeable company. For, besides his grace (it is thus that the Bishop of Liege is styled, just as a king is styled "his majesty," and a prince "his highness")—the news having spread that I should pass that way—several German lords and ladies had arrived to pay me their respects, and amongst others Madame la Comtesse d'Aremberg¹ (the same who had the honour of escorting Queen Elizabeth² to her nuptials at Mezieres, when she was

¹ Marguerite de La Marck, widow of Jean de Ligne, Sovereign-Countess d'Aremberg.

² Elizabeth of Austria, who was married to King Charles IX. in 1570.

married to my brother King Charles, and who conducted her elder sister¹ to her husband, the King of Spain), a woman held in the highest esteem by the emperor and empress, and by all Christian princes. With her came her sister, Madame la Landgrave,² her daughter, Madame d'Aremberg,³ and Monsieur d'Aremberg,⁴ her son, a very gallant and worthy gentleman, the living image of his father, who had once brought assistance from Spain to my brother King Charles, and had returned home with much dignity and credit.

I should have enjoyed the society of these illustrious and agreeable visitors far more had it not been for the misfortune of Mademoiselle de Tournon's death, and, as her history is very remarkable, I cannot resist making a digression in order to relate it here.

Madame de Tournon, who was then my lady-in-waiting, had at that time, several daughters, of whom the eldest⁵ had married Monsieur de Balançon, Governor of the County of Burgundy for the King of Spain. When this young lady repaired to her new home, she begged her mother, Madame de Tournon, to lend her her sister, Mademoiselle de Tournon, to live with her and bear her company, in a place where she would be so far away from all her relations.

To this her mother consented, and after she had been there for some years, during which she increased

¹ Anne of Austria, married Philip II. of Spain (her uncle) as his fourth wife.

² Maud de La Marck, wife of Louis-Henry, Landgrave of Leuchtemberg.

³ Anne de Cröy, wife of Charles de Ligne.

⁴ Charles de Ligne, Comte d'Aremberg, died 1616.

⁵ Claude de Tournon.

in beauty and in amiability (although her greatest charm consisted in her virtue and grace), Monsieur le Marquis de Varambon, to whom I have already alluded, and who was intended for the Church, living in the same house with his brother Monsieur de Balançon, and having to associate daily with Mademoiselle de Tournon, fell very much in love with her, and as he was not compelled to enter the Church he desired to marry her. He broached the subject, thereupon, both to her relations and to his own. The relations upon her side were quite agreeable, but his brother, Monsieur de Balançon, thinking that it would be more advantageous that he should go into the Church, succeeded in preventing the marriage, being determined that his brother should assume the priest's robe.

Madame de Tournon, who was a very circumspect and prudent woman, being offended at this, removed her daughter, Mademoiselle de Tournon, from the house of her sister Madame de Balançon, and took her back to live with her. And seeing that she was somewhat severe and hard, although all her actions were highly praiseworthy—without taking into consideration that her daughter was grown up, and deserved more gentle treatment—she rated and scolded her so continually that she caused her to be always in tears. This, however, proceeded merely from the natural severity of her disposition.

Mademoiselle de Tournon, who desired nothing so much as to escape from this tyranny, was overjoyed when she heard that I contemplated going into Flanders, as she made sure that she would see the Marquis de Varambon there (as indeed came to pass), and that being now in a position to marry—for he had for ever

abandoned the idea of the long robe—he would ask her hand of her mother, and that she would by this means be delivered from her severity.

At Namur, as I have already related, the Marquis de Varambon and his brother, young Balançon, appeared upon the scene. Young Balançon, who was not nearly so attractive as the other, spoke to Mademoiselle de Tournon and appeared to seek her society, whilst the Marquis de Varambon, during the whole of the time that we were at Namur, did not appear even to know her. Vexation, disappointment, and annoyance, produced in her such bitterness of heart that, after having made an effort in order to bear up whilst in his presence and not to appear to mind, as soon as he and his brother had quitted the boat upon which they came to bid us farewell, she was so overcome that she could only draw her breath with loud screams and in mortal agony.

As there was no other cause for her illness, Youth did battle with Death for some eight or ten days; but, armed as he was with all the bitterness of anguish, he proved in the end victorious, wresting her from her mother and from me, who both equally lamented her loss, for her mother, in spite of her great harshness, was entirely devoted to her.

It was arranged that, as she was the daughter of a noble house, besides being attached to the person of the queen my mother, her obsequies should be conducted in the most honourable manner possible, and accordingly, when the day of her funeral arrived, four gentlemen of my household were ordered to carry the body. One of these chanced to be La Boëssiere, who had loved her passionately during her lifetime without

having ever ventured to make her an avowal, because of the discretion he perceived in her, and of the inequality existing in their conditions; and who whilst bearing this lifeless burden, endured as much anguish by reason of her death as he had suffered previously on account of his love. The melancholy convoy proceeded after this fashion until it reached the middle of the street which led to the principal church.

Meanwhile, the Marquis de Varambon, the guilty cause of this sad event, having repented him of his cruelty some days after my departure from Namur, and his former flame, which contact had failed to revive, having (oh, marvellous truth!) reasserted itself in absence, resolved to go and ask Mademoiselle de Tournon's hand of her mother, relying probably upon the good fortune which has ever ensured his being beloved by all those whose favour he has sought—as was proved only a little while ago, when he married a very great lady¹ without the sanction of her family—and making sure, as he repeated to himself these words in Italian, "*Che la forza d'amore non riguarda al diletto*," that his fault would be readily forgiven him by his mistress. He begged Dom John, therefore, to entrust him with some commission for me, and, setting forth by post with all speed, arrived just at the moment when the body of this young lady—alike innocent and unfortunate, and radiant in all her virgin purity—had reached the middle of the aforesaid street.

¹ Dorothy, daughter of Francis Duke of Lorraine, and widow of Eric Duke of Brunswick. She died, without children, in 1584.

The crowd which had collected to witness the ceremony having blocked his passage, he paused to consider what was going on, and perceiving in the distance a long and mournful procession, consisting of persons all arrayed in mourning and a white sheet covered with garlands of flowers, he inquired what it might be. One of the townspeople made answer that it was a funeral. Thereupon, impelled by a fatal curiosity, he pressed forward until he came up with those who formed the rear of the convoy, and questioned them importunately as to whose funeral it was. Oh, fatal answer! Love, turned thus into the avenger of thankless inconstancy, sought to subject his spirit to those same pangs of death which his contemptuous neglect had inflicted upon the person of his mistress!

The man he questioned replied unwittingly that it was the funeral of Mademoiselle de Tournon. At these words the marquis lost consciousness and fell from his horse. He was obliged to be taken to a lodging, where he remained as though dead, justly desiring in this supreme moment to afford her that union by his death which he had vouchsafed to her too late in this life. His soul, which, as I believe, repaired to the realms of death to seek forgiveness of her whom his scornful indifference had banished there, left him for some time without the slightest sign of life, and upon its return only reanimated him in order to subject him a second time to the pains of death, since to have suffered them but once would not have been a sufficient punishment for his ingratitude.

Finding myself, after this melancholy ceremony was over, in the midst of a foreign society, I did not

wish to weary its members by displaying the sadness I experienced at the loss of this estimable girl, and so, as I was invited, either by the bishop (styled "his grace") or by the canons, to go to various entertainments which were given at several houses and gardens—there being many very beautiful gardens both in the town and outside it—I attended these festivities daily, accompanied by the bishop and by the foreign lords and ladies I have mentioned, who were in the habit of coming every morning to my room in order to escort me to the garden whither I repaired to drink the waters, for it is necessary that these should be taken whilst walking about. And notwithstanding that the doctor who had ordered me this cure was none other than my brother, it did not fail to benefit me, for I have since been for six or seven years without suffering from the erysipelas upon my arm.

After we quitted the garden, we used to pass the rest of the day together, dining generally at some place of entertainment, whence, after having danced, we would repair to hear vespers in one of the churches, whilst the hours following upon supper were spent in the same way at balls or water-parties, with the accompaniment of music.

Six weeks passed by in this manner—the time usually devoted to drinking the waters, and which was the limit prescribed to Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon.

Just as we were thinking of returning to France, however, Madame d'Aurec arrived on her way to rejoin her husband in Lorraine, and informed us of all the wonderful changes which had taken place at Namur and in the surrounding country since I had

passed through it. She told us how, upon the very day of my departure from Namur, Dom John, having alighted from his boat, and taken horse, upon a pretence of proceeding to the chase, had passed close to the entrance of the castle of Namur, which had not as yet surrendered to him; whereupon, pretending that as he had thus found himself in front of its gates he would fain enter in and look at it, he had taken possession of it forthwith, and ejected the commander who held it in the interests of the States, thereby infringing the conditions he had made with the members of that association; and that, moreover, he had seized upon the Duc d'Arscot, and upon Monsieur d'Aurec and herself, and although, after sundry prayers and remonstrances, he had liberated both her brother-in-law and her husband, he had detained her until then, as a surety for their good behaviour. The whole country, she said, was being ravaged by fire and sword. It was divided into three factions: that of the States, consisting of the Flemish Catholics; that of the Prince of Orange and of the Huguenots, which were one and the same; and the Spanish party, having Dom John as its chief.

Just as I was so far embarked that it seemed impossible that I could avoid passing through the hands of one or other of these, a gentleman of the name of Lescar arrived, who had been sent to me by my brother, and who was the bearer of a letter from him containing the following information:—

That, since my departure from court, God had given him the grace to serve the king so faithfully in the command of the army which had been entrusted to him, that he had taken every town he had been

ordered to attack, and driven all the Huguenots out of those provinces which it was intended that his army should subdue. That he had rejoined the court at Poitiers, where the king was sojourning during the siege of Broüage, in order to be nearer to Monsieur de Mayenne, and to afford him any assistance that he might require. That, as the court is a veritable Proteus, which is continually assuming new forms and becoming the scene of fresh novelties, he had now perceived that it was entirely changed, and that he was treated at it with no more consideration than if he had never done anything for the king's service. That Bussi, to whom the king had behaved with friendliness before his departure, and who had served his majesty in this war, both in his own person and by means of his friends, to the extent of having even lost a brother at the siege of Issoire, was as much out of favour as ever, and as much persecuted, through jealousy, as he had been in Du Guast's time, and that every day some fresh indignity was suffered by one or other of them. That the minions¹ by whom the king was surrounded had contrived that four or five of

¹ "Ce fut en 1576," says De L'Etoile, "que le nom de mignons commença à trotter par la bouche du peuple, auquel ils estoient fort odieux, tant pour leurs façons de faire, qui estoient badines et hautaines, que pour leurs fards et accoustremens effeminés et impudiques, mais surtout pour les dons immenses et liberalités que leur faisoit le Roy. . . . Ces beaux mignons portoient leurs cheveux ongués, frisés et refrisés par artifices, remontans par dessus leurs petis bonnets de velours . . . et leurs fraises de chemises de toiles d'atour empezées et longues de demi-pied, de façon qu'à voir leur teste dessus leur fraize, il sembloit que ce fust le chef Saint Jean dans un plat. . . . Leur exercices estoient de jouer, blasphemer, sauter, danser, volter, quereller et paillarder, et suivre le Roy partout et en toutes compagnies, ne faire, ne dire rien que pour lui plaire, etc."—*Journal de Henry III.*, 1576.

the worthiest of his followers—Maugiron,¹ La Valette,² Mauléon,³ Livarrot, and others—should quit his service and enter that of the king. That the king bitterly repented having allowed me to make this expedition into Flanders, and that, out of hatred to my brother, it was being arranged that, upon my return journey, I was to be seized, either by the Spaniards, who had been informed that I was occupying myself with his interests in Flanders, or by the Huguenots, so that they might revenge themselves upon him for the harm he had done them by making war upon them after they had lent him their assistance.

What I have stated above afforded me plenty of food for reflection, seeing that I should not only be compelled to pass through one or other of these factions, but that, besides, the principal members of my own party were either Spanish or Huguenot in their tendencies—Monsieur le Cardinal de Lenoncourt having been formerly suspected of favouring the Protestant cause, whilst Monsieur Descarts,⁴ a brother of my Lord Bishop of Liege, had been in like manner suspected of being Spanish at heart.

In the midst of all these conflicting doubts I was only able to confide in Madame la Princesse de la Rochesur-Yon and in Madame de Tournon, who, realizing our perilous position, and knowing that it would take us five or six days to reach La Fère—during the which we should be continually at the mercy of either one or

¹ Louis de Maugiron, son of Laurent de Maugiron, Baron d'Ampuis, Lieutenant-General of Dauphiné.

² Jean-Louis de Nogaret de La Valette, Duc d'Épernon in 1581.

³ Giraud de Mauléon, Seigneur de Gourdan, died 1593.

⁴ Jaques de Pérusse, Seigneur d'Escars.

other of these parties—replied to me with tears in their eyes, that God alone could preserve us in this hour of danger; that I must commend myself to His care, and then act as He should inspire me; that, as regarded themselves, notwithstanding that one was ill and the other old, I was not on that account to hesitate about making long stages, as they would accommodate themselves to anything in order to save me from this peril.

I then spoke upon the subject to the Bishop of Liege, who behaved really like a father to me, and lent me his grand-master and his horses to convey me as far as I might desire. As it was necessary, however, first to obtain a passport from the Prince of Orange, I despatched Montdoucet to him, who, besides being well known to him, was slightly tinged with Huguenot opinions.

He did not return. I waited for him for two or three days, and believe that, if I had remained there, I might have been awaiting him still. Monsieur le Cardinal de Lenoncourt and the Chevalier Salviati,¹ my first equerry, who both belonged to the same faction, continued to advise me not to set forth until I had obtained a passport, but as I saw that obstacles were being raised only with the object of detaining me, I resolved to depart upon the following morning.

When they found that they could no longer delay me upon the aforesaid pretext, the Chevalier Salviati, in league with my treasurer, who in addition, was secretly Huguenot, persuaded this last to declare that he had

¹ Francis Salviati, grand-master of the order of Saint Lazarus, first counsellor and first equerry to the Queen of Navarre, and chamberlain to the Duke of Anjou (formerly Duke of Alençon).

not sufficient money to pay what was owing to our entertainers (a statement which was entirely false, for, upon my arrival at La Fère, I insisted upon looking at the account, when I found that, out of the sum which had been set aside for the journey, sufficient money remained to carry on my housekeeping for more than six weeks), and contrived that my horses should be prevented from starting—thus causing me to be subjected to a public insult, over and above the risk incurred by the delay.

Madame la Princesse de la Roche-sur-Yon, unable to endure such an indignity, and perceiving the danger to which I was being exposed, lent the necessary money, at which they were utterly confounded; and after having presented my Lord Bishop of Liege with a diamond worth three thousand crowns, and his servants with either rings or gold chains, I took my departure, and arrived at Huy with nothing in the shape of a passport but my trust in God.

This town, as I have already said, was in the Bishop of Liege's territory, but it was nevertheless riotous and disaffected (all the people of this district being infected by the general rebellion of the Low Countries), and it had ceased to recognize its bishop because he had decided to remain neutral, whilst it had espoused the side of the party of the States. In consequence of this, the townsfolk paid no attention to the bishop's grand-master who had accompanied us, but, having been alarmed just as I arrived, by the news that Dom John had seized upon the castle of Namur, as soon as we had reached our apartments, they began sounding the tocsin, dragging the artillery about the streets, and stretching

chains across the entrance to my lodging ; so that we were prevented from communicating with one another, in which state they left us all night, without giving us an opportunity of speaking with them—they being all rough and unreasoning persons of mean condition.

In the morning they permitted us to depart, after they had lined the whole street with armed men.

From Huy we proceeded to Dinan, where we passed the night, and where, as ill-luck would have it, the inhabitants had elected their burgomasters, who are equivalent to consuls in Gascony and France, that very same day. The whole place was in a state of carousal; everybody drunk; none of the magistrates known to us; in short, there was a real chaos of confusion, and, to make matters worse, the Bishop of Liege's grand-master had formerly been at war with these people, and was regarded by them as a deadly foe. This town, when in its right mind, is upon the side of the States, but, now that Bacchus reigned supreme there, the people had lost all self-control, and did not acknowledge anybody's authority. When they perceived a train as numerous as mine was approaching the outskirts of the town, they instantly took fright. Leaving their glasses, they flew to arms, and, instead of opening the gates, assembled in tumult, and closed the barriers against us.

I had sent on a gentleman in advance, together with the foragers and the purveyor of lodgings, to beg the inhabitants to permit us to pass through the town, but I found that they had all been stopped at the barrier, where they were calling out vainly for admittance. At last I stood up in the litter, and, taking off my mask, made a sign to one of the most important

persons in the crowd that I desired to speak to him, when, upon his approaching me, I begged that he would enjoin silence in order that I might be heard.

When this had been with great difficulty accomplished, I explained to them who I was, together with the object of my journey, and said that, far from desiring to do them any harm by my coming, I did not even wish them to dream of such a thing. I then begged them to grant admittance to me and my women for that one night, with as few of my male attendants as they liked, leaving the remainder of them outside in the suburbs. To this plan they agreed, and they granted my request.

I entered their town thus, with the most distinguished members of my retinue, amongst whom was the Bishop of Liege's grand-master, who was unluckily recognized just as I was going into my lodging, followed by all this armed and drunken mob. Thereupon they commenced hurling insults at him, and desired to set upon him, notwithstanding that he was a venerable old man of eighty, with a white beard reaching down to his girdle. I made him take refuge in my lodging, against the mud walls of which these drunkards directed a whole shower of arquebuse shots.

Upon hearing all this disturbance, I inquired whether the landlord of the house was within. Fortunately he happened to be at home. I begged him, thereupon, to go to the window, and arrange for me to speak to some of the leading townspeople.

This he spared no pains to accomplish, and at last, after having shouted for some time out of the windows, the burgomasters came to speak to me, so drunk

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that they did not know what they were saying. I assured them that I had had no idea that this grand-master was obnoxious to them; represented to them how serious it would be for them to offend a person of my quality, who was a friend of all the principal lords of the States, and told them that I was sure that Monsieur le Comte de Lalain and all the other leaders, would be much annoyed at the reception they had given me.

At this mention of the name of Monsieur de Lalain a change came over them, and they all evinced more respect for him than for any of the kings to whom I was related. The oldest amongst them inquired of me, smiling and hesitating, whether I was indeed a friend of Monsieur le Comte de Lalain; to whom I replied, seeing that my relationship to him was of more service to me than that of all the potentates in Christendom:—

“Yes; I am his friend, and likewise his kinswoman.”

Upon this they made obeisance to me, shook hands with me, and became at once as courteous as they had before been insolent, beseeching me to excuse their conduct, and promising that they would leave the worthy grand-master in peace, and suffer him to depart with me.

Upon the following morning, as I was about to proceed to mass, a man named Du Bois—the agent whom the king¹ had placed near Dom John, and who was extremely Spanish in his sympathies—presented himself before me, and informed me that he had received letters from the king charging him to

¹ Henry III.

conduct me safely upon my return journey; that, with this end in view, he had begged Dom John to place Barlemont, with a troop of cavalry, at his disposal, to serve me as an escort, and to conduct me in safety as far as Namur, and that I must ask the townspeople to grant admittance to Monsieur de Barlemont, who was one of the noblemen of the country, with his troop, in order that he might escort me.

Now, this had been planned with a double object; that of gaining possession of the town, and of ensuring that I should fall into the hands of the Spaniards. I was extremely perplexed as to what to do in this emergency, but after confiding in Monsieur le Cardinal de Lenoncourt, who did not wish to fall into the hands of the Spaniard any more than I did, we decided that it would be advisable to find out from the townspeople whether there was not some other road by pursuing which I might avoid Monsieur de Barlemont's troop.

Leaving, therefore, the little agent Du Bois, to converse with Monsieur de Lenoncourt, I repaired to another apartment, sent for some of the townspeople to come thither, and told them that if they admitted Monsieur de Barlemont's troops they would be lost, as they would take possession of the town for Dom John. I advised them to arm, and to hold themselves in readiness at their gate, in the attitude of persons who had been forewarned, and only to permit Monsieur de Barlemont to enter alone, without any of his following. They took my advice in good part, and, believing what I said, offered to risk their lives in my service, and to provide me with a guide who should conduct me out of the town by a road which would place the

river between me and Dom John's soldiers and leave them so far behind that they would be unable to overtake me ; after which I was to continue my journey only by way of such houses and towns as were upon the side of the States. Having arrived at this decision, I sent them off to admit Monsieur de Barlemont alone, who, as soon as he had entered the town, endeavoured to persuade them to allow his men to come in likewise, whereupon they turned upon him and were upon the point of killing him, telling him that if he did not make his troops withdraw beyond its confines, they would open fire upon them with their artillery. This they did in order to give me time to cross the river before the soldiers could come up with me.

When Monsieur de Barlemont was inside the town, he and the agent Du Bois did all they could to persuade me to go to Namur, where Dom John was awaiting me. I appeared as though anxious to do as they advised, and after having heard mass, and partaken of a hasty dinner, I quitted my lodging accompanied by two or three hundred armed citizens, and whilst continuing to converse with Monsieur de Barlemont and the agent Du Bois, took my way straight towards the river-gate, which was in the opposite direction to the road leading to Namur upon which Monsieur de Barlemont's soldiers were assembled. When they became aware of this, they told me that I was not going the right way ; but I went on, continuing to beguile them by fair words, until I arrived at the gate of the town, through which I passed, followed by the greater number of the citizens, and hastening to the river, embarked on board a boat, upon which I made my suite take

their places as quickly as possible—Monsieur de Barlemont and the agent Du Bois calling out to me all the while, from the water-side, that I was not doing right, and that I was not adhering to the wishes of the king, who desired that I should pass by way of Namur. In spite of their expostulations, we crossed speedily over to the other side, whilst the citizens, during the time that our litters and horses were being conveyed across, entertained Monsieur de Barlemont and the agent Du Bois with a thousand grievances and complaints, in order that I might be enabled to gain time—taking them to task with respect to the wrong Dom John had done in breaking faith with the States and putting an end to the peace, referring to the old quarrels at the time of Count d'Aigmont's death, and repeating their threat that, if the soldiers came any nearer to the town, they would open fire upon them with their artillery. By this means they gave me time to proceed so far that I had no longer anything to fear from the troops, directed as I was by God, and by the guide with whom they had provided me.

I passed that night in a fortress called Fleurines, belonging to a gentleman who was upon the side of the States, and whom I had met when I was with the Comte de Lalain. Unfortunately, however, the said gentleman was not at home, his wife only being within; and she—as soon as we entered the first courtyard, the gates of which we found wide open—took fright and fled to her stronghold, raising the drawbridge, determined, however much we might entreat, not to allow us to come in.

Meanwhile, three hundred gentlemen, who had

been despatched by Dom John to intercept us, and to seize upon the said castle of Fleurines—being aware that I had arranged to stay there—made their appearance upon a small elevation some thousand paces off, and thinking that we had entered the fortress, having perceived from where they were that we had all gone into the courtyard, they halted there, close by, hoping to surprise me upon the following morning.

As we were in this extremity, being only inside the first courtyard, which was merely protected by a wretched wall, and by a rickety door that would have been quite easy to force, and still arguing with the lady of the castle, who continued deaf to our entreaties, God granted us the grace of vouchsafing that her husband, Monsieur de Fleurines, should return home at nightfall, who caused us to be admitted at once, and was extremely angry with his wife for having displayed such rudeness and indifference.

The said Lord of Fleurines had been sent after us by the Comte de Lalain to ensure my safe passage through the towns belonging to the States, as he was prevented from accompanying me himself, being unable to leave the army of which he was commander-in-chief.

This fortunate meeting brought us good luck, for, as the master of the house offered to escort us into France, we passed through no more towns in which I was not honourably and amicably received—as they were all upon the side of the States—my only annoyance arising from the fact that I could not return by way of Monts, as I had promised the Countess de Lalain that I would, and that I was unable to approach it any nearer than De Nivelles, seven good leagues off, which was the reason why,

with the war raging as it was, she and I were unable to meet, and why I saw nothing of Monsieur le Comte de Lalain either, he being, as I have already said, with the army of the States near Anvers. I could only despatch a letter to her from Nivelles, by a servant of the gentleman who acted as my guide, when, upon hearing of my whereabouts, she immediately sent some gentlemen of greater distinction to me, who had been waiting there to escort me to the French frontier (for I had to pass through the whole of Cambresis, which was half for the Spaniard and half for the States), with whom I proceeded to the castle of Cambresis, whence I sent her, as a remembrance, when they were returning, one of my dresses, composed of black satin, all covered with raised embroideries, which I had heard her admire very much when I wore it at Monts, and which had cost me eight or nine hundred crowns.

Upon arriving at the castle of Cambresis, I received information that some Huguenot troops intended to waylay me between the Flemish and the French frontiers; whereupon, having only communicated this news to a few persons, I made ready for my departure at an hour before daybreak. Upon sending for our litters and horses, however, so that we might set off, the Chevalier Salviati commenced procrastinating just as he had done at Liege, when, as I knew that he did this for a purpose, I abandoned my litter, and, mounting on horseback, followed by those of my people who were ready first, succeeded in reaching Castelet by ten o'clock in the morning, having thus, through the mercy of God, escaped all the snares and pitfalls of my enemies.

Upon proceeding thence to my home of La Fère, where I intended remaining until I should hear that peace was concluded, I found that a messenger from my brother had preceded me, who had orders to await me, and to return post-haste and inform him directly I arrived. My brother wrote me word by him that peace had been established, and that the king was about to return to Paris, but that, as regarded himself, his condition had gone from bad to worse, as he was condemned to endure the slights and indignities to which he and his followers were being perpetually subjected, whilst there arose every day fresh quarrels, which were fastened upon Bussi and the worthy fellows who were in his service. This made him await my return to La Fère with extreme impatience, in order that he might come and join me there.

I sent his messenger back to him immediately, and, upon being informed by him of my return, he at once despatched Bussi to Angers, together with his entire household, and taking with him only some fifteen or twenty of his followers, set forth by post to join me at my home of La Fère.¹ It was one of the greatest pleasures that I have ever experienced to receive under my own roof one that I loved and honoured so much, and I took every pains to provide him with all the amusements that I thought would be likely to render his sojourn agreeable. This he took in such good part that he would willingly have exclaimed, like Saint Peter, "Here let us raise our tabernacles," had it

¹ "Monsieur, frère du Roy, arriva à Paris . . . d'où il partit le samedi 12 (October, 1577) pour aller à la Fère, en Picardie, veoir la roine de Navarre, sa seur."—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*

not been that the right royal courage and generosity of soul which distinguished him incited him to nobler deeds. The tranquillity of our court, compared with the other from which he came, rendered the pleasures so sweet that he tasted there that he could not help perpetually exclaiming :—

“ Oh, my queen, how pleasant it is to be with you! Good heavens, this society is a paradise replete with all sorts of delights, whilst that from which I came is a hell filled with all kinds of dissensions and torments !”

We passed nearly two months in this happy state, which seemed only like two short days, during which, having told my brother what I had done for him whilst travelling in Flanders, and of the condition in which I had left his affairs, he agreed that Monsieur le Comte de Montigny, brother of the Comte de Lalain, should come to La Fère and consult with him as to the course to be pursued, so that he might be informed of the wishes of the people whilst making known to them his own. He¹ arrived, accompanied by five or six of the most important personages in Hainault, one of whom was the bearer of a letter and message from Monsieur d’Ainsi, offering my brother his services, and assuring him that he might count upon the citadel of Cambray. Monsieur de Montigny was commissioned by his brother, the Comte de Lalain, to place the whole of Hainault and Artois, in which there are several fine towns, at my brother’s disposal.

Having received these direct overtures, my brother sent back the delegates, after presenting them with gold medals upon which were depicted his head

¹ The Comte de Montigny.

and my own, and assuring them of the improvements and benefits which they might hope for from him, in consequence of which, upon their return, they made every preparation for his coming, whilst he, with the intention of putting his forces in readiness to proceed to Flanders, returned to court in order to endeavour to obtain the provisions from the king which were necessary for his enterprise.

As I desired to set off upon my voyage into Gascony, and had made everything ready to this end, I returned to Paris, and was met by my brother when a day's journey from thence, whilst the king, the queen my mother, and Queen Louise,¹ with the whole court, did me the honour to come and meet me as far as Saint Denis, where I was to dine, and where they received me with much honour and cordiality, taking great pleasure in making me describe the splendours and magnificences of my journey and sojourn at Liege, together with the adventures consequent upon my return. Whilst we were conversing thus pleasantly, being all of us seated inside the chariot of the queen my mother, we reached Paris, where, after supper, when the dancing was finished, I approached the king and the queen my mother, who were together, and entreated them not to take it amiss if I begged them to permit me to go and rejoin my husband, for that, as peace was now concluded, such a course could not inspire them with mistrust, and that it would be both unseemly and injurious to me if I put off going any longer.

They both appeared to approve thoroughly of this plan, and commended me for desiring it, and the queen

¹ Louise of Lorraine, wife of Henry III.

my mother said that she would like to accompany me, as it was necessary that she should visit that part of the country in the interest of the king, to whom she likewise said that he ought to furnish me with the means requisite for my journey, which he readily agreed to do.

As I did not wish to leave anything undone which might oblige me to return to court, where I could never have known any happiness once my brother (whom I saw preparing to depart very soon upon his Flemish expedition) was gone, I begged the queen my mother to recall to mind what she had promised me when peace had been concluded with my brother; that, in the event of my departing for Gascony, she would have certain estates assigned to me for my marriage-portion. She recollected this, and as the king considered that my demand was very reasonable, he promised me that the matter should be arranged. I begged that it might be settled quickly, as I desired, with his permission, to start at the commencement of the following month.

Matters were thus concluded, but after court fashion; for, instead of allowing me to set out, in spite of my daily solicitations, they¹ obliged me to drag on at court for five or six months, and my brother likewise, who was all as impatient to proceed upon his expedition into Flanders. He represented to the king that it was for the honour and aggrandizement of France; a means of averting civil war, since all such unquiet spirits as were desirous of change would have an opportunity of letting off their steam in Flanders, and of quenching their thirst for warfare, whilst the

¹ The King and the Queen-Mother.

enterprise would provide the French nobility with a school wherein they could accustom themselves to the practice of arms, as they had done in Piedmont, and be the means of producing future Monlucs,¹ Brissacs,² Termes,³ and Bellegardes,⁴ equal to those great generals, who, having received their training during the Piedmontese wars, had since then so gloriously and successfully served both their king and their country. These arguments, sound and truthful though they were, were not potent enough to weigh in the balance against the envy engendered by an improvement in my brother's prospects, and he was made to encounter fresh obstacles every day, in order to hinder him in assembling his forces and obtaining the necessary funds for his journey into Flanders; whilst, in the meantime, he and Bussi and others of his followers were subjected to a thousand insults,—Bussi having endless quarrels thrust upon him, by day and night, and at all hours now by Quelus, now by Grammont, with the object of inducing my brother to take part in some of them.

This was done without the king's sanction, but Maugiron, who dominated him at that time, and who, having quitted my brother's service, imagined that he probably bore him illwill in consequence (as it is generally the one who is in the wrong who never forgives), hated my brother with such an intense hatred that he sought to injure him in every possible way, whilst rudely braving and insulting him; for

¹ Blaise de Lasseran, Seigneur de Montluc.

² Charles de Cossé, Comte de Brissac.

³ Paul de la Barthe, Seigneur de Termes.

⁴ Roger de Saint-Lary, Seigneur de Bellegarde.

the rashness of extreme youth, puffed up as he was by the king's favour, led him to commit all manner of impertinence, and having allied himself with Quelus, Sainct Luc, Sainct Maigrin, Grammont, Mauléon, Livarrot, and sundry other young men whom the king favoured, and who were followed by all the members of the court—after the fashion of sycophants, who only run after the prosperous—heard they did anything that came into their heads, whatsoever it chanced to be. It happened, therefore, that scarcely a day elapsed without some new quarrel arising betwixt them and Bussi, whose courage none could surpass. My brother, thinking that these incidents were not calculated to accelerate his journey into Flanders, and desiring rather to mollify the king than to annoy him—so that he might continue to regard his enterprise with favour—reflecting, also, that if Bussi were away from court he might advance the training of the troops which were required for his army, sent him off, forthwith, to his estates to carry out this object.

But my brother's persecutions did not cease with Bussi's departure, and it then became evident that, although his fine qualities had filled Maugiron and the other young men who were about the king with a great deal of jealousy, the chief reason for their hatred of him arose from the fact that he was in my brother's service. For, after he had left, they continued to defy and annoy my brother with so much insolence, and so publicly, that everybody perceived it, although he was of an extremely discreet and patient disposition, and had resolved to submit to anything with the object of advancing his Flemish expedition, hoping thereby to escape very shortly

from his annoyances, and never to allow himself to be subjected to them again.

Nevertheless, these insults and persecutions were exceedingly annoying and humiliating to him, particularly as he perceived that, out of hatred to him, his enemies sought to injure his followers in every possible way; they having within the last few days caused Monsieur de la Chastre¹ to lose an important lawsuit only because he had lately entered my brother's service, the king having allowed himself to be so influenced by the persuasions of Maugiron and Saint Luc, who were friends of Madame de Senetaire,² that he had himself asked that the suit might be given in her favour against Monsieur de la Chastre, who was then in my brother's service, and who, being offended at this, as may well be imagined, imbued my brother with a share of his just displeasure.

The marriage of Saint Luc took place at about this time,³ and as my brother did not wish to be present at it, he begged me not to go to it either; whereupon the queen my mother, who was not over-pleased with the insufferable impudence of these young men, and who was fearful, likewise, that the day would be passed in merrymaking and debauchery, and that, as my brother had not consented to join in it, they might play him some trick which might be injurious to him, arranged that the king should give his consent to her going, upon the day

¹ Edme, Marquis de la Châtre.

² "Jeanne de Laval, dame de Senetaire, dame douée d'une singulière beauté et encore d'un plus bel esprit, que le Roi aime."—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*, 1586.

³ He married Jeanne de Cossé, daughter of Maréchal de Brissac.



of the wedding, to dine at Saint Maur, and took my brother and myself there with her. It was upon Easter Monday.¹ We returned in the evening, the queen my mother having so lectured my brother that she had succeeded in inducing him to consent to appear at the ball, so as to please the king. But instead of mending matters, this only made them worse, for Maugiron and others of his faction who were present, began taunting him with such cutting words that anyone even of lesser degree than himself would have been offended at them—telling him that it was labour lost for him to have changed his dress, that he might have come in the one he wore in the afternoon, seeing that he had arrived at dusk, an hour extremely appropriate to him, and twitting him with his ugliness and meanness of stature.²

All this was repeated to the bride, who was near him, loud enough for it to be overheard. My

¹ “Le dimanche gras, 9 febvrier, Monsieur, frère du Roy, accompagné de la Roine sa mère, et de la roine de Navarre, sa sœur, s'en alla dès la matin prommener au bois de Vincennes et à Saint-Maur-lès-Fossés, tout exprès, afin de n'assister aux nopces qui ce jour furent faites de Saint-Luc et de la damoiselle de Brissac.”—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*

² Contemporary portraits fully confirm the fact of the duke's ugliness. “He was a small brown creature,” says Froude, “deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse croaking voice.”—Froude, *Hist.*, xi., pp. 132, 154, 155. His character was in keeping with his ignoble presence. We read in Sully that Henry of Navarre, who had every right to know him well, said of him: “Il a si peu de courage,—le cœur si double et si malin, le corps si mal basti, etc., etc.,” whilst Marguerite, in spite of her devoted attachment to him, was betrayed into declaring that “si toute l'infidélité étoit bannie de la terre, il la pourroit repeupler.” Sir William Stirling-Maxwell alludes to him in his “Don John of Austria” as a “worthless prince,—perhaps the basest of the base Valois-Medici brood.”—*Don John of Austria*, chap. vi., p. 234.

brother, knowing that this was only done with the object of inducing him to reply, and of thus placing himself upon bad terms with the king, withdrew from where he was, so filled with indignation and annoyance that he could scarcely contain himself; and, after having talked over the matter with Monsieur de la Chastre, he decided to go away for a few days upon a hunting expedition, thinking by his absence to diminish the animosity of these youths and thus to facilitate the conclusion of his business with the king relative to the preparation of the army for his Flemish enterprise. He went off to find the queen my mother amongst the company, and made known to her the resolution he had arrived at. She was much annoyed at what had occurred, approved of his decision, and promised him that she would persuade the king to agree to it, and that she would ask him during my brother's absence, to furnish him quickly with what had been promised him for his expedition into Flanders, and, as Monsieur de Villequier happened to be present, she ordered him to go and inform the king of my brother's desire to repair for some days to the chase, which it seemed to her could only be productive of good, as a means of appeasing all the quarrels between him and these youths—Maugiron, Sainct Luc, Quelus, and the rest.

My brother withdrew to his chamber, and looking upon his leave of absence as already obtained, desired his servants to be prepared upon the morrow to proceed to Sainct Germain, where he intended to remain for a few days to follow the stag, and ordered his chief huntsman to have the dogs in

readiness there ; after which he retired to rest, with the intention of rising on the following morning and consoling or diverting himself a little with the chase after the dissensions of the court. Monsieur de Villequier, in the meanwhile, had gone by command of the queen my mother to ask for my brother's leave of absence from the king, who in the first instance granted it. But having shut himself up in his closet with a Jeroboam's council of some five or six young men they represented to him that this departure was very suspicious, and reduced him to such a state of apprehension that they led him to commit one of the greatest follies that was ever perpetrated in our day—namely, to detain my brother prisoner, with all his principal followers.

If this decision had been rashly arrived at, it was still more indiscreetly carried out, for the king, after hurrying on his night gear, went straightway to the queen my mother,¹ in a state of the utmost excitement, as though there had been some public panic, or the foe had been at the gate, exclaiming :—

“How, madam, could you think of asking my permission to allow my brother to depart? Do you not perceive, were he to go, the peril to which you expose my realm? Underneath this pretext of hunting, there lurks, doubtless, some dangerous design. I am going to arrest him, together with all his people, and shall have his coffers searched.

¹ Both in the first edition and in that of Monsieur J. Godefroy, this phrase is thus rendered : “le Roy soudain *prenant la parole de nuit* s'en alla, etc., etc.” This, as Monsieur Guessard points out, is absolute nonsense. According to his authority, “le Roy soudain *prenant sa robe de nuit*,” is the original sentence ; an amendment which I have adopted above.

I feel assured that we shall make some important discoveries.”

And thereupon, seeing that he was accompanied by the Sieur de Lossé,¹ captain of the guards, and several Scottish archers²

The queen my mother, fearing that in his impetuosity he might commit some act to endanger my brother's life, entreated that she might go with him, and all disarrayed as she was, wrapping herself up as best she could in her dressing-gown,³ followed him up to my brother's room, at the door of which the king knocked violently, calling out that it was the king, and that he must be admitted.

My brother woke up with a start, and well knowing that he had done nothing which need give him cause to fear, bade Cangé, his *valet de chambre*, open the door to the king; whereupon the king, entering in a fury, commenced raging at him, saying that it was evident that he would never give over plotting against the state, and that he would teach him what came of putting himself in opposition to his king. Thereupon he ordered his archers to carry off my brother's coffers and to drag his attendants out of the room. He himself searched in my brother's bed to see if he could find any papers there, and as my brother happened to have a letter from Madame de Sauve, which he had received that very night, he held it in his hand to prevent it from being seen.

¹ Jean de Losses, who styles himself, in a deed of acquittance, dated 1569: “Chevalier de l'ordre du Roy et Cappitaine de sa garde écossoise.”

² There is a hiatus here in the Memoirs.

³ Literally “night-cloak;” “*manteau de nuit*,” in original.

The king insisted upon taking it from him. As my brother resisted this, and implored him, with clasped hands, not to look at it, the king only desired to see it all the more, deeming that this paper would be amply sufficient to settle my brother's account. At last, the king having opened it in the presence of the queen my mother, they were all as much embarrassed as was Cato, when, having obliged Cæsar, in the Senate, to display the paper which had been brought to him, and which he declared was something affecting the welfare of the Republic, it turned out to be a love-letter which the sister of this very Cato had addressed to himself.

The shame and annoyance occasioned by this misapprehension increased the king's anger instead of diminishing it, and, without listening to my brother, who kept on asking of what he was accused, and why he was being treated thus, he committed him to the keeping of Monsieur de Lossé and the Scotchmen, after ordering them not to allow him to speak to anybody.

This happened an hour after midnight. My brother remained in this situation, feeling more concerned upon my account than upon his own—for he fully believed that I had been served in the same fashion, and did not think that what had commenced in so violent and unjust a manner could have any other than a disastrous ending—until, observing that Monsieur de Lossé's eyes were filled with tears of regret at seeing things brought to this pass, and not daring, on account of the archers who were present, to converse with him with any freedom, he merely inquired of him what had become of me.

Monsieur de Lossé replied that as yet nothing had been required of me, whereat my brother made answer :—

“It is a great relief to me in my distress to know that my sister is at liberty, but, in spite of her being so, I am assured that she loves me so much that she would rather share my captivity than continue in freedom without me;” and he begged Monsieur de Lossé to go and entreat the queen my mother to obtain permission from the king that I should be detained a prisoner with him, which request was granted.

The firm confidence which my brother had in the depth and strength of my affection inspired me with such especial gratitude that, although he had already placed me under many an obligation by his kindnesses, I have always set this one before them all.

As soon as he had obtained this permission, which was at about dawn, he begged Monsieur de Lossé to despatch one of the Scottish archers to break this sad news to me, and to conduct me to his chamber.

When this archer entered my room, he found me still asleep, unconscious of all that had happened. He drew aside my curtain, and said, with the accent peculiar to the Scotch :—

“Good day, madam! Monsieur your brother desires that you will come and see him.”

I gazed at him scarcely awake, fancying that I must be dreaming. Then, recognizing him, inquired whether he was not one of the Scottish guard. He replied that he was, and I then rejoined :—

“What is the matter? Has my brother no other messenger but you to send to me?”

He answered that he had not, for that he had been deprived of his servants, and he then related to me, in his jargon, what had befallen my brother in the night, and told me that he had obtained permission for me to bear him company during his captivity. Then, seeing that I was greatly distressed, he approached me and said in an undertone :—

“Do not distress yourself; I have the means of rescuing your brother, and will do so, never fear; only I shall have to depart with him.”

I promised him all the recompense that he could have hoped for from us, and after dressing myself hastily, set off with him to my brother's apartment.

I was obliged to cross the whole breadth of the courtyard, which was thronged with people, who were generally eager to behold me and to do me honour.

But now, perceiving that Fortune was turning her back upon me, they too pretended not to see me.

Upon reaching my brother's room, I found him so resigned that no change had taken place either in his demeanour or in the calm which was habitual to him. When he beheld me, he said, embracing me, and with a countenance which was joyous rather than sad :—

“I beseech you, my queen, to dry your tears! In my present situation your grief is the only thing that could afflict me, since my innocence and the honesty of my intentions prevent me from fearing any of the accusations of my enemies. If it is their intention to sacrifice my life unjustly, those who commit this barbarity will do themselves more harm than they will

do me, who am possessed of sufficient courage and resolution to despise an unjust condemnation. Neither is this the thing that I most dread, for my existence has been hitherto encompassed with so many troubles and disappointments that, never having tasted any of the joys of this world, I ought not to feel any regret at leaving them. My only fear is, that being unable to bring about my death by fair means, they may cause me to languish in the solitude of a long captivity ; although, even then, I should make light of their tyranny if you would but grant me the favour of consoling me with your presence.”

These words, instead of arresting my tears, caused me to pour forth wellnigh all the essence of my being.¹

I answered him with sobs, that my life and interests were bound up in his ; that it was in the power of God alone to prevent me from bearing him company in whatsoever condition he might chance to be, and that, if he were to be removed elsewhere and I was not permitted to accompany him, I should kill myself in his presence.

Whilst we were conversing thus, and both seeking vainly to discover the reason that had induced the king to display such cruel and unjust bitterness towards my brother, the hour came round for the opening of the palace gates, when a rash youth who was in Bussi's service, having been recognized and stopped by the guards, was questioned as to whither

¹ “Verser toute l'humeur de ma vie.”—*Memoirs*, p. 276. Monsieur Guessard substitutes “toute l'humeur de ma *vue*,” although he states that “de ma *vie*” occurs in the manuscript (Guessard, p. 140).

he was going; whereupon he made answer, in surprise, that he was going to seek his master. This speech having been reported to the king, a suspicion arose that Bussi must be in the Louvre, which he had indeed entered that afternoon, upon returning in my brother's suite from Saint Germain, and at his desire, as he wanted to confer with him upon business connected with the army which he was raising for Flanders—as he did not then know that he should leave court so soon as he had afterwards suddenly resolved upon doing.

In the evening, in consequence of what I have related, L'Archant,¹ the captain of the guards, having received orders from the king to search for Bussi, and to arrest both him and Simier (and who conducted this investigation with regret, being an intimate friend of Bussi and connected with him by marriage, so that Bussi always called him his father, whilst he spoke of Bussi as his son), went up to Simier's room, where he arrested him, after which, as he had no doubt but that Bussi was in hiding there, he made a superficial search, and was well pleased when he failed in discovering him.

But Bussi, who was lying on the bed, and who perceived that he was about to be left alone in the room—being afraid lest the commission should be entrusted to someone else with whom he might not be in like safety, and desiring rather to be in the keeping of L'Archant, a worthy man and a friend, and possessing, as he did, a gay and ribald disposition, upon

¹ Nicolas de Grémonville l'Archant, Captain of the King's Body-guard. This is probably the same Grémonville who was employed by Henry III. to stop the queen's carriage in 1583, and convey her and her ladies to the abbey of Ferrières.

which dangers and risks could never produce any impression of fear—thrust his head through the curtain just as L'Archant was passing out through the door in charge of Simier, and called out :—

“Hulloa, father ! Are you going away thus without me ? Do you not consider that my behaviour has been more creditable than that of this scoundrel of a Simier ?”

L'Archant turned round and said :—

“Ah, my son, would to God that I had lost an arm rather than that you should have been here !”

To which Bussi replied :—

“That is a sign, good father, that my affairs must be prospering !” and he continued to make fun of Simier, perceiving what a state of quaking apprehension he was in.

L'Archant placed them in a guarded room, and then proceeded to arrest Monsieur de la Chastre, whom he conveyed to the Bastille.

Whilst all these events were taking place, the custody of my brother had been given to Monsieur de Loste, a worthy old man who had once been tutor to the king my husband, and who loved me like a daughter. He detested the evil counsel by which the king allowed himself to be governed, and being desirous of obliging us both, he determined to afford my brother an opportunity of escape. In order to discover his intention to me he commanded the Scottish archers to take up their position upon the step outside the door, only retaining two of them with him in whom he had confidence. Then he said, taking me aside :—

“The heart of every true Frenchman must bleed at

beholding what we behold to-day ! I have served the king your father too long for me not to sacrifice my life for his children. I believe that I shall have charge of Monsieur your brother wheresoever he is confined. Pray assure him that I will free him at the risk of my life. We must not converse together any longer, lest my intention should be discovered, but you can count upon this for certain."

This hope consoled me somewhat, and recovering my courage, I told my brother that we ought not to submit to this kind of investigation without knowing what we had done ; that it was treating us like common rogues to shut us up after this fashion, and I begged Monsieur de Loste to ask the king, as he would not permit the queen my mother to come up and visit us, that it would please him to acquaint us by one of his servants of the cause of our detention. Monsieur de Combaut,¹ the head of the young men's party, was thereupon despatched to us, who informed us, with his usual solemnity, that he was sent to us to inquire what explanation we desired to give to the king. We replied that we wished to speak to someone from the king, in order to know the reason of our arrest, as we were at a loss to imagine what it could be.

He answered us, gravely, that gods and kings must not be called to account for their actions, since they did all things for a good and just purpose. We told him that we were not persons who ought to be detained after the manner of those who are subjected to the inquisition, and are left to divine the cause of their

¹ Robert de Combaud, Lord of Arcis-sur-Aube, first groom of the chambers to Henry III.

offending; but we could drag nothing else from him except that he would occupy himself in our behalf and do the best that he could for us.

My brother fell to laughing, but I, being entirely absorbed by misery at beholding the brother whom I loved better than myself in danger, had great difficulty in preventing myself from talking to Combaut as he deserved.

Whilst he¹ was making his report to the king, the queen my mother, who had sought her chamber in the state of affliction that may be imagined (for, being a very prudent person, she foresaw the trouble that this extreme measure, executed without rhyme or reason, might produce in the realm if my brother did not take it good-naturedly), sent off to summon all the elders of the council, consisting of Monsieur the Chancellor, with the princes, nobles, and marshals of France, who were all extremely scandalized at the bad advice that the king had received. They told the queen my mother that she ought to oppose it, and point out to the king the injury that he was doing himself; that one could not prevent the wrong which had been already done, but that it must be redressed as effectually as possible.

The queen my mother thereupon went at once to seek the king, accompanied by all these his ministers, who pointed out to him the gravity of these proceedings. As he was no longer under the pernicious influence of the young men, he took the representations of the old noblemen and counsellors in good part, and begged the queen my mother to

¹ Combaut.

set matters to rights, and to arrange that my brother should forget everything that had occurred; that he should bear the young men no illwill, and that, through the same means, a reconciliation should be brought about between Bussi and Quelus.

This having been determined, all the guards that had been set over my brother were immediately withdrawn, and the queen my mother, repairing to his room, told him that he ought to praise God for the mercy He had shown him in delivering him from so great a peril, seeing that there had been moments when she scarcely dared hope for his life; and that, since he knew by this that the king's mood was such that he was not only offended by facts, but by fancies, and was so determined in his opinions that, without pausing at her counsel, or at anybody else's, he did everything that came into his head, my brother would do well, so as not to put him into these tempers, to make up his mind to accommodate himself to his will, and to go forthwith and seek him, in order to prove that he did not cherish any resentment at what had been perpetrated against his person, and that he would dismiss it from his memory. We answered her that we had indeed good cause to praise God for the mercy He had vouchsafed us in preserving us from the injustice it was intended to do us—in respect to which, after God, we admitted that we were wholly indebted to her—but that my brother's rank did not permit of his being imprisoned without cause and then liberated without some form of justification and acquittal.

The queen replied that God Himself was powerless to undo what had already come to pass, but that

the irregularities connected with my brother's arrest would be made up for by causing his liberation to be attended with all the honour and satisfaction that he could desire ; but that he, likewise, must give satisfaction to the king in everything, addressing him so respectfully, and manifesting so much zeal in his service, as that he should rest contented therewith ; and that he must arrange, furthermore, that Bussi and Quelus should become reconciled in such a manner that no bone of contention should remain to cause further quarrels. For it must be confessed that the chief cause which had led to this evil counsel and its consequences had been the dread of a duel solicited by the elder Bussi—the worthy sire of so worthy a son—who had begged the king to allow him to become the second of his son, the gallant Bussi, and that Monsieur de Quelus should, in like manner, act as second to his own son, to the end that they four should finally settle this dispute without involving the court—as heretofore—in the quarrel, or putting so many people to inconvenience. My brother promised her that Bussi, seeing that there was no hope of his being permitted to fight, would do whatever she commanded in order to get out of prison.

The queen my mother, thereupon, went down to the king, and persuaded him to consent to liberate my brother with due respect ; to which end he came to the room of the queen my mother, accompanied by all the princes, lords, and other advisers belonging to his council, and sent Monsieur de Villequier to summon us ; when, upon passing through the chambers and reception-rooms on our way to his majesty's

presence, we found them thronged with people, who gazed at us with tears in their eyes, and praised God at beholding that we were delivered out of danger.

When we came into the room of the queen my mother, we found the king with the company I have mentioned, who said to my brother, upon beholding him, that he begged he would not take amiss what he had done in his anxiety for the tranquillity of his realm, or be offended at it, and that he would not believe that it had been done with any intention of displeasing him.

My brother replied that he owed and had sworn such allegiance to his majesty as would ensure his being always well pleased with whatsoever seemed good unto him, but that he entreated him to consider that the devotion and fidelity he had shown him did not deserve such treatment; that, nevertheless, he only reproached his ill-luck, and should be perfectly satisfied if the king would acknowledge his innocence. The king answered that he had no doubt of it, and that he begged him to count upon his affection as he had done heretofore. Upon this the queen my mother took hold of them both, and made them embrace. The king then commanded that Bussi should be summoned, in order that he might become reconciled to Quelus, and that Simier and Monsieur de la Chastre should be set at liberty. When Bussi came into the room, with that fine air which was natural to him, the king told him that he desired him to become reconciled to Quelus, and that there should be no further mention of their quarrel, and commanded him to embrace Quelus forthwith. Bussi made answer: "Sire, if it please you that I should kiss him, I am quite agreeable;" and suiting the

action to the word, he straightway gave him a hug after the manner of a Pantaloon,¹ whereat all the company, notwithstanding that they were still awed and astonished at what had taken place, could not refrain from laughing. Those who were wisest considered that the meagre satisfaction my brother had received was not public enough to compensate for so great a wrong.

When this was over, the king and the queen my mother came up to me and told me that I must help my brother to dismiss any memories which might interfere with the obedience and affection he owed to the king.

I replied that my brother was so prudent and so much attached to the king's service, that he did not need to be persuaded thereunto either by me or by anybody else, but that he had never received, and never should receive, from me, any other advice than that which would be conformable to their will and to his own duty. As it was by this time three o'clock in the afternoon, and as no one had as yet dined, the queen my mother proposed that we should all dine together, and requested my brother and myself to go and change our apparel, which was in keeping with the sad situation whence we had just emerged, and that we should array ourselves in order to be present at the king's supper and at the dance. She was obeyed with respect to such things as were possible—namely, the taking off and putting on of apparel—but as concerned the countenance, the true index of

¹ "A la Pantalone."—*Memoirs*, first edition, p. 290. "C'est-à-dire," says Monsieur Guessard, "une embrassade de théâtre. Pantalón est un des masques de la comédie Italienne."—*Lettres et Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, note to p. 147.

the soul, the righteous wrath we had experienced was plainly legible upon both of ours, having been imprinted there with all the violence of sorrow and just contempt wherewith we were possessed in consequence of the performance of this tragi-comedy. When it had been terminated after this fashion, the queen my mother, perceiving before her the Chevalier de Seurre,¹ whom she had appointed to sleep in my brother's room, and in whose conversation she sometimes took pleasure, seeing that he was possessed of a lively wit and said readily whatever he chose, having a somewhat cynical turn of humour, said to him :—

“ Well, Monsieur de Seurre, what say you to all this? ”

“ I consider it too much to have been done without premeditation,” he answered, “ and too little to profit by.”

Then, turning to me, he said aside, so that she could not overhear him :—

“ I do not believe that we have reached the last act of this drama ; I shall be much deceived in that man ” (alluding to my brother) “ if he allows the matter to rest here.”

The day having passed thus—the wound having been only fomented externally, and not healed from within—the young men who possessed the king, judging my brother's nature by their own, and as their raw experience prevented them from realizing the power which duty and patriotism may exert over a prince as great and illustrious as he was, persuaded

¹ Michel de Seure, Knight, Grand-Prior of Champagne.

the king, so as to identify their own interests with his, that my brother would never forget the public insult he had received, and would seek to revenge himself for it.

The king, forgetful of the folly these youths had already induced him to commit, became immediately imbued with this second idea, and commanded that the captains of guards should keep careful watch at the doors to see that my brother did not go out, and that all his followers should be turned out of the Louvre every night, with the exception of those who generally slept in his room or in his closet. My brother perceiving that he was thus at the mercy of these heartless youths, who disposed of him, as regarded the king, just as their fancy moved them, and fearing from the recent example of what had been done to him, without cause or reason, that worse might happen to him, determined, after he had endured the fear of this possibility for three days, to quit the court never to return, and to withdraw to his own possessions, with the view of hurrying on his preparations with as much promptitude as he could, to the end that he might set out for Flanders. He communicated this desire to me, and, as I saw that in it lay his only hope of safety, and that neither the king nor this realm would suffer any prejudice in consequence, I approved of it, and upon considering the means of carrying it out, seeing that he could not make his escape by the doors of the Louvre, which were so jealously watched that the guards even scrutinized the faces of all those who passed through them, there seemed to be no other way than for him to get out by the window of my room, which was upon the

second storey, looking out upon the moat; and he begged me, with this object, to procure a stout cable of the necessary length.

I set about doing this at once, and caused a broken bed-trunk¹ to be removed that very day, as though to get it repaired, by a boy who was faithful to me, and who, when he brought it back in a few hours' time, had put the cable we required inside it.

When the supper-hour came, as it happened to be a fast day, when the king did not sup, the queen my mother and I supped alone together in her small apartment. Here my brother, notwithstanding that he was usually sufficiently patient and discreet in all his actions, came to me as I was rising from table, impelled by the recollection of the insult he had received and of the danger that threatened him, and being impatient to get away, whispered to me to make haste and come quickly to my room, where I should find him.

Monsieur de Matignon,² who was not at that time a marshal, a dangerous and cunning Norman, who did not like my brother, having either been informed of our plan by one who had not held his tongue, or else guessing it from the manner in which my brother had spoken to me, said to the queen my mother, as she was returning to her room, that it was evident my brother intended to make off; that he knew perfectly well that he would be gone by the morrow, and that

¹ Monsieur Guessard substitutes "malle de *luth*," or lute-box, for the "malle de *lit*" of the first edition, which I took to mean the large trunk, similar to the Italian "*cassone*," which was generally placed at the foot of the bed in mediæval chambers (Edition Guessard, p. 150).

² Odet de Matignon, Comte de Thorigny.

she ought to prevent it. This conversation I partly overheard, as I was near enough to her to do so, and was besides upon the alert, observing attentively all that took place, after the manner of persons in like case, who, when upon the eve of their deliverance, are wont to be agitated by all manner of hopes and fears.

I perceived that the queen was troubled at this news, which made me still more apprehensive lest we should have been discovered. Upon entering her closet she drew me aside and said to me :—

“Are you aware of what Matignon told me ?”

I replied : “I did not hear what it was, madam, but I saw that it was something that pained you.”

“Yes,” she answered ; “it pained me very much, for you know that I have pledged my word to the king that your brother shall not depart, and Matignon has just told me that he knows perfectly well that he will not be here to-morrow.”

As I now found myself betwixt the horns of a double dilemma, since I should either have had to break faith with my brother and place his life in jeopardy, or to swear against the truth (a thing that I would not have done to escape a thousand deaths), I was in such great perplexity that, if God had not assisted me, my demeanour would have plainly betrayed what I feared might have been discovered. But seeing that God helps all good intentions, and that His divine goodness operated towards this work of saving my brother, I was enabled to compose my countenance and my speech in such wise that the queen could ascertain nothing but what I chose, whilst at the same time I neither militated against my soul nor my conscience by the taking of any false

oath. I merely asked her whether she was not aware of the hatred that Monsieur de Matignon bore my brother, and said that he was a malicious mischief-maker who could not endure to see us all agreed; that I would forfeit my existence if my brother had any desire to make off; and that, as he had never hidden anything from me, I was quite certain that he would have informed me of it if he had had any such intention. I said this feeling well assured that, once my brother was safe, no one would dare to do me any injury, whilst even supposing that the worst happened, and that we were destined to be discovered, I infinitely preferred to pledge my life than to outrage my soul by a false oath, or to place my brother's existence in danger.

She replied, without seeking deeply into the meaning of my words :—

“ Consider well what you say; you will be my surety for it; you will answer for it upon your life!”

I replied, smiling, that this was what I meant, and, bidding her good-night, repaired to my room, where, after I had undressed, in haste, and got into bed, in order to be enabled to dismiss my ladies and maids, my brother joined me, with Simier and Cangé, as soon as I was left with only my waiting-women. I then got up again, and after we had adjusted the rope by means of a stick, and looked into the moat to see that there was nobody there, with the help of only three of my waiting-women who slept in my room, and of the chamber-boy who had brought me the rope, I let down first my brother (who laughed and joked without being in the least afraid, although the height was very great), then Simier, who trembled and could scarcely

hold on from fear, and then Cangé, my brother's *valet de chambre*. God directed my brother and protected him so happily from discovery that he reached Sainte Genevieve, where Bussi was awaiting him, who, with the abbot's¹ consent, had made a hole in the town-wall.² Through this hole he passed out of the town, and finding horses all ready awaiting him, withdrew to Angers without encountering any mischance.

Just as we were letting down Cangé, the last of all, a man jumped up from the bottom of the moat and set off running towards the apartment which adjoins the tennis-court, in the direction leading to the guard-house. In the midst of all this risk I had never apprehended anything upon my own behalf, having been entirely occupied with my brother's safety or danger; but I was now half senseless with terror, deeming that this man was somebody who, in accordance with Monsieur de Matignon's warning, might have been posted there to watch us, and, fancying that my brother had been captured, I became in a state of despair such as can only be imagined by those who have gone through similar experiences.

Whilst I was in this extremity, my women, more anxious than I was for my safety and their own, took the rope and threw it into the fire, so that it might not be discovered, supposing that, by ill-luck, the man

¹ This abbot was one Joseph Foulon, who became known on account of the conferences which were afterwards held in his abbey during the siege of Paris.

² "Le Vendredi 14 de ce mois (Jan., 1578), sur les sept heures du soir, Monsieur, s'en estant allé à l'abbaye Sainte-Geneviève et faisant semblant de venir faire collation avec l'abbé, s'en va en certain endroit de ladite abbaye, à ce destiné et ordonné, et par dessus les murailles de la ville, se fait descendre avec une corde dans le fossé."—De L'Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*

who had arisen out of the moat should have been set there as a spy. This rope, which happened to be a very long one, made such a blaze that the chimney caught fire, so that the flames came out through the top, and being perceived by the archers who were on guard that night, they came and knocked violently at my door, saying that I must open it directly. Thereupon, although I made sure at the first knock that my brother was taken and that we were both lost, as I had always put my trust in God, He enabled me to retain my presence of mind (a favour it has pleased His divine majesty to vouchsafe to me in all the perils in which I have found myself), and seeing that the rope was only half burnt, I told my women that they were to go boldly to the door and ask them what they wanted, speaking low, as if I had been asleep. This they did, whereupon the archers said that my chimney had caught fire, and that they came to extinguish it. My women told them that it was nothing; that they could quite well put it out themselves, and that they must take care not to awaken me.

This alarm was scarcely over when, two hours later, there comes Monsieur de Lossé to convey me to the presence of the king and of the queen my mother, in order that I might give them an account of my brother's evasion, whereof they had been apprised by the Abbot of Sainte Genevieve, who, so as not to become compromised in the affair, had, with my brother's consent, informed the king of it as soon as he knew that he was far enough upon his way to ensure his not being captured, saying that my brother had arrived at his house unexpectedly; that he had detained him there, but that during this

time he and his followers had practised the hole in the wall, and that he had been unable to come and inform the king of it sooner. As it was still night, Monsieur de Lossé found me in bed. I at once arose, wrapped in my dressing-gown, when one of my foolish and affrighted women caught hold of it, screaming and weeping, and saying that I should never return. Monsieur de Lossé remarked to me as he thrust her aside : “ If this woman had made this scene before anyone who was not as devoted to you as I am, it would have got you into trouble. But as it is, fear nothing, and give thanks to God, for Monsieur your brother is in safety.”

This information proved very useful in fortifying me against the threats and menaces which I had to undergo from the king, whom I found seated at the bedside of the queen my mother, in such a passion that I believe he would have made me suffer from it if her presence and the fear inspired by my brother's departure, had not restrained him.

They both said that I had assured them that my brother should not depart, and that I had pledged myself to them thereunto. I replied that this was true, but that he had deceived me in this as he had deceived them ; that, nevertheless, I could answer to them, at the risk of my life, that his departure would not result in any deviation from his allegiance to the king, and that he was only going home in order to prepare what he required for his expedition into Flanders. This mollified the king somewhat, and he allowed me to return to my room. He very soon afterwards received intelligence from my brother, who assured him that his desire had been

only what I had represented it to be. This put an end to the reproaches, although it did not do away with the displeasure of the king, who, upon a pretence of wishing to assist in the preparations for my brother's army for Flanders, did, in reality, all that he could, in an underhand manner, to delay and hinder them.





BOOK THE THIRD.

TIME went on after this fashion, and as I continued to importune the king at all hours to allow me to go and join the king my husband, and as he perceived that he could no longer refuse me this request and did not wish me to depart bearing him illwill; as likewise he desired, above all things, to divert me from my affection for my brother, he endeavoured to conciliate me by every kind of benefit, giving me, in accordance with the promise made me by the queen my mother at the peace of Sens, the assignment of my marriage-portion in lands, and, furthermore, the patronage of sundry offices and benefices, and besides the pension such as the daughters of France are accustomed to receive, he made me an additional allowance from the money in his coffers, and took the trouble to come and visit me every morning and to represent to me how advantageous his friendship was to me, enabling me to live quite happily, whilst that of my brother would, in the end, bring about my destruction, with a thousand other arguments to a like effect.

He could never succeed, however, in making me

swerve from the fidelity I had sworn to my brother, nor could he extort from me aught else than that my greatest desire was to behold my brother restored to his favour; that it seemed to me that he had never deserved to be deprived of it, and that I was sure that he would endeavour to render himself worthy of it by every kind of obedient and devoted service; that, as regarded myself, I felt that I was indebted to him for all the honours and benefits that he was conferring upon me; that he might rest assured that, once I was with the king my husband, I should not fail to obey any of the commands with which it might please him to charge me, and that I should labour to no end so earnestly as to maintain the king my husband in his allegiance. As my brother was just at this time upon the point of starting for Flanders, and as the queen my mother desired to go and see him at Alençon before he set out, I besought the king that he would be pleased to permit me to accompany her, in order to bid him farewell. To this he unwillingly consented.

Upon my return from Alençon, everything having been prepared for my journey, I again entreated the king to allow me to depart.

The queen my mother, who had likewise to make an expedition into Gascony in the interests of the king, (that country having need of either his or her presence), decided that I should not set forth without her,¹ and

¹ This journey, it would appear, was undertaken at the expense of the clergy. We read in *De L'Etoile* that, "Sur la fin de ce mois (Juillet, 1578), le Roy demanda au clergé de France une décime et demie d'extraordinaire, outre les moiennes décimes ordinaires, sous prétexte des frais qu'il convenoit faire pour renvoyer la roine de Navarre, sa seur, au



as the court was removing from Paris, the king conducted us to Dolinville,¹ where, after having entertained us for some days, we took our leave of him,² and shortly afterwards came into Guyenne, which was the province that was under the government of the king my husband, and, in consequence, I was everywhere given a public reception.

The king my husband came to meet the queen my mother as far as La Reolle—a town which was still held by those of the religion by reason of the mistrust which yet possessed them—the disturbed condition of the country not having permitted of his coming any further. He was bravely attended by all the lords and gentlemen belonging to the religion in Gascony, and by several Catholics.

It had been arranged by the queen my mother that she should make only a short sojourn here, but so many accidents supervened, upon the side both of the Huguenots and of the Catholics, that she was constrained so remain eighteen months, and as she was

roi de Navarre son mari, dont tout le clergé murmura fort.”—*Journal de Henry III.*, 1578.

¹ “A son Dolinville.”—First edition of *Memoirs*. Monsieur Guessard calls it “Olinville,” so that I conclude it is thus written in the MS. “Ollainville” is now a village in the department of Seine-et-Oise. Henry III. once had a country-house there.

² “Le samedi 2 Aoust, la roine de Navarre partit du chasteau d’Olinville pour prendre le chemin de Gascongne, vers le Roy son mari, et l’accompagnent la Roine sa mère, le Cardinal de Bourbon, le duc de Montpensier, et Messire Gui du Faur, sieur de Pybrac, président de la cour.”—De L’Etoile, *Journal de Henry III.*, 1578. “Après les mots : ‘le Roy son mari,’ says Monsieur Guessard, “Lestoile avait ajouté, dit l’éditeur, la ligne suivante, qu’il a postérieurement effacée : ‘à son grand regret et corps défendant, selon le bruit tout commun.’”

angry and weary at this delay, there were times when she was inclined to think that it had been purposely contrived by them, to the end that they might enjoy the society of her maids of honour, as the king my husband had become deeply enamoured of Dayelle,¹ and Monsieur de Thurene of La Vergne.² This, however, did not prevent my husband from showing me great respect and affection ; as much, indeed, as I could have desired, for he informed me, upon the very first day, of all the devices which had been invented, at the time of his residence at court, to set us against one another, which he admitted had only been with the object of sowing dissension between my brother and himself, and of thus ruining us all three, and he expressed great satisfaction at our having come together again.

We continued in this happy state as long as the queen my mother remained in Gascony, who, after she had established peace, changed the king's lieutenant, at the entreaty of the king my husband, dismissing Monsieur le Marquis de Villars,³ and putting Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron in his place.

When the time came for her to go into Languedoc, we accompanied her as far as Castelnaudarry, and

¹ A Greek by birth, who had escaped from the sacking of Cyprus in 1571. She afterwards married Jean d'Hémerits, a Norman gentleman. "Il ne faut pas la confondre," says Monsieur Guessard, "avec Victoire d'Ayelle (Ayala), fille d'honneur de la reine Catherine. Celle-ci était d'une famille illustre d'Espagne, et épousa, en 1580, Camille de Fera, Seigneur originaire de Mantoue."—*Lettres et Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois.*

² We read in Castelnau (t. i., p. 328) of "Mademoiselle de La Vernay."

³ André de Brancas.

after taking leave of her there, we returned to Pau, in Bearn, where, as there was no celebration of the Catholic religion, I was only allowed to have mass performed in a little chapel three or four paces long, and which, being extremely narrow, was quite full when we were only seven or eight persons within. When mass was about to be celebrated the drawbridge of the castle was raised—for fear that the Catholics of the country, who enjoyed no religious privileges, should come to hear it, for they were extremely anxious to be present at the holy celebration of which they had been deprived for several years. Urged by this pious and natural desire, some of the inhabitants of Pau found means, upon the day of Pentecost, to obtain entrance to the castle, previous to the lifting of the drawbridge, and thence to slip into the chapel, where they were not discovered until mass was well-nigh over, when, the door being partly opened to allow of the entrance of one of my people, some Huguenots, who were prying in, perceived them, and reported the circumstance to Pin, the secretary of the king my husband, who had great influence with his master and great authority in his household, as he was accustomed to manage all affairs connected with those of the religion. He immediately sent the guards of the king my husband to the chapel, who, after dragging the Catholics thence and beating them in my presence, cast them into prison, where they remained for a considerable time, in addition to which they were very heavily fined.

I was much offended at this indignity, having been unprepared for anything of the kind. I sought the king my husband in order to complain of it, and entreated him

to allow these poor Catholics to be released, who had not deserved any such chastisement merely for desiring, after having been deprived for so long of the services of our religion, to take advantage of my coming to attend mass upon the occasion of so solemn a feast. Le Pin, without having been summoned, thrust himself upon us as a third, and, ignoring the respect due to his master, instead of allowing him to reply to me, took up the conversation himself, telling me not to worry the head of the king my husband about that matter, since, whatever I said, would not alter the state of the case; that the Catholics had richly deserved their fate, and that I ought to be satisfied in that I was permitted to have a mass said for myself and for those of my people whom I desired should attend it.

These words, from a man in such a position, offended me greatly, and I besought the king my husband that, if I was fortunate enough to have any place in his affections, he would prove to me that he was sensible of the insult which he had seen me receive from this low fellow, and would see that I obtained satisfaction for it.

The king my husband, perceiving my just indignation, ordered Du Pin to quit my presence, assuring me that religious zeal was what had pushed him thus far, and that I should receive whatever satisfaction I might desire; whilst, with regard to the Catholic prisoners, he would advise with his counsellors in the parliament of Pau as to what could be done to comply with my wishes.

Having spoken to me thus, he repaired to his closet, where he found Le Pin, who, after talking the matter

over with him, induced him entirely to change his mind. In consequence of which, fearing lest I should require him to dismiss Du Pin, he took to avoiding me, and to assuming a distant manner towards me. Finally, as I had made up my mind that he should either part with Du Pin or with me—whichever he preferred—all those who were in attendance upon him and who hated Le Pin, represented to him that he ought not to displease me for the sake of such a man and one who had so grievously insulted me, and that if the circumstance ever came to the knowledge of the king or of the queen my mother they would think it very wrong of him to have retained him about his person. This at last induced him to dismiss him, but he did not cease to bear me illwill or to treat me distantly, being incited thereto, as he has since told me, by Monsieur de Pibrac, who was playing a double part, saying to me that I ought not to put up with the insolence of a low fellow like Du Pin, and that, whatever happened, I ought to have him sent away, whilst he declared to the king my husband that there was no reason why I should deprive him of the services of one who was so necessary to him. Monsieur de Pibrac did this with the object of inducing me, by reason of all these annoyances, to return to France, where he enjoyed the appointment of president and adviser of the king's council; whilst, to make matters worse for me, the king my husband, since the departure of Dayelle, had begun to pay court to Rebours,¹ a malicious girl who disliked me, and who endeavoured, by every means in her power,

¹ Daughter of Guillaume Rebours, president of the parliament of Calais.

to prejudice me in his eyes.¹ As, in the midst of all these tribulations, I had sought help from God, He took compassion upon my tears and vouchsafed that we should depart from this little Geneva of a Pau,² where, fortunately for me, Rebours remained behind, ill, whom the king my husband, once she was out of his sight, dismissed likewise from his affections, and began to take up with Fosseuse,³ who at that time was much prettier, and quite young and innocent.

On our way to Montaubon we had to pass by a village called Eause, and, upon the night of our arrival there, the king my husband fell ill with a violent and continuous fever, accompanied by severe headache, which lasted for seventeen days, during which time he could neither obtain rest by day or by night, and it was necessary to change him continually from one bed to another. I devoted myself so entirely to waiting upon him—never quitting him for a moment, or even taking off my clothes—that he began to take pleasure in my service, and to praise it to everybody, particularly to my cousin, Monsieur de Turenne,⁴ who,

¹ "Marguerite ne luy en fit plus cruel traitement," says Brantôme, "et venant à estre fort malade à Chenonceaux, où elle mourut, la visita, et, ainsi qu'elle voulut rendre l'âme, l'admonesta, et puis dit: 'Cette pauvre fille endure beaucoup; mais aussi elle a fait bien du mal. Dieu luy pardonne comme je luy pardonne.'"—*Eloge de Marguerite de France*.

² "Ce petit Geneve de Pau."—*Memoirs*, livre iii., p. 321.

³ Françoise de Montmorency, fifth daughter of Pierre, Marquis de Thury, Baron de Fosseux, married afterwards the Baron de Cinq-Mars.—*Memoirs de Castelneau*, t. i., p. 329; *Histoire de Montmorency*, p. 304, and *Confession de Sancy*.

⁴ Henri de La Tour, Vicomte de Turenne, afterwards Duc de Bouillon. There is a hiatus here in the first edition of the *Memoirs*, the name being left out. Monsieur Guessard, however, remedies the omission.

acting the part of a kind kinsman, re-established me as firmly as ever in my husband's favour—a blessing which I enjoyed during the four or five years that I remained at Nerac, where our court was so brilliant that we had no cause to regret that of France. Besides myself, with a good many ladies and maids of honour, there were Madame la Princesse de Navarre, my husband's sister,¹ married since to Monsieur le Duc de Bar,² and the king my husband, with a goodly following of lords and gentlemen—as gallant a company as any I can ever remember to have seen at the French court—the only drawback consisting in the fact that its members were Huguenots. This difference of religion, however, was never alluded to. The king my husband and his sister, Madame la Princesse, used to go off in one direction to hear the sermon, whilst I and my suite would repair in another, to attend mass in a chapel situated in the park, after which we were wont to reassemble and walk together, either in a beautiful garden which had long alleys planted with laurel and cypress, or in a park, which I had had laid out in avenues three thousand paces long, by the side of the river, the remainder of the day being generally passed in all kinds of innocent amusements, and the afternoons and evenings in dancing.

The king was devoted to Fosseuse, who, as she was entirely dependent upon me, conducted herself with such virtue and propriety as would have saved her

¹ Princess Catherine of Bourbon, who married, in 1599, Henri de Lorraine, Duc de Bar, Marguerite's nephew.

² Monsieur Guessard renders this phrase : “Monsieur le Duc de Bar mon neveu,” whence I conclude it runs thus in the original MS.

and myself, if she had only persevered in it, from many of the misfortunes which have since come to pass.

But Fortune—jealous of such a delightful existence, which seemed, by reason of the peace and unity wherein we continued, to set her power at defiance—stirred up a fresh subject of dissension between the king my husband and the Catholics, which set the king my husband and Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron—who had been given the post of king's lieutenant in Guyenne at the request of the Huguenots—so much at variance that, in spite of all I could do to maintain peace between them, I was unable to prevent them from reaching an extremity of hatred and mistrust. They began to complain of one another to the king; the king my husband demanding that Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron might be dismissed from his post in Guyenne, and Monsieur le Mareschal accusing my husband and those of the so-called religion, of having engaged in sundry enterprises contrary to the terms of the treaty of peace.

This beginning of discord went on increasing, to my great regret, without my being able to remedy it. Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron advised the king¹ to come into Guyenne, saying that his presence there would set matters to rights, which the Huguenots being informed of, imagined that the king was coming solely with the intention of seizing upon and dismantling their towns. This made them decide to have recourse to arms, which was what I dreaded most, seeing that I was bound to identify myself with

¹ The King of France.

the fortunes of the king my husband, and must find myself, in consequence, upon the side which was opposed to the king and to my own religion.

I spoke of this to the king my husband, with the view of restraining him, and to all the members of his council, pointing out to them how disastrous this war might prove, when they would have such a commander opposed to them as Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron, who, besides being a great general, was so bitterly incensed against them that he would not make a pretence of fighting, or spare them as some had done, and that if the king's power were to be directed against them with the object of utterly exterminating them, they were not in a position to resist it.

But their dread of the king's coming into Guyenne, together with the hope that possessed them of making expeditions against the towns of Gascony and Languedoc, influenced them to such an extent that, although the king did me the honour to place much more faith and reliance in me than heretofore, and that the leaders of the religion acknowledged that I was endowed with some judgment, I was, nevertheless, unable to persuade them of that which they soon afterwards discovered, to their cost, to be the truth.

I had to allow this torrent to rush on uncontrolled, although it very soon abated its course when they came to experience what I had predicted.

Long before things had come to this pass, seeing in what direction they were tending, I had given frequent warnings to the king and to the queen my mother, in order that they might mend matters by giving some satisfaction to the king my husband.

But they took no heed whatever of my representations; it even seemed as though they were well pleased at the turn which affairs had taken, for the late Mareschal de Biron assured them that he was in a position to reduce the Huguenots as thoroughly as he desired. My advice was consequently neglected, and the feeling of bitterness went on gradually increasing until hostilities ensued.

The members of the so-called reformed religion, however, were much dissatisfied with the strength of the only forces they were enabled to assemble—the army of the king my husband being far inferior, numerically, to that of Mareschal de Biron. All their enterprises, too, had miscarried, with the exception of the expedition against the town of Cahors, which they took by means of petards, with the loss of a great many men, Monsieur de Vezins,¹ who defended it, having held out for the space of two or three days, disputing street after street and house after house with them, upon which occasion the king my husband revealed his prudence and valour, conducting himself less after the manner of a prince of his quality than of a daring and experienced general.

The taking of this town weakened rather than strengthened them. The Mareschal de Biron, seizing his opportunity, continued the campaign, assaulting and taking all the small towns that declared for the Huguenots, and putting everybody to the edge of the sword.

Ever since the commencement of hostilities—seeing that, as the king my husband honoured me with his

¹ See his “Eloge” in the Histories of De Thou (t. lii.) and D’Aubigné (t. i., livre i., chap. 4, and livre iv., chap. 7).

affection, I was bound not to abandon him—I had made up my mind to embrace his interests, not without extreme regret, however, that the motive of the war should be such that I could not desire the advantage of either the one side or the other without prejudice to myself. For, supposing that the Huguenots obtained the victory, it would bring about the destruction of the Catholic religion, the safety of which was more precious to me than my own life; whilst, if the Catholics prevailed over the Huguenots, I could but foresee the downfall of the king my husband.

Nevertheless, seeing that duty, joined to the affection and confidence which he was pleased to show me, retained me at his side, I wrote to the king and to the queen my mother, describing to them the state to which the affairs of this part of the country had been reduced in consequence of their neglect of my warnings, and besought them that, if they would not favour me so far as to command the extinction of this fire to which I found myself exposed, they would at least be pleased to give orders to Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron to treat as neutral the town in which I abode, and to arrange that no fighting should take place within three leagues of it, and I told them that I should exact the same terms from the king my husband with regard to those of his religion.

This request the king granted me, on condition that the king my husband should not be within the town of Nerac, and provided that, whenever he came there, the neutrality should cease.

Each party observed this condition as honourably as I could have desired, although it did not prevent the king my husband from often coming to Nerac, where

Madame his sister and I were sojourning—it being his nature to delight in the society of ladies, added to which he was then greatly enamoured of Fosseuse, (to whom he had been devoted ever since he had broken with Rebours), from whom I had never received any bad offices, so that he continued to treat me with the same intimacy and affection as heretofore, perceiving that I only desired to please him in all things.

These several considerations having, one day, led him to Nerac with his troops, he remained there for three days, being unable to tear himself away from such pleasant company and from so agreeable a spot.

Upon being informed of this, the Mareschal de Biron, who had only been awaiting some such opportunity, advanced in our direction with his army, upon a pretence of joining Monsieur de Cornusson, Seneschal of Tolose, who was conveying some reinforcements to him, at a ford of the river, but instead of going in that direction, he marched towards Nerac, and presented himself before it at about nine o'clock in the morning, with all his army drawn up in battle array within cannon shot.

The king my husband, who had been apprised upon the previous night of the coming of Monsieur de Cornusson, wishing to prevent the union of the two forces in order that he might give them battle separately, as he had sufficient men for the purpose—Monsieur de la Rochefoucaut being at hand with all the nobility of Xaintonge, and at least 800 mounted arquebusiers which he had supplied—had sallied forth at daybreak, thinking to fall in with one of them at

the ford. He had been wrongly informed, however—Monsieur de Cornusson having crossed the river upon the previous night—so that having failed in his enterprise, he returned to Nerac, where, as he made his entry into the town by one gate, he learnt that the Mareschal de Biron was drawn up in battle array before the other.

The day happened to be extremely stormy, and the rain fell so heavily that the arquebusiers were unable to do any service. Nevertheless, the king my husband placed some of his troops amongst the vines to prevent the Mareschal de Biron from approaching any nearer. The Mareschal, being unable to carry on any further operations on account of the rain, continued all the same drawn up within sight of us, standing his ground firmly, bringing up his artillery to within firing range, and only allowing some two or three of his men to disband, who asked our permission to break a lance in honour of the ladies.

Then, all at once, he divided his forces, and caused seven or eight volleys of cannon-shot to be fired into the town, one ball of which was carried as far as the castle ; after which he retired, having previously sent a trumpeter to me to present me his excuses, and to assure me that, had I been alone in the town, nothing in the world would have induced him to act as he had done, but that I must be aware that, according to the terms of the arrangement to which the king had agreed for the neutrality of the town, it had been specified that, if the king my husband should be at Nerac, the neutrality would become null and void, and that he had orders from the king to attack him wheresoever he might chance to be.

Upon all other occasions Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron had behaved towards me with the greatest respect, and had shown himself to be my friend; for when, during the course of the war, some of my letters happened to fall into his hands, he returned them to me unopened, whilst all those who stated that they were in my service were always well and honourably treated by him.

I sent back word by the trumpeter that I was aware that Monsieur le Mareschal was only acting in accordance with the exigencies of war and the instructions of the king, but that a man so intelligent as he was could very well have conformed to both the one and the other without annoying his friends; that he might perfectly well have allowed me to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the king my husband for these three days at Nerac; that he could not attack him when in my presence without attacking me likewise; that I was extremely offended at his conduct, and that I should complain of it to the king.

This war continued for some time longer, those of the religion being continually worsted, which assisted my endeavours to influence the king my husband towards peace.

I wrote frequently to the king, and to the queen my mother, upon this subject, but they paid no attention to my letters, trusting to the good luck which had always hitherto attended Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron.

Simultaneously with the commencement of this war, the town of Cambray, which since my departure from France had declared itself for my brother,

through the influence of Monsieur d'Ainsi,¹ of whom I have already spoken, was besieged by Spanish troops.

My brother, who was at home at Plessis-lez-Tours (whither he had but recently returned from Flanders, where he had had given over to him the towns of Monts, Valenciennes, and others, which were under the command of the Comte de Lalain, who had taken my brother's side and caused him to be recognized as lord of all the country under his control), upon being informed of this, and wishing to succour the town, immediately set about raising an army with which to proceed to its relief. But as this army could not be made ready soon enough, he despatched Monsieur de Balagny in the meanwhile, to the relief of the town, there to await the time when he could come with his troops and raise the siege.

When he had proceeded thus far with his preparations, and was beginning to assemble a portion of the force required, this Huguenot war broke out, which compelled all his soldiers to disband, in order to take service with the army of the king, who was proceeding into Gascony. This deprived my brother of all hopes of being able to relieve Cambray, the loss of which would entail that of the whole of the rest of the country he had conquered, and, what he regretted most, of Monsieur de Balagny and all the gallant fellows who were inside the walls of Cambray. He was extremely distressed at this, and as he was endowed with much wisdom and was never at a loss

¹ We read in the "Œconomies de Sully," chap. xvi., the account of the "sale tromperie" of which "le pauvre Monsieur d'Inchy" was the victim.

for an expedient when in trouble—perceiving that the only remedy would be the pacification of France, and possessing as he did a spirit capable of overcoming all difficulties—he undertook to bring about a peace, and despatched a gentleman at once to the king to persuade him to this end, and to beg him to grant him permission to treat for it. He did this from the fear that those who might be commissioned to arrange it should allow matters to drag on to such a length as would prevent him from being able to relieve Cambray in time—Monsieur de Balagny, who was, as I have said, within the town, having apprised my brother that he could hold out for six months longer. He said, however, that if the siege was not raised by then, the scarcity of provisions would be such that there would be no possibility of restraining the townspeople, or of preventing them from surrendering.

God having assisted my brother in his project of persuading the king to make peace, the king agreed to his proposal, thinking to turn him, by this means, from his Flemish enterprise, of which he had never approved. He commissioned him, therefore, to arrange the terms of the treaty and to conclude peace, informing him that he would send him Messieurs de Villeroy and de Bellievre to help him with the negotiations.

This commission resulted very fortunately for my brother, for, coming into Gascony, he concluded peace to the satisfaction of the king and of all the Catholics, whilst he left the king my husband and the Huguenots of his party no less contented, having proceeded with so much wisdom that he was praised and esteemed for it by everybody; added to which, he succeeded in

gaining over that great general, Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron, who devoted himself to his service in order to take the command of the army for Flanders, and whom he withdrew from Gascony to please the king my husband, Monsieur le Mareschal de Matignon being appointed in his place. My brother was retained in Gascony by this business for seven months, which seemed to him to be a great deal longer than they were, on account of his desire to go to the relief of Cambray, notwithstanding that the pleasure he experienced at our being together somewhat sweetened the bitterness of this responsibility.

Previous to his departure, my brother was desirous of reconciling the king my husband with Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron, on condition that the Mareschal would, in the first place, give me the satisfaction of apologizing for what had occurred at Nerac, and for which he desired me to upbraid him in the haughtiest and most scornful language at my command.

I obeyed this earnest injunction of my brother's with the discretion necessary upon such occasions, for I was well aware that he would one day regret his advice, seeing that he might hope for such great things from the assistance of so gallant a soldier.

My brother, who, upon returning to France accompanied by Monsieur le Mareschal de Biron, was received with no less honour and triumph—for having quieted so great a disturbance to the satisfaction of everybody—than upon the occasions following upon the many victories which he had achieved by his arms, immediately set about strengthening and improving his army. But, alas! with what certainty does

envy ever follow in the wake of happiness and glory ! The king, who derived no satisfaction from this state of affairs, and who was, besides, not overpleased that my brother and I should have remained together in Gascony for seven months during the peace negotiations, imagined, in order to find an excuse for his ire, that I had been the origin of the war, and had dragged the king my husband into it (although he can thoroughly testify to the contrary) in order that my brother should have the credit of arranging peace ; which, if it had only depended upon me, should have cost him much less time and trouble, seeing that the delay was very prejudicial to his affairs in Flanders and at Cambay.

This however was not taken into consideration ; for envy and hatred are apt to blind the eyes and render them unable to behold things as they are. The king founded a mortal aversion to me upon this false basis, and, calling to mind the memory of the past (when, during the time of his sojourn in Poland, and since his return thence, I had ever studied my brother's interests and contentment rather than his own), allowed all this to combine together to my disadvantage, and swore to compass my own and my brother's destruction.

Unhappily for me, Fortune favoured his animosity, and decreed that my brother, during his seven months' sojourn in Gascony, should become enamoured of Fosseuse, to whom, as I have already said, the king my husband had been paying his addresses ever since he had parted from Rebours. This led the king my husband to regard me with ill-feeling, as he imagined that I was going against him and furthering my

brother's suit. As soon as I became aware of this I besought my brother so earnestly—pointing out to him the misery he would bring upon me by this courtship—that, caring as he did for my happiness more than for his own, he subdued his passion, and ceased to hold any intercourse with her.

I succeeded thus in remedying this matter, but Fortune, who, when she begins persecuting one, is not to be discouraged by the first rebuff, contrived another pitfall for me—far more dangerous than the first—by arranging that Fosseuse, who was extremely fond of the king my husband, and who, up to this time, had only allowed him such familiarities as might with all propriety be permitted, should surrender herself so entirely to his will as that she should unfortunately become with child.¹ Whereupon, finding herself in this condition, she completely changed her attitude towards me, and instead of being open with me, as was her custom, and doing me all the good services that she possibly could with respect to the king my husband, she commenced avoiding me, and doing me as many evil turns as she had previously done me good ones. She possessed so much influence over the king my husband that, in a very short time, I perceived he was entirely changed. He became estranged, avoided me, and no longer took the same

¹ A lampoon of the period refers thus to the behaviour of the King and Queen of Navarre at this time :—

“ . . . Il y a bien de la besogne
A regarder ce petit roy,
Comme il a mis en désarroy
Toutes les filles de sa femme ;
Mais, hélas ! que la bonne dame
S'en venge bien de son côté ! ”

pleasure in my society as he had done during the four or five happy years that I had spent in Gascony, when Fosseuse had conducted herself respectably.

When the peace to which I have alluded was signed, and my brother had proceeded to France to form his army, the king my husband and I returned to Nerac, where we were no sooner arrived than Fosseuse—either as an excuse to conceal her condition, or else in order to get rid of its consequences—put it into the king's head to go to the waters of Aigues-caudes, which are situated in Bearn.

I begged the king my husband to excuse me if I did not accompany him to Aigues-caudes, as he knew that, since the insult I had received at Pau, I had made a vow never to enter Bearn unless the Catholic religion was established there. He pressed me earnestly to go, until he lost his temper, but I ended by excusing myself. He then told me that his girl (for it was thus that he designated Fosseuse) required to drink the waters for the indigestion from which she suffered. I told him that I was quite willing that she should go there. He replied that it would not be seemly for her to go there without me; that it would cause people to imagine evil where none existed, and he became very angry with me because I refused to take her to the waters. Finally, I contrived that he should be satisfied if two of her companions, Rebours and Villesavin,¹ went with her, together with the governess.

They departed with him, whilst I waited at Baviere.² I heard every day from Rebours (whom

¹ See Castelnau, t. i., p. 329.

² “*Baniere*,” original MS.

he had formerly loved—a depraved and deceitful girl, who was only desirous of ousting Fosseuse in order that she might supplant her in the favour of the king my husband) that Fosseuse was doing me all the worst offices in the world, maligning me continually, and persuading herself that if she had a son and could get rid of me, she might marry the king my husband, who, upon his side, had resolved, upon his return to Baviere, to go to Pau, and to take me there, either with my consent or by force.

My annoyance upon receiving this news may be well imagined. Nevertheless, as I had confidence in the goodness of God and in that of the king my husband, I passed the time of my sojourn at Baviere in waiting for the king, and in shedding tears as numerous as the drops of water which he and his companions were drinking at Aigues-caudes, notwithstanding that I was surrounded by the whole of the Catholic nobility of those parts, who strove by every means to make me forget my troubles.

At the end of a month or five weeks, the king my husband, having returned with Fosseuse and his other companions, learnt from one of the gentlemen who had been with me how unhappy I was from the fear of having to proceed to Pau. He did not, therefore, press me so much to go, but only said that he would have greatly desired that I should do so if I had been agreeable. But as my tears and protestations combined to show him that I would rather die than go, he altered his plans, and we returned to Nerac.

Here, as I found that everybody was talking about Fosseuse's condition, and that not only at our court,

but throughout the country, it was made the subject of common gossip, I desired to put an end to the rumour, and made up my mind to speak to her. I took her aside, therefore, into my closet, and addressed her thus :—

“In spite of your having for some time estranged yourself from me, and of my having been led to believe that you make mischief between me and the king my husband, the friendship I have always borne you, combined with that which I have sworn to the honourable family to which you belong, does not admit of my refusing to assist you in the distressing position in which you find yourself, and which I beg you will not deny to me; and as I do not wish that disgrace should fall upon both you and myself—who have as much interest in the matter as you have, seeing that you are in my service—you may rely upon my acting towards you like a mother. I have an excuse, on account of the plague, which, as you are aware, is raging in this country, and even in this very town, for proceeding to Mas d’Agenois, a house belonging to the king my husband, which is situated in a very lonely spot. I will only take with me such a following as you may yourself choose. Meanwhile, the king my husband will go hunting in quite another direction, whence he will not return until after the time of your delivery, and we shall thus put an end to this scandal, which concerns me no less than it does yourself.”

Instead of being grateful to me for this, she answered me with great haughtiness, saying that she would give the lie to all those who had talked about her; that for some time I had taken a dislike to her,

and that I was seeking for a pretext whereby to ruin her.

She spoke as loudly as I had spoken low, and quitting my closet in a rage, went to the king my husband and worked him up into the same state, so that he became greatly incensed with me for what I had said to his girl—declaring that she would give the lie to all those who had accused her—and he continued to bear me malice for this, until, some months having elapsed, the hour of her delivery was at hand.

She was taken ill in the morning at daybreak, whilst occupying the room of the maids of honour. She sent for my doctor, and begged him to go and inform the king my husband, which he did.

We were sleeping in the same room, in separate beds, according to our custom. When my husband was informed of this news by the doctor, he was greatly embarrassed as to what to do, fearing, on the one hand, that she should be discovered, and on the other that she might not be properly attended to, for he loved her dearly. In the end, he decided to confess everything to me, and to beg me to go and see that she was well cared for, being sure, in spite of what had taken place in the past, that he would always find me ready to serve him in whatsoever he pleased. He drew aside my bed-curtains, therefore, and addressed me thus:—

“ My dear, I have hidden something from you which I must now avow. I entreat you to pardon me, and to forget all I have previously said upon this subject, and to oblige me by getting up immediately and going to the assistance of Fosseuse, who is very ill. I feel sure that, out of pity for her condition, you

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will let bygones be bygones. You know how dearly I love her; I pray you, therefore, to do me this favour."

I replied that I honoured him too much to take anything amiss that came from him; that I would go to her and behave to her as though she had been my own daughter, and that, meanwhile, he must go upon a hunting expedition, and take all his suite away with him, so that no rumour of this might get abroad.

I then had Fosseuse promptly conveyed out of the maids' room and into a chamber apart, where my doctor and several women attended upon her, and where I saw her safely delivered. God willed that she should only give birth to a daughter, which, moreover, was still-born.

After her delivery, she was carried back to the maids' room, whence, in spite of using the greatest discretion, it was impossible to prevent the news from spreading all over the castle.

When the king my husband returned from hunting he went to see her, according to his custom. She besought him to induce me to go and see her—as I was accustomed to visit my maids whenever they were ill—thinking by this means to silence the rumours that were afloat.

Upon seeking my chamber, the king my husband found that I had gone to bed again, as I was tired with having arisen so early, and with all the trouble I had had whilst seeing that Fosseuse was properly attended to. He begged that I would get up and go to her.

I replied that I had been to her when she had had need of my assistance, but that now she no longer

required it, and that, if I went to her, I should be calling attention to, instead of concealing what had happened, and that everybody would point the finger of scorn at me.

He was extremely angry with me, which annoyed me very much, for I did not consider that I deserved such a reward as this after what I had done in the morning. She often incited him to get into these tempers against me.

Whilst we were upon these terms, the king, who ignored nothing of what went on in the houses of all the greatest personages in his realm, and who was particularly curious to know about the behaviour of our court, having been informed of all this, and being still desirous of revenging himself upon me because (as I have already explained) of the fame my brother had acquired when he arranged the terms of the peace, imagined that this would be a favourable opportunity for making me as miserable as he wished by dragging me from the side of the king my husband, in the hope that a separation would prove like the breaking of the Macedonian battalion. To compass this end, he made the queen my mother write to me to say that she desired to see me, as a separation of five or six years from her was quite long enough, and that the time had now come when I ought to pay a visit to court, which would be to the advantage of both the king my husband and myself; moreover, that she knew that the king was anxious to see me, and that, if I had not the funds necessary for the journey, the king would arrange to provide me with them. The king wrote to me in the same strain, and sent Manniquet, his groom of the chamber, to me

to persuade me to come, for, during the five or six years that I had been in Gascony, I had never been able to make up my mind to return to court. He found me now more disposed to follow his advice, because of the displeasure I felt on account of Fosseuse, of which he had been informed at court.

The king and queen sent me two or three letters, one after the other, and caused fifteen thousand crowns to be delivered to me so that I should not be delayed for want of the necessary funds, and the queen my mother informed me that she would come and meet me as far as Xaintonge, and that if the king my husband would conduct me thither, she would advise with him, and make known to him the king's pleasure. For the king was very anxious to withdraw him from Gascony in order to keep him at court in the same position that he and my brother had occupied in former times, and the Mareschal de Matignon was persuading the king to this end, being desirous of obtaining the supreme command in Gascony.

All these fine appearances of goodwill did not deceive me as to the results which were to be expected from a return to court, as I had had too much experience of them in the past. I determined, however, to profit by his offers¹ and to take my departure for only a few months, so that I might arrange my affairs and those of the king my husband, and I also thought that my going away would serve to turn the king my husband from his affection for Fosseuse—whom I was taking with me—and that, once she was

¹ In some editions this is rendered, "Je me resolut de tirer prouffict de ses *coffres*."

out of his sight, he might possibly take up with somebody else who would be less hostile to me.

I had trouble enough to induce the king my husband to consent to my taking this journey, because it annoyed him that Fosseuse should go away after so much scandal had been set afloat concerning him.

He became much kinder to me in consequence, wishing very much to change my intention of returning to France. But, as I had already given my promise in my letters to the king and to the queen my mother, and had even received the before-mentioned sum for my journey, the evil fate which was luring me to court triumphed over the scant desire that I then felt to repair thither, just as the king my husband was beginning to treat me with more affection.





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